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## PERSONAL AND POLITICAL LIFE OF GUIZOT.\*

M. GUIZOT has shared the usual fate of eminent persons in France, where it is much more common than with us to publish biographies of living men, in being made the hero of numerous narratives, not one of which gives a tolerable account of his motives and actions. Such ephemeral productions are below criticism, and even where they have a temporary life, they may be safely left to perish from their inherent feebleness. It is with a far more important purpose than to rescue M. Guizot from the vapid perversions of bad biographers that we are about to attempt a review of his distinguished career. From the hour that he entered into public life, he has been an influential actor in the great events which were passing around him, and for many years he was, in power as well as reputation, the leading statesman of France. The objects at which he has steadily aimed, and the reasons why he failed to attain his ends, are little understood; and as the history involves the causes of the frequent revolutions which have distracted his country, and a description of the evils which still lie

at the root and corrupt the tree, we know no better method of indicating the political errors and prospects of France than in connection with the persevering but fruitless endeavors of this illustrious statesman.

It was on the 3d Germinal, an II., (5th April, 1794,) the very day of the execution of Danton, that the national guard of Remoulins seized a gentleman who said his name was François Giraud of Nîmes. The capture took place in the middle of the night, at the *ci-devant Croix de Ledenon—ci-devant*, because the very name of the *cross* was then forbidden by a republic which had proclaimed unbounded religious freedom. The next day the prisoner was interrogated by the *Comité de Surveillance* of the commune of Remoulins. Having been conveyed to Nîmes without delay, he was on the 19th of the same month condemned to death by sentence of the judges of the Criminal Court, and immediately executed. He had originally been suspected of undefined conspiracies against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, but as he did not think proper to obey the summons, the court paid no attention to the charges. He was condemned solely for his contumacy, and *ipso facto* outlawed and executed,—a proceeding similar to what the

\* 1. *Biographie de M. Guizot.* Par E. Pascallet. Paris, 1841. 8vo.

2. *M. Guizot.* Par un Homme de Rien. Paris (sans date). 8vo.

French judges still call a *condamnation par contumace*.

The gentleman who called himself Giraud, in order to prevent the friend in whose house he was found from incurring any danger, disclosed his true name as soon as he was in the hands of his judges, and refusing the generous offer of a compassionate gendarme, who volunteered, at the peril of his own life, to contrive his escape, marched to the scaffold. His true name was Guizot, the father of the celebrated statesman, whom, as we have just seen, the merciful republic ordered to be thrown into a foundling hospital, there to receive such an education as might suit the authors of the tragedy.

M. Guizot is descended from an ancient family, which was divided into two branches. The Catholic branch was established in Limousin and at Toulouse, and in the sixteenth century furnished several *Capitouls*, or chief civic magistrates, to that town; the Protestant branch had settled at Nîmes, where, amongst his numerous ancestors, we shall mention only the illustrious Castelnau family, with which the family of Sir J. Boileau, Bart., is connected. The Boileaus (who left France for England at the revocation of the edict of Nantes) derive their descent from the celebrated Etienne Boileau, who was *prévôt des marchands* under the reign of St. Louis, and was the author of an exceedingly interesting work called the *Livre des Métiers*.

M. Guizot, who perished from the revolutionary mania in 1794, was a lawyer, and, though only twenty-seven years of age at his death, had earned a high reputation in his native town. He had married, in 1786, Mademoiselle Elizabeth Sophia Bonicel, whose father was a respectable Protestant vicar. Her rare worth, and her attachment to the memory of her husband, whom she mourned at the end of her life, after fifty-four years of widowhood, almost as deeply as on the day of his death, inspired every one with admiration. She never parted for a single moment with the last letter which she received from him, and always wore it, enclosed in a case, next her heart. At the period of the birth of the future statesman (4th October, 1787) the French Protestants had not acquired the civil rights which, but two months after, Louis XVI. conferred on them. They had no churches, no public worship, no recognized marriages. They were hardly reckoned amongst moral beings. Even in the towns where, as at Nîmes, they formed a large and respectable body of many thousands, the French Protestants, notwithstanding the elo-

quent denunciations of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and other enemies of persecution and intolerance, were not allowed to offer in common their prayers to the Almighty. In order to hear the exhortations of their pastors, they were obliged to repair to some remote and concealed spot—they called it the *Desert*—to which they were frequently tracked by the police, who dispersed them by firing at them as if they had been wild beasts. In her youth, Madame Guizot, who all her life was conspicuous for her firm attachment to her religious principles, had often joined the congregation at the *Desert*, in defiance of the *fusillades* by which the meetings were constantly terminated. Persecution indeed never fails to increase the devotion of high-minded persons to the faith of their fathers, and it is evident how hopefully the French Protestants must have received the announcements of the reforms which were promised in 1789. But as their religious and moral principles were still unimpaired, while those of the Catholics had generally given place to sceptical or atheistical notions,\* they took a much less prominent part in the horrors which succeeded. Some even tried to resist, and, like M. Guizot's father, perished in the attempt.

After the dreadful catastrophe, the unfortunate widow displayed a Roman firmness. Left with two infants, (M. Guizot had a younger brother, who died about fifteen years ago,) and surrounded with implacable foes, she never lost her presence of mind. She saw that henceforth her duty in life was to devote herself exclusively to the training of her children, and believing that France could not afford them a religious, moral, and intellect.

\* It is to Voltaire and his coterie that the infidelity of France in the eighteenth century is generally ascribed: but it must be remarked that amongst a truly religious people these attacks upon Christianity would have excited disgust instead of sympathy. Voltaire was really the child of an antecedent infidelity, as well as the parent of much of the subsequent license. Sceptical notions had already spread widely over France in the beginning of the eighteenth century; and there is extant a letter of the Princess Palatine—the mother of the *Regent Orleans*—in which she expresses herself thus: "I do not believe that there are at this moment in Paris—counting ecclesiastics as well as laymen—one hundred persons who hold the Christian faith, even to the extent of believing in the existence of our Saviour! I shudder with horror!" A whole century before, the Père Merenne, the celebrated friend of Pascal and Descartes, had stated in his *Commentary on Genesis* (printed in 1623) that Paris alone contained 50,000 atheists; and that sometimes twelve of them were to be found together in the same house.

ual education, she collected all the pecuniary means which remained to her, and, as soon as she was permitted to leave Nîmes, went with her children to Geneva, where she remained for six years superintending their studies. The young Guizot made rapid progress in classical studies, in philosophy, and in mathematics, to which latter science he applied himself with ardor,\* under the celebrated professor Lhuillier. His aptitude for acquiring languages was astonishing. We have ourselves heard him reciting the most beautiful Canzoni of Petrarch, which he had learned by heart at Geneva more than forty years before; and he was so familiar with German, that his first historical essay (on the study of history) was originally written in that language, and printed in the *Morgenblatt* in the year 1809. But what conferred more honor upon him than even his literary progress, were the regular habits of life, the reflective mind, the philosophic views, the feelings of impartiality and justice, and above all, the moral courage, which we consider to be the distinguishing feature in his character. All who have known M. Guizot intimately, have observed how little there is in him of the peculiar French element. In his speech, in his writings, in his countenance, in his conduct, there is a steadiness and seriousness which is the reverse of national, and which, doubtless, he owes to Geneva. This peculiarity, while it was one of the causes of the esteem with which he was regarded abroad, did not contribute, we suspect, to make him popular in France, where *esprits* and volatile characters (*bons enfans*) are often more appreciated than strong reflective minds and stern, inflexible dispositions.

In the year 1805, M. Guizot left Geneva and went to Paris to study jurisprudence. There the steadiness of his conduct and the precocity of his talents gained him the friendship of several eminent men, and among them of M. Stapfer, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary of Switzerland in Paris, who acted the part of a father to him, and under whose direction he applied himself to German philosophy and theology. M. Suard, who, with his learned circle, then exercised a great literary authority in Paris, no sooner became acquainted with the young *étudiant en droit*, than he proposed to him to furnish some articles to the *Publiciste*, a periodical which two years later was suppressed by the imperial police. After contributing to the *Pub-*

*liciste* and *Les Archives Littéraires*, M. Guizot, in the year 1809, published a *Dictionary of Synonymes* in two volumes, which is still a standard work in France, and has frequently been reprinted. In common with nearly all men who have become distinguished as authors, he paid a passing tribute to poetry by writing a tragedy, Titus Sabinus, the subject of which he borrowed from the Fourth Book of Tacitus. It has never been published. It is a curious fact that a man who has placed himself at the head of the modern historical school of his country did not, at the beginning of his literary career, show any strong predilection for the study. While he applied himself to almost every other branch of knowledge, the pursuit to which he was to owe so much of his fame was rather neglected. The reasons which finally induced him to turn his attention to it are stated in a letter which he addressed some years ago to a friend, and which now lies before us:—

It was in Paris, in the year 1808, when I began to think about a new translation of Gibbon, with notes and corrections, that I became interested in historical inquiries. The history of the establishment of Christianity inspired me with a passionate interest. I read the Fathers of the Church, and the great works of the German writers relating to that period. Never did any study more captivate my mind. It was by those researches, and by the philosophy of Kant, that I was led to the study of German literature. As to my investigations into the history of the ancient legislation of Europe, I undertook them when I was appointed in 1811 Professor of Modern History at the Faculty of Letters in Paris, and with a special view to my lectures on the origin of the modern civilization of Europe. I then plunged into the original chronicles, charters, the civil and ecclesiastical laws of the barbarians and of the middle ages. The works of the modern historians, especially the Germans, helped me much, but, while studying them, I always consulted the original documents, and verified the accuracy of their statements. I thus learnt to entertain the greatest esteem for the German historians, but not to follow them implicitly. They have great knowledge and much penetration, but not always accurate views, nor sufficient political intelligence. They seldom depict correctly the characters and manners of different nations, and they do not even follow with complete exactness the order of events.

The translation of Gibbon,\* which gave

\* The first French translation of Gibbon was published by Leclerc de Sept-Chênes, who was the instructor of Louis XVI. in the English language. It is now a well-authenticated fact that Louis XVI. was the translator of a portion of the first volume, and that he only desisted from his task when he reached the chapter where Gibbon attacks the historical foundation of Christianity. This translation

\* M. Thiers was also very skilful in mathematics, and we have been assured that in his early life he composed a treatise on trigonometry, which has never, however, been published.

birth to such important results, was published in thirteen volumes, in 1812; and the new commentary of M. Guizot was received with considerable favor. It is characteristic of the youthful annotator that, with all his admiration for the great historian, he emphatically censured the predilection shown by Gibbon for material grandeur over moral fortitude, as evinced in his depreciation of the heroic courage of the Christian martyrs, and his exaltation of the ferocious exploits of Tamerlane.

We have seen that M. Guizot was a contributor to one of the few periodicals which the Bonaparte government allowed to exist. These journals afforded some slight resource to several distinguished persons whom the Revolution had ruined. Among them was Mlle. de Meulan, whose family had been formerly wealthy, and who now contrived, by great talent, and still greater courage, to eke out her means by the use of her pen. This was a harassing life, and her health soon failed. On becoming acquainted with the fact, M. Guizot, to whom she was scarcely known, sent to the *Publiciste* several articles in her name. She at last discovered the friend who had so delicately assisted her, and the consequence of the intimacy which resulted was, that, though Mlle. de Meulan was much older than M. Guizot, and might almost have been his mother, a marriage ensued. The union proved a happy one; and, what was of no slight importance, Mme. Guizot, whose moral tales and educational writings are among the best French works of that description, repaid to some extent the original obligation, and was a literary as well as a domestic helpmate to her husband.

Though M. Guizot was already considered one of the future luminaries of France, he was never employed by the Imperial Government. Baron Pasquier, then *Préfet de Police*, and who, under Louis Philippe, we have seen at the head of the Chamber of Peers, wished to have him appointed an *auditeur* to the *Conseil d'Etat*, which was a sort of nursery of the imperial functionaries. He spoke of him to the Duke of Bassano, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who in the year 1810 directed M. Guizot to draw up a memoir on the exchange of the English prisoners at Morlaix with the French prisoners in England. All the necessary documents were put into his hand, and he digested a paper which was

submitted to Bonaparte, who undoubtedly was not pleased with it, as the author never heard any thing more on the subject. The plan of M. Guizot was devised with the *bonâ fide* intention of facilitating the exchange, while Bonaparte only wanted to impress the French public with the belief that he was making pacific offers to England, and that England rejected them. About the same time, M. Guizot, who, through the influence of the then Grand Master of the university, Fontanes, had been elected a professor in the Faculty of Letters of Paris, received an intimation that his introductory lecture was expected to contain an eulogium on the master of France. The lecture was delivered without the panegyric, and M. Guizot had thenceforth nothing to hope from the Imperial Government. From what we now know of the philosophical turn of his mind, and his habit of developing general principles, it is evident that he could never have found much favor with Bonaparte, who always discountenanced speculative men.

It was not until the Restoration that M. Guizot entered into political life, and he was still too young to take a prominent part, because, by the *Charte* of 1814, no one could be elected a member of Parliament under forty years of age. It was not easy to put in practice the Constitution granted by Louis XVIII., for constitutional liberty was a boon to which the bulk of the nation were strangers. There was neither political education nor political ideas among the people. The few true constitutionalists of 1789 had either perished on the scaffold or died in indigence and exile. The Republicans had generally bowed to the imperial despotism; and, under any circumstances, it was not amongst the partisans of the government of 1793 that the supporters of rational freedom were to be sought. There was, indeed, such a perversion of ideas on the subject, that in the eyes of the masses the soldiers of Bonaparte represented the liberal party, from the mere fact that they were engaged in defending the national independence against foreign armies. The *émigrés*, the natural and legitimate supporters of the new régime, were so totally unacquainted with the existing state of France, and were so disliked by the nation, that, instead of adding strength to the government, they were a source of excessive embarrassment. Their habits and claims, their political and religious prejudices, were looked upon with suspicion, while their antiquated costume and demeanor were the theme of general ridicule. Above all, a rejected dynasty, brought back

of Louis XVI. makes part of the publication of Léclerc de Sept-Chênes, and was adopted in a revised form in the edition of M. Guizot.



by foreign bayonets, and princes whose very names were new to the majority of the people, rendered every possible course unpopular. Bonaparte was hated, but the Bourbons were not loved, and affairs had arrived at that condition that no ruler or system was left which had the confidence of the country. Manifestations, to be sure, of the most enthusiastic nature took place at the downfall of the imperial power, but the restored princes remembered too well the still more enthusiastic fêtes which twenty years before had celebrated the destruction of the French monarchy, to attach much importance to the rejoicings. They were aware that all the speeches emphatically delivered by the corporate bodies to every successive government were only a sort of canvassing for places. Their esteem for the nation which they saw prostrated at their feet was not likely to be increased by the sight of persons fastening their crosses of the Legion of Honor to the tails of Cossacks' horses, while others attached themselves to the ropes by which the mob attempted to pull down from the column of the Place Vendôme the Emperor's statue, which they had previously all but worshipped.

The nation was worn out and impoverished by perpetual wars, and with a diminished population, it wanted only repose and peace. The little political vigor which remained was exerted in securing personal interests, or took the form of a pervading discontent, which was directed to no well-defined end. Those who clamored for securing the conquests of the Revolution were much more anxious to preserve the conquests they had made of the estates of the upper classes, than to promote the public liberties; while the grand aim of the *émigrés* was naturally to obtain the restoration of the property of which they had been despoiled. It was amidst these difficulties, and exposed to the indifference and even dislike of the great majority of persons of all descriptions, that a handful of high-minded men, headed by the King himself, endeavored to establish in France a constitutional government. In spite of every obstacle, the attempt succeeded for a longer time than could have been anticipated—thanks to the honest and liberal feelings of Louis XVIII., to whose memory France ought not to be ungrateful—and thanks also to a small but strong phalanx, such as Professor Royer-Collard, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr, the Abbé de Montesquiou, and Camille Jordan, all of whom have passed away. Though still very young, M. Guizot had a

prominent place in this first constitutional party, of which he is now one of the last conspicuous survivors.

Of all the impediments which the founders of a liberal government had to encounter then and afterwards, the most difficult to surmount was the contempt for legal restraints which years of arbitrary government had produced. The majesty of the law had been so incessantly violated by the tyranny of mobs or the tyranny of their rulers, that a disrespect for its provisions became, and continues, an habitual feeling among the French, and this with regard to private as well as political affairs. A single example, which occurred at the moment, will serve as a type of the mode of procedure which was in favor on the other side of the Channel. The *Journal des Débats*, managed at the period of the Revolution by two clever brothers of the name of Bertin, was exposed under Bonaparte to the most savage persecution. In 1801 the Bertins were prohibited from writing in their journal, and one of them was exiled to the island of Elba. Afterwards, in spite of the title it assumed of *Journal de l'Empire*, the newspaper got again in disgrace, and was transferred, according to imperial usage, to more Bonapartist authors.\* At the fall of Bonaparte,

\* The decree by which Bonaparte confiscated this newspaper in 1811 is worth giving, as an instance of the flimsy pretences which he had the courage to put forth as his justification for violating the rights of property and the freedom of the press:—"Seeing that the proceeds of a journal can only become property by an express grant made by us; seeing that the *Journal de l'Empire* has not been granted by us to anybody, and that the present proprietors have realized considerable profits in consequence of the suppression of thirty newspapers—profits which they have enjoyed for a great number of years, and which have more than indemnified them for any sacrifices they can have made in the course of their undertaking—seeing moreover that not only the censorship, but even every species of influence over the redaction of the journal should exclusively belong to safe men, known for their attachment to our person, and for their independence (*éloignement*) of all foreign influence and correspondence, we have decreed and do decree as follows." This singular state document then proceeds to divide the property into twenty-four shares, eight of which are to belong to the Government, and sixteen to be distributed among individuals who have done him some service. When a shareholder died, his portion was to revert to the Emperor, to be conferred upon another convenient tool. The shareholders were to manage the paper, and Napoleon, in consideration of his eight shares, was to be represented at the office by a *Commissary of Police*. The whole is signed by himself, and was so rigorously executed that the Bertins were com-

the natural course would have been to obtain an order for the restitution of the property. But this course was too complex for Frenchmen, and a more summary mode of proceeding was adopted. The two Bertins, who were men of almost gigantic stature and strength, accompanied by M. Armand Bertin, the present editor, also a very powerful man, armed themselves with bludgeons, and entering the office of the newspaper, drove away, cudgel in hand, the imperial *rédacteurs*. The *Journal des Débats* supported monarchical principles, and such were the editors to whom the constitutional party was obliged to intrust the hard task of impressing daily upon Frenchmen the respect due to the law of the land.

This state of affairs could not fail to lead to a catastrophe. A military revolution brought Bonaparte back to Paris, and compelled Louis XVIII. to seek a shelter at Ghent. All Europe again took arms against the great disturber of the public peace, and France thenceforth could expect nothing but a fresh invasion and numberless calamities. The natural result of the event was to weaken the influence of the constitutional party, and to give more credit to the absolutists who surrounded Louis XVIII. at Ghent, and who, headed by the Duke of Blacas, impressed the King with the idea that every attempt to establish a constitution would unavoidably lead to new revolutions. M. Guizot, who had censured Gibbon for his admiration of Tamerlane, and his indifference to moral principles, soon perceived that Tamerlane was at Paris, and that the germ of all the liberty feasible was at Ghent. Accordingly he accepted the task of pleading in the name of the constitutional party the cause of freedom before Louis XVIII. Happily he succeeded, and this step, with which he has been so bitterly reproached, was in reality the first great political service he rendered his country. He took the measure openly and courageously, according to his habit, while many others played a double game, and awaited in silence the issue of the contest. He would have preferred the peaceful establishment of a constitutional government, without being driven to purchase it by the blow which his country received at Waterloo; but for a liberal mind there was no choice between freedom and Tamerlane, and it is not our province to com-

pelled to give up the balance they had in hand, while those who had lent considerable sums upon the security of the paper were refused a single sou of principal or interest.

plain if France was emancipated by the Duke of Wellington and a British army. It would not be difficult to prove that the men who then remained in Paris to watch events in order that they might make a display of their national feelings, or welcome the victory of the allies, according to circumstances, did not possess the patriotic sentiments of the *men of Ghent*. An anecdote which, several years since, was related to us by the present Nestor of French science, M. Biot, will illustrate the comparative patriotism of the respective parties. At the Restoration, while the army of the allies was still encamped in the suburbs of Paris, Louis XVIII. made a short stay at St. Ouen, before entering his capital. Numerous distinguished persons proceeded there to pay their respects to the prince who had just proclaimed the basis of constitutional liberty. One day M. Biot, M. Royer-Collard, and M. Guizot, on going thither in a carriage, had to pass through the camp. At the sight of the foreign soldiers M. Guizot looked sternly mournful, and M. Biot was so much affected that, seized by a species of nervous fit, he began to sob. Upon this Royer-Collard pointed at M. Biot in a satirical manner, and said, "Then you have still a French heart? I have long since lost mine!" A few years afterwards, a body of French liberals and Bonapartists made a hostile demonstration on the left bank of the Bidassoa against the army which was about to invade Spain, and for his participation in the movement, Armand Carrel was twice condemned to death as a traitor. The sentence was annulled, and this alliance with foreign troops against his own countrymen did not prevent him from being, after 1830, the favorite leader of that very republican party who were constantly hurling anathemas against the *men of Ghent*.

To explain thoroughly the various phases of the life of M. Guizot from 1814 to 1830, it would be necessary to sketch the political history of France. But without entering at large upon so extensive a subject, it is at least indispensable to remember a few leading particulars. Before the *Cent Jours*, an attempt towards the fusion of the different parties was made under the ministry of the Abbé de Montesquieu. After the battle of Waterloo, under the ministries of the Duke of Richelieu and of the Duke Descazes, the constitution was endangered from two opposite quarters—the Ultra Royalists, and the secret societies composed of Republicans and Bonapartists. The influence of the *ultras*, as they were then called, produced the re-

actionary chamber called the *Chambre introuvable*, which Louis XVIII. had the good sense to dissolve on the 5th of September, 1816. On the other side the influence of the secret societies brought about the assassination of the Duke de Berri in the year 1820. This crime proved a heavy blow to the establishment of liberty in France, which was still further impeded by three important events: the formation of the Villèle ministry, the invasion of Spain, and the death of Louis XVIII. Under Charles X., who, during his brother's reign, was considered the true leader of the absolutists, reaction made such rapid progress, that within three years it provoked the liberal elections of 1828, and led to the appointment of the Martignac ministry, which, in spite of its good intentions, was not strong enough to check the backward tendencies of the Court on the one hand and the excited feelings of the nation on the other. At last Charles X. drew the sword and threw away the scabbard, by appointing Prince Polignac his Prime Minister. The revolution of 1830 was the answer to that provocation.

It is almost needless to say that M. Guizot was a supporter of the Government under those ministries with which he had at least a general community of opinion, and that he was in the opposition under anti-liberal administrations. In 1814 he was appointed Secretary-General to the Minister of the Interior, an office analogous to that of our Under-Secretary of State. By putting a liberal, a Protestant, and a *bourgeois*, as was M. Guizot, at the side of a royalist, an ecclesiastic, and a nobleman, as was his chief the Abbé de Montesquieu, Louis XVIII. gave a proof of his sincere wish to effect a fusion between all that was best in the nation.

After the *Cent Jours*, M. Guizot held a similar position, but retired when the ministry of the Marquis Barbé Marbois was overthrown. In 1816 he presented a memoir to Louis XVIII., urging him to dissolve the *Chambre introuvable*, and, on his courageous advice being accepted, he was appointed *Conseiller d'Etat* by the new ministry, in conjunction with several of the strongest supporters of parliamentary freedom. Under the reaction which took place after the death of the Duke de Berri, the well-known liberal principles of Camille Jordan, Royer-Collard, and the Baron de Barante, caused them to be dismissed from the *Conseil d'Etat*, when M. Guizot voluntarily resigned. From that period up to his election in 1830 to the Chamber of Deputies, he held no political office whatever.

In the administration as well as in the *Conseil d'Etat*, M. Guizot, in conjunction with his party, continually exerted himself, in spite of great difficulties, to impress upon the Government the necessity of giving honest and regular motion to the new constitutional machine. And whenever, by the rapid turns of politics in those days, he was out of office, he commenced with his pen to struggle against the retrograde system. His political pamphlets published between 1816 and 1822—On Representative Government; On the Government of France; On Political Justice; On the Mode of conducting Government and Opposition; On Capital Punishment for Political Offences—were filled with true constitutional ideas, and, appearing at the critical moment, were received with immense applause. By his frequent appeals through the press, he was one of the most influential causes of the reawakening of the freedom of thought and opinion which had slumbered during the Empire, and which a few years after acquired dictatorial power in France. This double and alternate action of M. Guizot upon the Government and upon the public is thus stated by himself in one of his pamphlets: "When I was in office, I did my duty; and the proof of it is, that I am in a private station: now I use my right by addressing myself to the nation at large."

All these political manifestoes furnish important evidence of the state of parties at the period. But pamphlets are more adapted to pull down than to build up. M. Guizot wanted to raise the edifice of a constitution, and to impress the younger part of the nation with the true principles of that form of government. With this view, in 1820 he took as the subject of his lectures on Modern History at the Faculty of Letters, "The Origin of Representative Government in Europe." His success was wonderful. All Paris flocked to hear him, and the largest hall of the Sorbonne was not sufficiently spacious to accommodate the thousands who besieged the doors. The crowd was so dense, and the difficulty of getting a seat so great, that many persons in the neighborhood obtained a living by the sale of places which they secured by coming several hours before the time. The enthusiasm of an entire population of students, the cheers with which the Professor was received, the reverent attention paid to his words, call to mind the ten thousand youths of all ages and nations who in the thirteenth century surrounded in the open air the pulpits of the most celebrated teachers of the University of Bologna. At the

end of the darkness of the middle ages the Italians sought instruction with the same irresistible eagerness with which Frenchmen in 1820 sighed for freedom. These lectures, of which the topics are chiefly taken from the histories of England and France, were only known through the imperfect reports of short-hand writers. They have been recently published by their author in a complete form, and, though they are separated by thirty years from the circumstances to which they owed their origin, and have no longer that peculiar political significance which gave them such potent meaning at the time of their delivery, they are still among the most instructive works of M. Guizot.

The extraordinary success of the lectures was not allowed to pass without notice, and the Professor was soon abruptly deprived of his chair. The pen which M. Guizot had hitherto employed chiefly in galling his enemies, now enabled him to supply the domestic necessities in which his dismissal had involved him. Without ceasing to labor at the construction of the constitutional edifice to which he had devoted the energies of his life, he published an immense variety of works, of which we will only mention his great collection of original memoirs on the history of France from Gregory of Tours to William of Poitiers, and a similar collection on the history of the Revolution of England in the seventeenth century. A short time afterwards, he undertook the publication of a new periodical, the *Revue Française*, in which, with several of his most distinguished friends, he again became the advocate of constitutional liberties. Amongst the contributors who were then his disciples and admirers, some, like Armand Carrel and Godefroy Cavaignac, became, after 1830, his most irreconcilable enemies; and by their articles in the *National* aided in preparing the overthrow of the government of Louis Philippe. The *Revue* was addressed principally to the higher class of readers, while another periodical, the *Globe*, conducted by the younger and more active members of the party, appealed to the multitude.

There is a unity and consistency in the efforts of thoughtful, sagacious, and upright men, which is often disregarded in the struggle of parties, and which only becomes manifest in looking back on their career. It will readily be inferred from our narrative that the peculiar merit of M. Guizot and his followers consisted in the unceasing efforts they made for the political education of France, and for the introduction of the constitutional principles they had derived from the history of England. Keeping aloof from popular

passions as much as was practicable amidst the convulsive agitation of parties, their views assumed a philosophical form, and from the didactic nature of their writings, they were called *doctrinaires*. This *sobriquet*, applied to them at first by the Royalists, and afterwards by the ultra Liberals, and generally understood in a contemptuous sense, is of itself a proof that the nation never possessed an adequate notion of constitutional government, the very nature of which involves a rational framework, and not a mere assemblage of crude empirical ideas.

Never was the struggle more animated and interesting than in 1825, which was the year of the coronation of Charles X. The hopes of the retrograde party were elated by the bigotry and absolutist principles of the new king, while the repugnance of young France to the old ideas was daily increasing. It was this year that the great indemnity to the *émigrés* was decreed, and that another bill, much less necessary, the law against sacrilege, was passed. It was in this year also that General Foy, the famous popular orator, flashed the last lightnings of his burning eloquence. A young traveller, who spent several months in Paris at the time, kept a journal, from which he has permitted us to make extracts, and they present such a lively picture of the political passions which then pervaded society, and such curious traits of national peculiarities as well as of many of the celebrated men of that day, that we are persuaded they will be read with universal interest.

1825: January 6th.—Baron de Humboldt has introduced me to the Thursday evening parties of M. Arago at the *Observatoire*. It would have been difficult to meet a larger gathering of celebrated *savans*. I saw Gay-Lussac, Thénard, Poisson, Ampère, Dulong, Fresnel, and many others, all of about the same age, from forty to fifty; Fresnel, to whom optics is indebted for so many brilliant discoveries, is the youngest, but he looks delicate. I am told that his health has been impaired by the labor of the examinations in the Polytechnic School. What a pity if such a man should be sacrificed to the toils of a secondary position! Thénard and Gay-Lussac, on the other hand, are wealthy, chemistry having been for them the source of riches. Dulong—so amiable and modest that he is sometimes called Mademoiselle Dulong—has lost an eye and two fingers, by the explosion of some fulminating substance which he discovered. The great geometrician Poisson is as witty and cheerful as Ampère, who is older, looks heavy and dull. The most extraordinary stories about Ampère's absence of mind have been related to me. He had expressed a wish to be introduced to a celebrated lady, Mlle. Germain, well known for her high mathematical attainments. At one of the evening-parties of M. Arago, Mlle. Germain



was announced. Ampère hastened to take her hand, led her to a corner of the drawing-room, and sitting down by her side, entered at once upon a mathematical discussion. The lady replied very skilfully, and the whole company gathered round them to listen to the dialogue, till suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a burst of laughter. The lady turned out to be M. Poisson, whom Mme. Arago and the other ladies had induced to put on a bonnet and a shawl. His face, which is very little feminine, had not been recognized by M. Ampère as that of his intimate friend.

Though this *réunion* was ostensibly scientific, there was more political than scientific discussion. The men stood in groups in the middle of the room, while the ladies were sitting and talking round the fireplace. Humboldt was alternately flirting with the ladies, and slyly aiming some malicious shafts at his good friends the French *savans*, whom he constantly ridicules, notwithstanding that he professes to consider France as his adopted country. The whole company, although paid by the Government, were unanimous in condemning it. Bonapartist, republican, or quasi-republican sentiments were to be heard on every side. M. Arago is neither a Bonapartist nor a Royalist. He described with great vivacity a visit which Bonaparte paid one day to the Observatory, accompanied by the Empress Marie Louise. Having requested M. Arago to show them any curious phenomenon which might be visible in the heavens, he directed their attention to some spots which were then to be seen on the sun. Bonaparte perceived them distinctly, but as Marie Louise, who wore a large bonnet with a heavy veil, could distinguish nothing, Bonaparte, in his impatience, tore off abruptly the offending bonnet. Even M. Arago, though a republican, considered the proceeding rather unceremonious towards the daughter of the *Cæsars*, as Bonaparte used to call her.

M. Arago spoke much of the poverty of the Papal States, which he attributed to the immense cost of the building of St. Peter's! Rather a stale source of complaint! While he indulged in animadversions on the prodigal fancies of the popes and despots who built St. Peter's and Versailles, he left out of sight the still more ruinous caprices of the mob, which in a day of *émeute* (to say nothing of revolutions) sometimes destroys more property, and contributes more to impoverish a nation, than a king can do in a lifetime. What astonished me most was to see Marshal Marmont, a man invested with one of the highest offices at court, not only silent under the political attacks, but even assenting to them by his countenance and gestures. He is a great friend of Arago, and seems anxious to shield himself under the ægis of the celebrated astronomer's popularity against the odium attached to the recollection of the surrender of Paris.

January 26th.—I was present to-day at a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies. General Foy delivered a short but animated speech on the claims of the members of the Legion of Honor. He is at present the idol of France, where perhaps, within a few years, his name will be hardly remembered. He is a fine man, and a powerful

orator, with a military tone and bearing. They say he never delivers any speech extempore, but first dictates and then learns it by heart. If this is true, he acts his part very well, as he expresses love of country, indignation, and the other political passions, without the least apparent preparation. He chiefly stands up for the military glory of France, and his speeches are admirably suited to flatter the pride of a nation so fond of conquest. But with General Foy that nation seems only to consist of the favorers of the Revolution, and of those Frenchmen who after the overthrow of the throne invaded almost all the states of Europe; and who, it must be added, indulged a little in persecuting, spoliating, guillotining, and massacring another very large portion of their countrymen. The thousands of victims of the *noyades* of Carrier, the inhabitants of Lyons destroyed by grape-shot, the peasantry of *La Vendée*, who so heroically fought for their God and their king, and above all, the immense multitude of *émigrés* who, escaping the guillotine of Robespierre, were starving for twenty years in every corner of Europe, were not Frenchmen at all in the eyes of the gallant general, who always speaks of them with sovereign contempt. It is interesting to see the liberal party, composed, perhaps, of a dozen members, who sit together on the left side of the Hall, resisting the whole of the Chamber. I saw there several celebrated men—Benjamin Constant, with his long hair; the old General Lafayette, with his rather insignificant face; the stout banker Lafitte, who looks like a man equally pleased with his popularity and his millions; and Casimir Perier, whose speeches, though very vehement, seem to me the most conclusive and practical of all. This small group of able men shows great firmness in fighting so courageously against an overwhelming majority; but in point of fact they speak to the nation at large, by which they are cheered, and not to the Chamber.

February 15th.—Baron Maurice, of Geneva, introduced me to the celebrated historian, M. Guizot. We found him breakfasting with his wife, who is well known for her writings on education. His domicile in the Rue St. Dominique is of the most modest description. He is a little, thin, nervous man, but with an expressive physiognomy, and a bold and penetrating look. He is now publishing a large collection of memoirs on the Revolution of England; and he spoke of his desire to procure from Florence a copy of some rare political tracts relating to Charles I. and Cromwell, which are in the collection on English history in the secret archives. Though a strong opponent of the Villèle ministry, he is a steady supporter of the charter; and he maintains that, except in the case of irremediable faults committed by the Government or the Opposition, the parliamentary régime may be established in France under the house of Bourbon. I was extremely pleased with my visit, but rather astonished to see Mme. Guizot taking so active a part in the dialogue, often answering for her husband, and even interrupting him in a tone of superiority which I was not inclined to admit, but which seems rather a matter of course with M. Guizot.

*March 8th.*—Dined at the Count of Mosbourg's. Both he and the Countess are very kind persons. He was minister at Naples under the Bonaparte dynasty, and I am told is very skilful in finance. The party was numerous and brilliant, and consisted principally of Bonapartist celebrities. I was seated at dinner between the Princess of Wagram—widow of Marshal Berthier—and General Belliard, late of the Imperial Guard. He is a little man, full of fire and vivacity. Opposite was General Excelmans, tall, fair and pale, and looking more like a German than a Frenchman. During the whole dinner I pitied the poor Countess of Mosbourg, who, being obliged, according to the French custom, in her capacity of hostess, to carve every dish, was perpetually addressing the several members of the company with "Madame so-and-so, will you allow me to offer you a bit of pheasant?"—"General so-and-so, shall I send you some turbot?" This seems to me an insupportable duty, particularly at large dinners. Still, they say that French ladies like a custom by which they are made so prominent, although it prevents them from eating a single morsel.

After the dinner I witnessed a curious scene. Some visitors having arrived, one of them, a French gentleman of rank, who, during the emigration, had been an officer in the Russian army, alluding to an action at which he had been present in that capacity, and speaking of his regiment, made use of the expression, *We did so-and-so*. Instantly, Excelmans, who is ordinarily polite and quiet, interrupted him sharply, saying: "Sir, we, in the mouth of a Frenchman, means French soldiers; and none but an *émigré*—and the *émigrés* are not French—could have applied it otherwise." I did not understand the answer of the other. This looked rather like the beginning of an affair of honor. But I was told, before the end of the evening, that the matter will be settled by mutual friends without fighting.

*March 28th.*—Dined at the Marquis of Pastoret's magnificent hotel, Place Louis XV. Though nearly seventy, this celebrated jurist is still very hale. He is a peer of France, and being one of the guardians of the children of the late Duke de Berri, is one of the leaders of the Royalist party. I met at dinner the great naturalist, Baron Cuvier, and the celebrated Chinese scholar, Abel Rémusat. Cuvier is a stout, strongly-built man, with a very large head. He speaks with equal superiority on every subject. He holds high offices in the Government, and though expressing himself with reserve, he shows his tendency towards absolutism. He said that mankind was composed of hammers and anvils, and that it was much better to be a hammer than an anvil.

*April 25th.*—I paid a visit to the Abbé Grégoire. I never saw a man in such a fit of passion. It was extremely curious to see that fine, tall, powdered septuagenarian in his white woollen morning-gown, with a bishop's golden cross on his breast—he is never without the insignia of his bishopric of Blois—literally jumping with rage like a madman. The cause of his anger was the *Loi du Sacrilege*, (the bill against sacrilegious crimes,) which was published to-day in the *Moni-*

*teur*. "They are ruining religion, they are destroying Christianity," cried he, as soon as he saw me. "Though they have expelled me as *indigne* from the Chamber of Deputies, they know not what are the true interests of religion. When that wicked Gobel, the constitutional Bishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, made his appearance at the bar of the National Convention, in order to abjure the Christian religion, declaring publicly that he renounced a religion of error and duplicity which he had taught all his life, who refuted him, who exposed his life for the vindication of Christianity? I was the man; and the next day, going to the sitting of the Convention, I saw the walls of the Rue du Bac covered with pasted bills, in which the *grande trahison* of the Abbé Grégoire was denounced to public vengeance. Where were then the present champions of the altar and the throne? They were concealed in cellars, and now they are extorting from the Chambers atrocious bills, the least inconvenience of which is, that they will never be carried into operation. And this is not all! They are, besides, torturing the consciences of a few poor old priests, who, thirty years ago, thought that it was better to accept the civil constitution of the clergy, than to abandon France to infidelity and atheism." Here I was much impressed to see the venerable old man sob and weep bitterly. But while I was admiring the courage he displayed under the Reign of Terror, I could not help reflecting that at the time to which he alluded, the French priests were not lying concealed, as he said, in the cellars of Paris. They were much more effectually hidden in the immense holes into which the corpses of the victims of the *Massacres de l'Abbaye* were cast, like dead dogs, in September, 1792. What a nation! passing suddenly from one excess to another, and always joking and laughing! A gentleman of respectable character and of considerable learning, M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf, told me, that only a day or two after the massacre of the Abbaye, he was at the Théâtre Français, which was not, as it is at present, in the Rue Richelieu, but was still, as in the time of Voltaire, in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain. In the middle of the performance a loud rolling noise of carts was heard outside the theatre, and the audience became aware that the corpses of the victims butchered at the neighboring Abbaye were on their way to the burial-grounds. Immediately all the spectators, and even the actors in their dramatic costumes, ran out of the theatre into the street to contemplate the more amusing spectacle of several hundred mutilated bodies. When this sad and atrocious procession had passed, actors and audience reëntered the theatre; the performance was resumed, and the assembly witnessed with customary mirth the drolleries of a lacquy and the intrigues of a soubrette.

*May 11th.*—The fine morning induced me to take a walk through the garden of the Luxembourg. I met there the celebrated mathematician Laplace, who, tired with the sitting of the Chamber of Peers, had left the hall to stroll in the adjoining garden. This little thin old man, with his long stick and his violet silk overcoat, looked like a person of another age. His physical

strength is gone, but his mental powers are still unimpaired. He allowed me to take a short walk with him. He is a Royalist as he has been a Bonapartist, being preëminently a man of order. But all his royalist feelings have been unable to shake his well-known infidelity. In the course of our stroll we saw many young clergymen crossing the garden towards the ecclesiastical school of St. Sulpice. I remarked that Laplace seemed much agitated at the sight. At last he asked me, "What do you think, Sir, is the grossest absurdity that man ever uttered?" I was surprised at the question, and acknowledged myself baffled. "It is the doctrine of transubstantiation," said he, "because it violates the laws both of time and space." I doubt (said I mentally) if the Government of Charles X. will get any very strong support from Royalists like him.

May 15th.—To-day Charles X. held a great levee. I was introduced with a host of other foreigners, who were presented by the diplomatic agents of their respective courts. These introductions are a necessary preliminary to receiving invitations to the *fêtes*, such as balls, theatrical performances, &c., which will take place at court in honor of the *Sacre*. There was a considerable crowd, and, as we remained standing for five hours, every one was tired out. The spectacle was very brilliant, all the men being in their national uniforms, and the ladies in gorgeous court-dresses. The King looked cheerful, and was exceedingly courteous. He is a tall man, about seventy years of age, of aristocratic manners and benevolent but insignificant countenance, and looks more like a Romish ecclesiastic of high rank than the chief of a martial nation. I was struck with his exact resemblance to the sculptured portraits of the ancient Aztec kings, which are still to be seen amidst the ruins of Palenque. He has the prominent aquiline nose, the turgid lips, and the other distinguishing features of those mysterious American monarchs, whose history, and even names, are extinct, while they themselves live in sculptured effigies preserved in a desert. In leaving the presence-chamber we were ordered to walk backwards, with our eyes directed reverentially towards the King—a regulation which took most of the persons who attended the levee by surprise. This odd custom, with which very few of the present generation are acquainted, requires a little drilling to be dexterously performed. So embarrassing a mode of retreat, added to the other obstructions of a crowd, produced great confusion, and much suppressed merriment. For my part, I trod on the train of the superb lace dress of an English Dowager. A large hole was the consequence, in which my foot got entangled, as in a sort of trap, from which I could only extricate myself by increasing the ravages I had made in the *toilette* of my right honorable neighbor. Rather confused at the event, I quickened my backward walk, and came plump upon the toe of a Prince of Salm, a sort of German giant, who, imprisoned in a stiff uniform, swore at me in a tone of concentrated anger, but without changing a feature of his immovable countenance.

May 16th.—I heard to-day a lecture of M.

Villemain. He is a man of great learning and taste, and I am told his style is the most classical of any living French author. The hall was thronged to excess, and the Professor was cheered enthusiastically. In the course of the lecture two young ecclesiastics endeavored to enter the crowded hall. All the audience rose at once, and screamed with tremendous roars, "Down with the priests! down with the *calottins*!" M. Villemain exerted himself to the utmost to quell the disturbance, and to restore silence, indicating by his gestures that he had something to say. When he was able to make himself heard, he said that the lectures were open to the public, and that ecclesiastics had as much right as other people to enter the hall, adding with a delicate irony, "and let them come here to acquire instruction." Long cheers and laughter proved to the celebrated professor that the audience well understood his malicious remark.

June 8th.—The great ball given to Charles X. by the city of Paris, in honor of the coronation, took place last night at the *Hôtel de Ville*. The crowd was immense, and the etiquette was far from being so rigid as at the Tuilleries. In fact, it was the *fête* of the *bourgeoisie*, with a sprinkling of the classes above and also of those below. It is so difficult to draw the line where the grades from the wealthy banker down to the obscure wine-merchant pass almost insensibly into one another, that, in spite of the attempt to be select in the invitations, it was impossible to avoid an incongruous mixture of dresses, manners, and conversation. A good deal of the behavior was by no means aristocratic. Some of the incidents were all the more *bizarres* that the actors in them were dressed in the ancient *habit à la Française*, or court costume of a marquis of the last century—viz., silk or velvet embroidered dress, and sword. As the large temporary room which had been erected for the entertainment was entirely of wood, a basin, filled with water, was placed at each of the corners, to be ready in the event of a fire. The crowd was dense, the heat oppressive, the thirst great, and the moment a servant attempted to enter with ices or other refreshments, he was surrounded at the door, and every thing disappeared in the tumultuous scramble. A few ices were conveyed in safety to the ladies, but they had to be escorted by Guards with fixed bayonets. Even this special convoy was, for some reason or other, not accompanied by the requisite spoons—it was rumored, from the fear of the thieves who, in the costume of marquises, might have gained admittance to the ball. At last the thirst became insupportable, a rush was made at the guarded attendants for the empty cups, and hundreds in succession drank deep potations of the water contained in the firemen's basins, which was none of the purest. The King traversed the *salons* amidst an escort of courtiers and generals, and retired early from the disorderly assembly. For the rest of the company the retreat was not easy. The immense multitude of carriages took the guests up slowly, and at broad daylight a great many ladies were to be seen in a state of exhaustion, on the steps of the *Hôtel de Ville*, waiting for their *voitures*. Worn out

with fatigue, I imitated several others by walking home in my antiquated marquis's dress, to the great amusement of the peasants and workmen, who were now on their way to the neighboring market.

June 14th.—While breakfasting this morning with a friend, at the *Café Tortoni*, several gentlemen near us were speaking upon politics. Their conversation was animated, and we overheard nearly all they said. I was astonished at the unreserved manner in which they spoke of the most delicate matters—for instance, schemes of conspiracies, with names, plans, and all other circumstances. They talked as if they were alone in the middle of a desert. When their company broke up, one of them, a splendid specimen of manhood, at least six feet three inches in height, came to shake hands with my friend. By the usual introduction I learned that his name was Laberge, and that, being a physician, he had acquired a great influence over workmen and low people. He spoke at considerable length about secret societies, which he maintained were able to overthrow the government. He added that there had been a project of stabbing the *Procureur-Général*, M. Bellart, well known for his dislike to the Liberals, and that several members of a secret society, himself being one, had their names drawn to determine which of them should do the deed. He assured us that the accomplishment of the murder only failed from accidental circumstances, and would, no doubt, be undertaken again. When he left us, I asked my friend if all that I saw was a masquerade, or, if rue, whether it was possible that such things could be revealed in a public coffee-house? "Of course," answered he, "there is always great exaggeration in such cases, but it is not improbable that the main point of what Dr. Laberge has told us is correct. Frenchmen, and chiefly the people of Paris, do not know what it is to keep a secret: but as rumors of every kind, many of them of the most absurd description, are continually propagated from morning till night, truth is almost as effectually concealed amidst the endless variety of reports, as if it had never been whispered to a soul.

June 20th.—It is a curious fact that several of the most eminent men now in Paris are all of the most diminutive stature. Laplace, Poisson, Guizot, are hardly, I think, five feet high. To-day I dined *tête-à-tête* with another celebrated man, Fourier, one of the secretaries of the Academy of Sciences, and he is as short as the others. Last week, while I was passing by the office of the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, a friend showed me another little man, M. Thiers, who is acquiring great celebrity by his spirited articles in the newspapers, and chiefly by a history in glorification of the French Revolution, of which the opening volumes are just published. If, as they say, he is one of the future great men of France, he has at least the requisite small stature.\*

\* This will recall what Lord Clarendon has said of the persons who flourished during the Civil Wars, when, after remarking that Chillingworth was of small stature, he adds, that it was "an age in which many great and wonderful men were of that size."

The life of Fourier has been filled with remarkable vicissitudes. He was born at Auxerre, and educated by the Benedictine monks. At the Revolution he was obliged, like his learned teachers, to conceal himself. He was *préfet* of Grenoble, and in that capacity the *ci-devant* Benedictine was directed to receive Pope Pius VII., whom Bonaparte arrested at Rome, and afterwards sent disguised in the uniform of a *gendarme* (to prevent any popular demonstrations in his favor) from Italy to France. The illustrious prisoner was transmitted under escort from one station of *gendarmes* to another, and at each stage a receipt was given for the prisoner by the officers who received him to those who consigned him to their care. It is said that so disrespectfully was the Pope treated by these successive relays of guards, that the receipts were usually couched in the words, "Received a Pope in good condition."

Fourier is a wit and a most amusing talker. "You do not know this nation, Sir," said he; "they are cheerful and witty, but restless, and without any steady political sense. They like change for the sake of change itself, and they do every thing by impulse, passing suddenly from one extremity to another. They now seem infatuated with the charter; but the fact is, that, the *doctrinaires* excepted, who are men of great talent but not numerous, every one wants to have it destroyed. The conduct of the Liberals, who have the immense majority of the nation with them, evidently tends towards another revolution; and indeed they infer, from the instance of England in the seventeenth century, that the restoration must be followed by a change of dynasty, while the Royalists speak every day of the necessity of tearing the charter to pieces in order to check the progress of democracy. I witnessed the first revolution, and to me there are infallible signs of another; but I am an old and worn-out man, and I shall not see my countrymen falling again into the pit which they are cheerfully and blindly approaching. A catastrophe is unavoidable, the immense majority of the nation being against the Government, which has only a nominal power, while the true power is in public opinion, which is led by the newspapers. Look everywhere, and you will observe the omnipotence of the liberal newspapers. Even the Academy of Sciences, which by the nature of its studies you would think free from the influence, is overruled by the journals. As Laplace is a Royalist, the public is taught, and with success, that he is not a good mathematician; and, the *Constitutionnel* newspaper having insinuated that M. Biot was a sort of Jesuit, nobody now gives him any credit for his discoveries in optics. Even Cuvier is sometimes silenced by Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, who has secured for himself the support of the liberal party; and we have recently seen the most eminent medical man on the continent (Dupuytren) rejected by the Academy, only because he was said to be supported by the King. Ah, Sir, we are a singular nation! You are young, but before the end of your life you will have learned that men do not deserve that truth should be spoken to them."

July 9th.—I have been this evening at a small party at General Desprez', Director of the *École*



*d'Etat Major*, (the staff,) who is, I am told, in favor at court. The company was select and cheerful; Madame Desprez introduced me to several ladies, with whom I began to speak of Jocko, just now the talk of Paris. Jocko is a drama, which derives its name from a monkey, whose part is represented by an admirable actor of the name of Mazurier, who wonderfully imitates every movement and gesture of a real ape. Poor Jocko, who is of course a miracle of intelligence and good feeling, and who is particularly attached to his master's son, perceiving an enormous serpent on the point of springing upon the child, catches him up and ascends some rocks to save the boy from the monster. At this moment the master comes back, and, as he does not see the serpent, he supposes that the monkey is running away with his child, and shoots poor Jocko, whose melancholy death moves the audience to tears. My fair companions seemed so much affected at the remembrance, that, with the view of enlivening the company, Madame Desprez proposed a little music, and asked a gentleman to sing. He sang the "Complaint of Papavoine." This personage is either a criminal or a madman, who, without any imaginable motive, lately murdered two children in the neighborhood of Paris. As usual, a *complainte* was composed on the subject. This is so full of fun, that the whole company, and especially the ladies whose compassion had been so moved for Jocko, were convulsed with laughter. As Papavoine is a murderer, he must of course be a Royalist, and the laughter rose to its highest point when the singer came to such verses as the following :

Je suis bon Royaliste,  
Catholique et pensant bien . . .  
J'ai voté loyalment  
Et consciencieusement,  
C'est par distraction seulement  
Que j'ai tué deux enfans.

At the end of the soirée I could not help thinking that in Paris it was better to be a monkey than a man, but that the safest thing of all was not to be a Royalist.

These quotations, in addition to their general interest, are sufficient to show that the establishment of a parliamentary government in France was almost impossible at the very moment that the nation seemed enthusiastically disposed towards it. Fourier was not the only man who foresaw a stormy future. When, in 1828, after the general election and under the Martignac ministry, the whole of France was in ecstasies at the victory of the liberal party, M. Guizot, who had been restored to his chair, opened his admirable course on the history of civilization by advising an immense and enthusiastic audience not to be intoxicated with their great success.

"Good fortune," he said, "is hazardous, delicate, and fragile; hope ought to be moderated as

well as fear; convalescence requires almost as much care as the approach of disease."

During three years M. Guizot continued, with increasing success, to set forth in his lecture the progress of civilization. When they were afterwards published, they were immediately translated into almost every European language. Though compelled to restrain his subject within narrow limits, the sagacity of the author is so penetrating, his erudition so vast, and his philosophical method so accurate, that by a happy selection of important facts, grouped round a single idea, each lecture becomes a vivid picture of one of the most striking features of general civilization, while the reünion of the parts forms a homogeneous and connected history. One capital merit of the work is, that the facts are neither disfigured nor selected with a view to confirm some preconceived theory, but the theory is honestly deduced from the facts. This would have been more apparent if M. Guizot had added to the lectures when he published them some of the most important of the documents and quotations upon which his views are founded. Every student of history knows the necessity of these appendages. We are inclined to think that in the History of Gibbon, for instance, the notes are hardly less valuable than the text: and we are persuaded, if M. Guizot would annotate with extracts from his authorities a new edition of his work, that they would not only illustrate but confirm his conclusions, and facilitate the inquiries of those who wish to follow in his footsteps.\*

The freedom from fanciful speculations which distinguishes the work of M. Guizot, has been rendered more conspicuous by the subsequent extravagances of what has been called the French philosophical historical school, which has proved so mischievous to the excited minds of modern Utopians. This spirit of system has led men who are in many respects persons of uncommon talent into the grossest absurdities. M. Michelet, who has long been considered by the republicans among his countrymen as the dictator of philosophical history, paid a few years ago a short visit to England. At that time a sharp discussion was going on in the French newspapers with respect to the duty which was paid on the foreign cattle imported into

\* If the other works upon which he is engaged are a bar to the undertaking, his son, M. Guillaume Guizot, who has started so propitiously in his literary career, could find no worthier or more appropriate task than to supply the deficiency under the direction of the author.

France, and which, it was contended, prevented the lower classes from obtaining a sufficient quantity of animal food. As soon as he returned to Paris, M. Michelet hastened to publish his opinions on the state of England, and acknowledged—an extraordinary confession for a Frenchman—a sort of superiority of the English over the French. With his mind full of the cattle controversy, he maintained that this superiority was solely due to the larger quantity of meat eaten by an Englishman than a Frenchman; and in proof of his assertion he added, "It must be remembered that Shakspeare, the most eminent genius of England, was a journeyman butcher." His solitary fact is probably as fictitious as his theory; and we are surprised that when he set about mystifying his republican friends, he should have been so modest in his assertions, and not have told them at once that Bacon, Newton, Pitt, and Wellington, all belonged to that grand school of genius, the Corporation of Butchers.

As soon as M. Guizot had attained the age required by the charter, he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was returned for the town of Lisieux, and succeeded the celebrated chemist Vauquelin. He took part in the struggle of the liberal party against the Polignac ministry, voted for the celebrated address of the Two Hundred and Twenty-one, and being absent from Paris at the appearance of the famous ordonnances of July, 1830, he hastened back in order to resist them. Some of the leading republican celebrities are said to have exactly reversed the operation, and to have hurried from Paris at the critical moment. The result is well known. An ancient dynasty was again overthrown, and Charles X., with the royal family, set out for a new and sorrowful exile. This time they at least received in their journey all the marks of respect which France so seldom pays to its fallen princes.

As the great powers (England perhaps excepted) looked with distrust and suspicion on a dynasty founded, as they deemed, not only on a revolution but on usurpation, the French Government had to contend at once with internal foes and foreign ill-will. From the first day the basis of the future policy was settled by Louis Philippe and his advisers: at home, the faithful execution of the new constitution and respect for the laws; the development of all the moral conquests of the Revolution of 1789, coupled with a firm opposition to the war party, and to any further extension of democratic principles;

abroad, peace upon honorable terms; observance of treaties, and, above all, an intimate alliance with England. It was principally because M. Guizot was known to be a great admirer of English institutions and a supporter of the English alliance, and because at the same time he was a man of liberal principles, whom the Revolution of 1830 had taught the necessity of resisting the popular passions, (*de faire volte-face*, as it was then termed,) that he gained from the first the confidence of the King. After the events of July he was appointed Minister of the Interior. He subsequently held for several years the Ministry of Public Instruction. From 1840 to 1848 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs; and while retaining that office, he became Prime Minister in September, 1847, on the retirement of Marshal Soult.

As Minister of the Interior, and while the workmen of Paris, intoxicated with their recent victory and excited by revolutionary leaders, were daily parading the streets by thousands, he took decisive measures against the republicans, who still hoped to confiscate the constitutional government, for their own exclusive advantage, and who were burning to fight against the whole of Europe, in order to recover all the conquests of Bonaparte. The National Guard having spontaneously suppressed the republican club of the Manège Pellier, in the Rue Montmartre, M. Guizot strongly supported in the Chamber this decisive act. The result was, that the popular societies which were then threatening and alarming Paris were completely crushed. In 1831 M. Guizot contended with all his might against the abolition of the hereditary peerage; but though he was aided in his opposition by the eloquence of M. Thiers, their efforts were vain. An act which was a severe blow, not only to the monarchical principle, but to the establishment of any durable government whatever, was resisted by only eighty-six votes, which occasioned the remark, that France possessed one man of good sense for each department.

In 1833, when Minister of Public Instruction, M. Guizot introduced a bill on popular education, which was adopted by the Chambers. This bill, by which, for the first time, education was made obligatory in all the thirty-nine thousand communes of France, and rendered gratuitous for the poor, was exclusively due to the man whom his political antagonists accused of opposing every thing which was for the advantage of the people. The truth is, as this bill proved, that he was as much the friend of the moral and intel-

lectual progress of the lower classes as he was hostile to the exercise of their brute force. A measure so eminently democratical was, however, beyond the intelligence of the French democracy, by whom it was resisted, and in a great number of *communes* they rendered its application almost impossible, by refusing to allow an adequate salary to the masters. Hence thousands of the unfortunate elementary teachers, most of whom had undergone a long probation in the normal schools, were obliged for years to work at the most fatiguing farm labor, in order to eke out their miserable pittance of £12 per annum. Several other bills on the press, on juries, and particularly on communal organization, introduced or supported by M. Guizot, proved on trial to give more power to the people than they could use with discretion.

In the few first perilous years which followed the Revolution of 1830, all the most conspicuous partisans of parliamentary government united their energies and their talents in support of the Orleans dynasty. They worked and struggled together without displaying any visible rivalry; and in order to secure the triumph of their cause, they even submitted to the imperious rule of Casimir Perier, who may be said to have sacrificed to the public good a life which was abridged by the envenomed attacks of the extreme parties. Subsequently France became less agitated, the fear of new disturbances diminished, and security being almost reëstablished, the jealousies of the leaders began to revive. The origin of the struggle which broke up the conservative party may be traced to the attempt of Louis Napoleon at Strasburg in 1836. Louis Philippe, who was remarkable for his clemency, decided, with the approbation of his ministry, not to send the imperial adventurer to trial, and accordingly Louis Napoleon was conveyed to America, while his accomplices, soldiers or civilians, were brought to trial before the juries of Strasburg, who, as is well known, took offence at the favor shown to the principal offender, and acquitted the prisoners *en masse*. A bill introduced by the Government, providing for the separate trial in all cases of soldiers and civilians, was rejected; M. Guizot resigned, and Count Molé remained Prime Minister. The situation of a ministry from which men like M. Guizot and M. Thiers stood aloof, was delicate enough, but was rendered more precarious still by the false supposition indulged in by its members that all danger was passed. In consequence of this delusion, M. Guizot and his adherents

were reproached with having wantonly exaggerated the difficulty of affairs by groundless suspicion and unnecessary severity. The accusation led to that formidable coalition which, in overthrowing the Molé ministry, broke and dissolved the conservative majority, to the irreparable injury of the Government of Louis Philippe. This must undoubtedly have been one of the most painful periods in the life of M. Guizot, seeing that the counter section of the conservatives rivalled the most impetuous republicans in their assaults upon his reputation. It was not only in private conversations or in anonymous pamphlets that the accusations were promulgated. In large and professedly sober works—for instance, in the great biography of the men of the day, by Messrs. Sarrut and St. Edme, (a Republican and an ultra-Catholic)—the aspersions were repeated; and M. Guizot, who under Louis XVIII. had voluntarily retired from high offices to live in poverty, was charged with committing the most shameful acts, in order, as they said, to retain a small office in 1815, during the *Cent Jours*.

While the clamors were going on, M. Guizot published his well-known essay on Washington, which was received with such applause, even on the other side of the Atlantic, that the portrait of the author was ordered by the Americans to be hung up in the library of Congress.

The Turkish question, which in another form is now the European difficulty of the day, failed, in 1840, to set the world in flames. M. Thiers was then Prime Minister, and M. Guizot ambassador to England. Upon this occasion the King said to him, "Will you be created a Count? a title is sometimes useful." The proffered honor was declined, and Louis Philippe replied, "You are right; your name alone is sufficient, and is a higher dignity." In his capacity of ambassador M. Guizot foresaw the treaty of the 15th of July, and did his utmost to appease the extraordinary excitement which it produced in France. On the 29th of October M. Thiers quitted office, and M. Guizot was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. The new Cabinet was probably the strongest of all the ministries formed during the reign of Louis Philippe; but strong and weak Cabinets alike had no sinecure office. Not to speak of the ordinary business, and the battles fought every day in the Chambers, to which all parties in all free countries are exposed, they had so many peculiar anxieties from the critical position of affairs, and the venom of contending factions, that the strongest con-

stitutions were soon exhausted. From 1830 to 1848, several ministers, as Casimir Perier, Humann, and Martin du Nord, were killed by anxiety and fatigue; while Admiral Rousin and M. Villemain, who escaped with their life, were incapacitated for the duties of their office. Not so many generals fell on the battle-fields of Algeria as political leaders in the civil contests at home. But when the King was exposed every day to the bullets of assassins, it would have been disgraceful to any politician to shrink from his share of the burden. M. Guizot, who, on account of his eloquence and courage in defying unpopularity, was considered the most efficient champion of the Government, and the real leader of the Cabinet, was naturally the man against whom the most strenuous efforts were directed. Every session had its leading questions and special difficulties. One year, the bill on the regency; another, the university struggle; next, parliamentary reform; then, political banquets, and so on.

In regard to foreign affairs, M. Guizot had, in the first place, to soothe the irritation against England which the treaty of July had roused in France. This difficulty, which was bequeathed by M. Thiers, weighed on the Government during eight years. It was reproduced at every conjuncture and under every aspect. The treaty respecting the right of search, which M. Guizot found prepared by his predecessor, and by which the equality of the French flag with that of England was asserted, became a new occasion of distrust. Even the miserable question of a small indemnity (from 800*l.* to 1000*l.*) claimed by England on behalf of Mr. Pritchard, and never paid by M. Guizot, was on the point of convulsing France, and the general elections of 1846 were carried by stupid electors, whose common cry was, "Down with Pritchard." As long as Lord Aberdeen directed our foreign policy, the earnest desire which he shared with M. Guizot for preserving a good understanding rendered a solution always possible, provided that both statesmen were willing to be called traitors in their respective countries. But when a minister less conciliating or less indifferent to popular favor was at the head of the Foreign Department in France or England, every point of difference became the source of progressively increasing irritation, which attained its acme in 1847 on the question of the Spanish marriages, and, by destroying the good understanding between the two nations, proved highly prejudicial to the peace and liberty of the whole of Europe.

Every one acquainted with the true feelings of Louis Philippe is aware that during several years he was so much annoyed with Spanish affairs and *pronunciamentos*, that he had resolved to have as little as possible to do with a country which he regarded in the same light as the republics of South America, of which he said that they were condemned to a convulsive life, and finally to a convulsive death. This aversion continued for many years, and was not much diminished at the first agitation of the Spanish marriages. At that period Queen Christina and her Cabinet had made up their minds to secure, through the marriage of Queen Isabella, a powerful alliance. M. Guizot did his best to induce Queen Christina to be satisfied with a less important match, such as that of the Count of Trapani. Without directly refusing, the Queen managed to get rid of the proposition. The French Government next desired a delay in order to devise some fresh scheme, which would not affect its friendly relations with England. This was equally impossible; Queen Christina was resolved to take advantage of her power to marry her daughters according to her fancy; and when a Prince of Coburg was at last proposed, it became known to the French ministry that he would certainly be accepted if the Duke de Montpensier were refused. M. Guizot had failed to effect a neutral marriage, he had equally failed to get the question postponed, and he was now driven to act as he did or to receive a check. He took the step with regret, for he plainly discerned a part at least of the heavy price that would be paid for the fatal success. This is the explanation which his friends have always given of his share in the transaction; and though it cannot remove our objections to the proceeding, or to the manner in which it was accomplished, we believe the statement to be perfectly true. The fact is, that the Government, which a few months before had narrowly escaped destruction on the paltry question of indemnity to Mr. Pritchard, was quite unable to encounter the general reprobation, and even the formidable popular demonstrations which would have ensued if England had acquired in Spain a predominance over France.

The coldness with England soon produced its painful results. For several years the attention of M. Guizot had been directed to Italy. Persuaded that revolutions and war are seldom instruments of freedom, and firmly devoted to the establishment of the supremacy of right over force, he wished to introduce pacific ameliorations by the moral



influence which a powerful nation exercises upon neighboring states. He commenced at the most important, but also at the most difficult point, the Papal States, and appointed an Italian political *émigré* of superior talents, M. Rossi, as French ambassador at Rome. There M. Rossi soon acquired such influence that the election of a pope of liberal tendencies was chiefly due to his remonstrances. After the elevation of Pius IX. it was to the advice of the French ambassador that the amnesty, and subsequent political reforms, were mainly to be attributed. The ministers of France at the various courts of Italy received orders at the same time to urge the wisdom of wholesome and timely improvements. At the outset the Italian liberals, who a few months before had not expected any immediate changes of a beneficial description, addressed to M. Guizot and to the *Journal des Débats*, which strenuously supported his policy, every species of eulogy and encouragement. This was the most favorable period for Italy. The nation was moderate in its wishes; the princes, gratified with the applause which hailed their concessions, were willing to extend them, and even Austria was disposed to yield to the measures of M. Guizot, whom she did not mistrust as a revolutionist. But no sooner had the popular excitement grown to a sort of fever, from the Alps to the Sicilian Sea, than he was bitterly attacked by the Italian patriots, who charged upon him all the oscillations and fears of their rulers, whom at that very time he was strenuously urging to a more resolute policy. The *Journal des Débats* was publicly burnt in the street by these same liberals, for advising them not to alarm their Governments by proceeding too fast, and above all things not to embark in a war with Austria, trusting to the vain promises of French revolutionists, who were more likely to compromise or to enslave Italy than to fight for her liberty. After February, 1848, the Italians learned to their cost that the cause of their country was with the leaders of the French opposition simply a theme for political declamation, and that republicans were less disposed than monarchical governments to promote their freedom. While there was yet hope of an equitable compromise, the Spanish marriages completed the evil. The coolness of the English ministry towards France, which was the inevitable result, induced Lord Palmerston to make every exertion to prevent the French Government from acquiring an additional influence through the aid which it was extending to

the cause of reform beyond the Alps. With this view he not unnaturally entered into a competition in Italy with the policy of M. Guizot. No promises were spared to persuade the Italians to relinquish the patronage of France in favor of the countenance of England. The object was easily obtained, but after some months of intoxicating dreams, the Italians—as, M. Guizot being no longer in office, there was now no rival to outbid—were left to their fate, without receiving efficient help from any quarter whatever.

If the Italians had seen the strong letters addressed, at that period, by M. Guizot to the few persons who shared his views and seconded his exertions, they would have less mistaken him; and the despatches in which M. Rossi described the popular demonstrations attending the reforms of Pius IX. would have afforded equal evidence how much more confidence was to be placed in the steady and enlightened patriotism of the French ambassador at Rome, than in the mad caprices of ambitious revolutionists. The Italians committed the common mistake of supposing that the hottest head is accompanied with the warmest heart; but neither the ignorant calumnies directed against M. Guizot, nor the poniard too well aimed at the neck of M. Rossi, can negative the facts.

At the beginning of 1848, symptoms of agitation and even insurrection were observable in several parts of Europe, and chiefly in the countries which, like Italy, Switzerland, and Rhenish Germany, were adjacent to France. These ominous precursors of a storm had frightened and almost paralyzed the French conservative party, while they produced among the revolutionists increased excitement and confidence. There is no need to repeat how abruptly Louis Philippe fell from the throne. To avoid disturbances, a political banquet had been forbidden in Paris, and the plea for the prohibition was an old regulation of the first republic. At this crisis the ministry had a majority in the Chambers; they had the confidence of the King, who declared that if attacked he would defend himself with all his power; the army was ready to fight for the Government, and the Opposition had admitted that they had no immediate chance of success. The clamors of some radical leaders and of a few hundreds of the mob, reported, as it is said, to the King by parties to whom the energy and courage of M. Guizot were odious, induced a sovereign—who did not at the age of seventy-three possess the strength of mind he had formerly displayed—to dismiss sud-

denly, on the 23d of February, the minister who was really the shield of the monarchy. From that moment the game of the Orleans dynasty was lost. Perceiving symptoms of weakness in the very act of sacrificing the Premier to their clamor, and feeling that they had no longer to deal with the inflexible resolution of a minister who was the main obstacle to their schemes, the revolutionists were encouraged to proceed to extremities. The leaders of the various sections of the parliamentary opposition who were successively summoned by the King—Count Molé, M. Thiers, and Odillon Barrot—were impotent to force back the winds which, in different degrees, they had contributed to unchain, and on the 24th of February the monarchy was swept away without resistance by a single blast. The next day the mob of Paris—who had indulged themselves in sacking, destroying, and burning the most sumptuous of the royal palaces, who had amused themselves with roasting several soldiers alive in the neighborhood of the Palais-Royal, and who, after the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies, had threatened and insulted the Duchess of Orleans while defending the constitution before the representatives of the people—that mob was called *heroic* (as happens after every revolution) by such men as Ledru Rollin, Arago, and others, whose long and unintermitting clamor for unbounded freedom had resulted only in making them for a day the dictators of France.

At the same time, Louis Philippe, whom the republicans had accused during the whole of his reign of amassing money and sending millions abroad, made his way with great difficulty to England, where his family joined him after many hazards—one in the shirt of a friend, another with borrowed stockings, all of them in a state of temporary destitution, and in danger of being obliged to live upon alms. Such was their exit from a country which owed to the reign of Louis Philippe eighteen years of unprecedented freedom and prosperity.

At the eleventh hour, and while by a strenuous effort it might have been still possible to avert the catastrophe, M. Guizot suggested to Louis Philippe to intrust the command of the army to Marshal Bugeaud. His nomination—the last political act of M. Guizot—took place in the middle of the night, between the 23d and 24th of February. Marshal Bugeaud, who had the esteem of the army, and whose resolution was well known, immediately took the necessary measures, and before daylight the *garde municipale* marched

by his order to the assault of the barricades erected during the night on the Boulevards, and which were weakly defended against the soldiers. Just when it was essential to exhibit a proof of power, the new ministers, M. Thiers and M. Odillon Barrot, urged the King to stop the progress of the Marshal, in the presumptuous belief that they could appease by their presence the excitement of the mob. The hisses and laughter by which they were received at the first barricade, proved how much they had been deceived by their vanity.

At the Chambers M. Guizot was engaged in unceasing warfare. The number of his speeches from 1840 to 1848 was prodigious, and they were all delivered without the aid of any memorandum. M. Villemain used to say that M. Guizot was the "greatest oratorical athlete" of modern times, and even the republicans were obliged to acknowledge that as a speaker he was unrivalled. When he had victoriously refuted their arguments, they had sometimes recourse to uproar; and one scene of the kind is worth recalling for the sake of the domestic episode which we are able to supply.

In 1843 the Duke of Bordeaux came to London, and a number of French Legitimists hastened over to pay their homage to him. Among the pilgrims were several members of the French Parliament, who, in that capacity, had sworn fidelity to Louis Philippe. At the beginning of the subsequent session the Chambers were invited by the Government to pass a vote of censure on the actors in the affair. After some sharp debates, a speech delivered by M. Guizot on the 26th of January, 1844, so galled his adversaries that the worst days of the Convention had hardly witnessed such a storm of abuse and violence as ensued. M. Berryer and the Legitimists reproached him with his journey to Ghent, because it was connected, as they said, with the battle of Waterloo, forgetful that the dynasty they supported owed the throne to that very battle. The republican and quasi-republican party joined the cry, notwithstanding that their spokesman, M. Odillon Barrot, had been an active partisan of the Bourbons during the *Cent Jours*. The debate grew hotter every instant. M. Guizot was called a traitor by M. Havin—for the more insignificant the assailant, the more outrageous was the language—an *infâme* by M. Boulay de la Meurthe; and an *Englishman*—the climax of insult among French liberals—by M. Ledru-Rollin. The object of all this abuse firmly stood his ground

amidst the outrageous din, parried every blow that was struck at himself, and aimed a fresh one in return, till, his voice and his strength failing him, he said: "You may perhaps exhaust my physical strength, but you cannot quell my courage . . . . . and as to the insults, calumnies, and theatrical rage directed against me, they may be multiplied and accumulated as you please, but they will never rise above my contempt." A few years afterwards, the Revolution of February took place, and the opponents of M. Guizot, who had displayed so much rancor against him—the men who contended that they had never infringed their oath, and who maintained that the greatest of crimes was not to fight with French soldiers against all foreigners—became divided into three parties; the first publicly boasting that during the reign of Louis Philippe they had systematically violated all the oaths they had taken; the second vociferating that France was undone, and that the only remedy imaginable was an invasion of Cossacks; and the third uttering enthusiastic cries of admiration at the deeds of the Italians, and even of the Frenchmen, who fought at Rome, and killed French soldiers in defence of the Roman republic of Mazzini.

A friend of M. Guizot paid him a visit at breakfast on the morning after the scene we have related. It was usual at this hour for peers, deputies, and public characters of all descriptions to throng the ministerial salons. When the outcry arose in the Chamber of Deputies, the Orleans party looked on in silence, and allowed M. Guizot to stand up singly against the attacks, for fear of sharing his unpopularity. Influenced by the same contemptible cowardice, not one of his habitual visitors appeared at his breakfast table, with the exception of the Duke de Broglie, who never gave or withdrew his countenance according as a man was hissed or huzzaed. M. Guizot was apparently calm under the desertion; his mother was less insensible. She engaged in a conversation apart with the friend of her son, with her mind full of the events of the preceding day. "Taught," she said, "by a tremendous experience, I did all in my power to prevent my son from entering political life. His indomitable courage renders him insensible to the dangers which surround him. He does not perceive the prevalence of bad passions and the weakness of his party. Yesterday evening, when I found that he did not come back from the Chambers at the usual hour, I apprehended some misfortune. When finally he returned,

he was so fatigued that he could not speak, and went to bed, desiring that as soon as the proofs of the *Moniteur* came he might be awakened to correct them. Knowing but imperfectly what had taken place, I was in great alarm, and, while he slept, I remained with the children round the bed, mentally imploring the Almighty for the happiness of France and for the safety of my son. Catching a sight of his pale and motionless head, I had a terrible vision. I fancied I had before my eyes the head of my poor husband . . . . God is great," (she added,) "and he alone knows the extent of the sacrifices we must make for our country." What a tale does this single glimpse into the life of Madame Guizot tell of the agonies produced by the horrors of the French Revolution, and of the fearful legacy of suffering which it entailed upon many of the survivors!

The forebodings of this admirable woman were partially fulfilled. More sacrifices had still to be undergone. The insurrection of the 23d of February, 1848, separated M. Guizot from his mother and his children, and a confidential friend spent a large part of the night in attempting to bring the scattered family together. At daylight on the morning of the 24th, this individual, who, having been obliged to wander through the barricades in different districts of Paris, had witnessed the exasperation of the mob against M. Guizot, found him at the house of the Duke de Broglie, where he had passed the night, and the following dialogue took place:

"How are my family?"

"The place where your mother and children are is surrounded by barricades, and it is impossible to get them out. But I do not think they will now incur any danger. All the danger is for you. Paris is in confusion; there is no longer any government; and in a few hours there will be perhaps no monarchy. The revolutionists are enraged against you; take my advice and leave the country immediately—to-morrow it will be too late."

"I must be present at the sitting of the Chambers."

"Do you think that the Chambers will resist the torrent more effectually than the Government has done? I have just seen the state of Paris: to-day the Chambers will cease to exist."

For months, nay, for years previously, M. Guizot had been accused of being the slave of his egotism and ambition. He now perceived the total ruin of his power, the destruction of the political system which he had spent his life in building up, and the fall

of the dynasty which he had almost elevated with his own hands. Instead of paying any tribute to his political passions, as might have been expected, he uttered the single cry, "Oh, my poor mother! oh, my poor children!" adding, that he would go in search of Marshal Bugeaud, to see if it was possible to extricate them from their present position.

"Well, go; do not lose time. Where shall we meet again?"

"At ten, at the Hôtel of the Ministry of the Interior."

At ten they met again for a few minutes.

"You were right," said M. Guizot; "it is impossible to get them from the house where they are; but I am assured they are in no danger."

"But when do you leave?"

"I must go to the Chamber of Deputies."

A few hours after this last dialogue took place, the Chamber of Deputies was invaded by a furious mob and dissolved; the King and all the royal family were fugitives; and legal proceedings were ordered against M. Guizot and his colleagues by the French magistrates, who were willing to court a republican mob as they had before courted the Royal Government.

For four days all exit from Paris was closed. On the fifth day the daughters of M. Guizot escaped with a false passport, made out in the names of young English ladies travelling with their governess. They crossed the Channel during one of the tremendous gales which for several days prevented the royal family from coming over, and reached London on the 1st of March. The escape of M. Guizot was not so easy. Three days afterwards he got to England through Belgium, disguised in the livery of a servant. He was several times on the point of being detected during his journey through the northern provinces of France, because his mock master would never allow his servant *John* to carry the luggage. The next day he was joined by his son; and lastly, on the 15th of March, came Madame Guizot. The agitation proved too much for her fourscore years, and she expired on the 31st, in great affliction at the events she had witnessed, but with a firm trust in the goodness of God, and with the consolation of seeing around her the whole of her family. The death of a person so full of years could not be said to be premature, nor, if her life had been tranquil, could it, at her age, have been much prolonged; but she died, nevertheless, the victim of the last Revolution, as surely as her husband was the victim of the first.

M. Guizot remained in England for more

than a year, and lived at Pelham Crescent, Brompton, in a house which, we are told, was occupied afterwards by Ledru - Rollin, whom the rapid turns of French affairs had speedily compelled to follow into exile those very Orleanists whom he had been instrumental in proscribing. The prosecution instituted against M. Guizot in France lasted many months, and it was not until it was evident to every one that the fall of the republic was approaching, that the French judges consented to quash the ridiculous proceedings. He was then free to return to France with his family, and from that moment he resumed his literary labors with youthful ardor. His winters are passed in Paris, and the rest of the year at a country-house, the Val Richer, in Normandy, which was formerly an abbey of the order of Citeaux. His daughters are married to two brothers, the MM. De Witt, who are descended from the celebrated Pensionary of Holland who was massacred at the Hague by the mob two centuries ago. Enjoying habitually the society of his family, and occupied in the calm and elevating pursuits of literature, we cannot but think that the events which proved so disastrous to his country have been a gain to M. Guizot. A tranquil and mellow autumn, rich in the maturest fruits of a lofty intellect, is the reward, not the punishment, of his many harassing years of political life.

Though he has withdrawn into retirement, the French public still watch with curiosity the movements of the ex-minister of Louis Philippe, and generally suppose that he takes a much more active part in politics than is really the case, for he attaches little importance to what he usually calls the empty agitation of Paris. His recent writings, however, are full of allusions to what is passing around him. He has always been an opponent both of Bonapartists and of revolutionists, and every subject affords him an opportunity of expounding his principles.

In the "Democracy in France," as well as in another essay, published under the title, "Why was the English Revolution successful?" M. Guizot, in commenting on the revolutionary spirit, shows that it is the deadliest enemy of the freedom and prosperity of nations. While admitting that, in his earlier writings,\* he had contended perhaps too exclusively for a single form of representative government as the only one fit for every nation, he continues to maintain that two things are equally necessary to France—monarchy and liberty.

\* *Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif en Europe*, tom. i. pp. vi. vii.



From Hogg's Instructor.

## MODERN BRITISH ORATORS.—NO. III.

### LORD BROUGHAM AS AN ORATOR.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

Our former paper was devoted, as our readers may remember, to a consideration of Lord Brougham's general qualities. We are now to consider him in the special light of an orator, and in the course of our remarks to glance rapidly at his collected speeches.

Every orator should possess, among others, the following qualifications: He should have earnestness; *i. e.*, the power of feeling. He should have clearness; *i. e.*, the power of stating. He should have energy; *i. e.*, the power of commanding. He should have imagination; *i. e.*, the power of illustrating. And he should have persuasiveness; *i. e.*, the power of moving or melting men into the current of his purpose.

He should have earnestness. He should feel the importance, and believe in the justice, of his cause. This is all, we think, that the ancient critic meant when he said that every orator must be a good man. Every man earnestly occupied with a good or grand thought is a good man for the time. To be an orator, one must not only believe in the justice of his cause, but he must be for a season engrossed by it. He must feel as if there were no cause but it in the world; as if, like Aaron's rod, it had swallowed up all pettier objects. It is this earnest, extravagant engrossment of an orator, or series of orators, with their purpose, that has carried almost all the causes which have been carried in history. The very enormity of overstatement to which the speaker's feelings hurry him, contributes to the effect, and hastens the catastrophe. It was by this that Wilberforce gained the abolition of the slave-trade. He spoke against the slave-trade as if it were blotting out the sun in the heaven, and as if hell were but its shadow; and by dint of this dauntless, earnest, incessant exaggeration, he secured its destruction. It

was bad; but, by making it even worse than it was, he wrought up the public mind to a pitch of horror against it which compelled Parliament to spue it out of its mouth. It was by this that Burke excited the indignation of the world, first against Warren Hastings, and then against the French Revolution. He knew that Hastings was a criminal, and his imagination, acting on this knowledge, turned him into a monster of immense magnitude, stretching out Briarean arms over all India, and with every hand, either holding the bribe of corruption, or wielding the dagger of death. This enormous Ogre he described to the English public in language and imagery which have never been surpassed in the written or spoken language of man; and the consequence was, that a cry for Hastings, "blood, blood, blood" rang throughout the land; his impeachment was carried by storm; his trial seemed, from its august circumstances, and the overwhelming eloquence of his accusers, and the listening silence of the surrounding country, that of a world at the bar of God, rather than that of a man at the bar of his fellow-mortals; and although, by dexterously using the instruments of parliamentary corruption and of legal delay, the culprit escaped, yet it was "so as by fire," and his story has read a lesson to governors not to trifle with human life, nor to palter with unclean gold, nor to sacrifice to selfish expediency the rights of justice, nor to deem that any criminal or doubtful course of conduct may be sanctified as well as gilded by success, which shall never be forgotten. And when, soon after, there arose on the horizon the sudden, rapid mountain storm of the French Revolution, Burke, who saw already the blood and bankruptcy, the ruin and confusion, which were to flow from it, was led to confound it with the very tempest of final doom, and at the

same time, somewhat inconsistently, to cry aloud to the nations to seek to avert it; as if any aggregate of human voices could silence one peal of *that* transcendent hurricane, or any combination of human armies could alter the march or embarrass the motions of a "great day of God Almighty." And yet the eloquence, the enthusiasm, the genius, the insight, and not less the extravagance, in many points, of this extraordinary man's views and language, gained in some measure the purpose at which he aimed. He frightened all Europe at his own object of fear. He ran about like a man who has just seen a ghost, and his eyes told their own terrible story. "Having believed, he spoke;" and seeing that he believed, most men felt themselves obliged to believe too, not only in the reality of the spectre—which was unquestionable—but in the very *color*, and *shape*, and *size* which it assumed to the gifted, albeit exaggerative eye of the seer.

And so with the Anti-corn-law League. How did Cobden, Bright, hard-working, noble Archibald Prentice, and the rest, overturn that essentially evil, but still comparatively small, grievance? By the power of well-managed, eloquent, and unwearied exaggeration. They knew they had a truth, and that a truth, unlike a falsehood, can bear a great deal of dilution, and repetition, and expansion. And hence, along with the assistance of Ebenezer Elliott—who saw in a few shillings of extra duty upon foreign produce that "sackcloth of hair" which is predestined by prophecy to produce universal darkness—they rung the changes upon the Corn-law, till it seemed to millions to mean evil in the abstract; and thus they effected their end.

Now, has Brougham this power? We think that, more than almost any man of the age, *he has*. He is, at all events, often subject to fits of temporary earnestness and enthusiasm, and these fits he usually relieves by talk. We do not mean to compare him to Burke, whose enthusiasm was as slow as it was sanguine, as lasting in its results as it was sudden in its rise, and whose generous and impersonal but fierce wrath might be compared to one of those long days of thunder and lightning which occur in tropical climates—mountain answering to mountain; one forest set on fire, blazing emulous of another, and pole reverberating to pole the loud and earth-shaking roar. Brougham's anger comes out in short bursts and fitful flashes. But for the moment or the hour he is perfectly honest. We heard Carlyle once

say of him, that he had "run all to tongue." This, if it implied that his talk is often much more masterly than his thought, is true; but if it means that his highest style of speech is altogether empty and insincere, it is an exaggeration. Brougham, when he is fairly roused, can speak with the force, freedom, directness, and dignity of one who is something higher than a lawyer or a statesman; who is a man, and a great man, too. That he thought Queen Caroline perfectly innocent, or the most amiable of women, is not very likely. But he felt that she had been wronged; that if every worm have its rights, every woman must have hers; that the guiltiest and lowest being, if unjustly used and cruelly trampled on, may cry; and it was such a cry that he echoed to Britain, and so echoed that the country shook, and the throne tottered. In their mere dealing with evidence, we do not greatly admire those speeches in defence of the Queen; but, as taking the loftiest moral ground possible on such a subject—as lifting up the Golden Rule above all the laws of the realm, and flashing it in the eyes of monarchy, like the words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," in the halls of Babylon—they deserve all praise. Old Boswell of Auchinleck used to praise Cromwell for having taught kings that they had a "lith in their neck." It was reserved for Brougham and his intrepid coadjutor, Lord Denman, two centuries later, to bring the country to all but the point of renewing the tremendous lesson.

Familiar as the following passage may be to many of our readers, we shall yet quote it in illustration of these remarks:

Such, my Lords, is the case before you. Such is the evidence in support of this measure; evidence inadequate to prove a debt; impotent to deprive of a civil right; ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence; scandalous, if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows; monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name, of an English queen! My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing on the brink of a precipice; then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in

jeopardy—the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured out upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may turned to justice!

These words are strong—simple, although elaborate. Yet we have heard a hundred perorations of speeches and of sermons nearly as well composed. It was the intensity of the interest of the occasion which gave them such prodigious power. Brougham, when he uttered these solemn sentences, felt that he might be ringing the death-knell of the monarchy. He knew, besides, that angry Britain stood behind him, like a roused lion, to back him in his boldest words, and that nothing could be either too solemn or too daring for that great hour—an hour which might become the brief dark passage into a new era. And it is his praise that he neither sank below nor rose too rashly above the crisis in which he found himself, but kept along the level of its dignity, and that, thereby, he contributed to save himself, his client, the crown, and his country.

Many, we know, look upon the enthusiasm and half-uprise of the British people in behalf of the Queen, with contempt and disgust, especially when viewed in connection with much in her character which was unquestionably coarse and even dubious. We have always had a different opinion from the hour when (after having read the account of the acquittal) we ran out, a bareheaded boy, to the bridge of Comrie, and danced for gladness as we saw the three villages, Dalginross, Comrie, and Ross, lighted up in one blaze of illumination, which, coupled with the dimly-seen forms of the grand mountains around, made the valley seem one of enchantment—down to the present moment, when we are disposed to regard that movement as one of the noblest swellings of the mighty heart of Britain; to call the rejoicings which succeeded it the *Carnival of Justice*, and to see in the experiences of that time a warning which those who run may read, and those *who read not may run*, to all who dare to oppose themselves to the general sentiment of a nation, to that *Vox Populi* which is so often *Vox Dei*.

Brougham has in other instances exemplified the same power of rising to the measure and stature of great intellectual or moral occasions. Look to what a height he has occasionally soared on the subject of slavery; a topic such as no ancient orator ever had to wield; a topic appealing to the primal sympathies of humanity, as well as to the laws of everlasting righteousness; on which can be brought to bear at once every argument derived from reason, every motive connected with feeling, and every principle furnished by religion: and around which, too, circles a halo of dark grandeur, like the ring which surrounds the tropical sun ere the storm has burst! Strong in the logic of the question, learned in its history and bearings, and stung into sacred fury by a sense of the cruelties and enormities of the system, Henry Brougham never seemed more himself, never assumed an attitude either in itself grander or more true to the better tendencies of his own nature, than when he stood up the advocate of the slave. It was not Ethiopia stretching out, in awful appeal, her hands unto God; nobler still, it seemed the Caucasian race—the white man—through his highest living representative, uplifting the protest of a common nature against the wrongs inflicted by oppressors on a humble, defenceless family, to the judgment-seat of the Almighty. But at times it became more than protest or appeal. At times the orator seemed to exchange places with the Being he was obtesting, to become at least an organ, prophet, or angel of His will; to receive into his hands one of those vials “filled with the fierceness and the wrath” of the Ruler of the universe, that he might pour it out upon the stiff-necked and hard-hearted tyrants of the Antilles. Listen to the well-known words, sounding—do they not?—hoarse and hollow, as peals of thunder from a sky dark as that of the Deluge:

Tell me not of rights; talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves; I deny the right; I acknowledge not the property: the principles, the feelings of our common nature rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge—to another all unutterable woes, such as it is at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on

the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man. In vain you appeal to treaties; the covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To those laws did they of old refer who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not untruly: for by one shameful compact you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood; yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by Parliament leading the way; but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware; let their assemblies beware; let the government at home beware; let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave-trader; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall will not be destroyed before I have warned them; but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God.

As another specimen of this same style, in which the orator is *sublimated* into the man, we give the following extract from his speech on the Reform Bill:

These portentous appearances, the growth of later times—these figures that stalk abroad, of unknown stature and strange form—unions, and leagues, and musters of men in myriads, and conspiracies against the exchequer—whence do they spring, and how came they to haunt our shores? What power engendered these uncouth shapes? What multiplied the monstrous births, till they people the land? Trust me, the same power which called into frightful existence and armed with resistless force the Irish volunteers of 1782; the same power which rent in twain your empire, and raised up thirteen republics; the same power which created the Catholic Association, and gave it Ireland for a portion; what power is that? Justice denied, rights withheld, wrongs perpetrated; the force which common injuries lend to millions; the wickedness of using the sacred trust of government as a means of indulging private caprice; the idiocy of treating Englishmen like the children of the South Sea Islands; the frenzy of believing, or making believe, that the adults of the nineteenth century can be led like children, or driven like barbarians! This it is which has conjured up the strange sights at which we now stand aghast. And shall we persist in the fatal error of combating the giant progeny, instead of extirpating the execrable parent? Will men never learn wisdom, even from their own experience? Will they never believe, till it be too

late, that the surest way to prevent immoderate desires being formed—ay, and unjust demands enforced—is to grant in due season the moderate requests of justice? You stand, my Lords, on the brink of a great event; you are in the crisis of a whole nation's hopes and fears. An awful importance hangs over your decision. *Pause, ere you plunge!* But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands preëminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause on which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are? Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution. Therefore I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, I warn you, I implore you—yea, on my bended knees I supplicate you, reject not this bill!

Oratorical adjurations, like the above, are hazardous experiments. Demosthenes has one very fine one in his oration for the crown, where he swears by the dead at Marathon. De Quincey somewhere commemorates one by a dissenting minister at Cambridge (was it Robinson, Hall's predecessor, we wonder?) as the finest in all oratory. "I adjure you by the 'Iliad,' by the 'Odyssey,'" said this daring divine, rising to a climax in his appeal. It was certainly very striking, although we wonder how the congregations of any of our Edinburgh doctors would look, if their pastors would now venture on such a splendid extravagance. As to Brougham's flight, there have been various opinions, particularly in reference to the attitude assumed at the end. Some think, that it nobly and gracefully rounded off, as it were, the excitement of the speaker; others have derided it, and asked, "Ere going down on his knee, did he spread his handkerchief below it, as we have seen done by careful old bachelors ere kneeling at prayers?" Much, we think, must have depended upon the state to which he had wrought up his audience. An orator who has obtained perfect mastery over the assembly he addresses, may venture on attitudes and images, and words, which to a less excited and sympathetic throng would appear



helplessly absurd. There was, besides, a certain propriety in this attitude connected with the office which Brougham then held. Kneeling as a chancellor upon the woolsack, it seemed as if Eternal Justice were, in his person, kneeling before the lords of Parliament in behalf of the rights of the people of England.

We find we cannot pursue any farther at present our investigation of the oratorical qualities we have ascribed to Lord Brougham, else we might have dilated on his prodigious energy, on the clearness which more than matched the strength of his statements, and on the fiery hue of passion which eclipsed the imagination and fancy of his more highly-wrought passages. Indeed, of imagination proper he had little or none. Fancy he apparently disdained; but he knew too well the power which imagination gives to eloquence, not to have employed it, if he had any to employ.

The place of this remarkable man in the great gallery of future ages is not, as yet, thoroughly fixed. We incline to believe, however, that his orb will rather lessen than seem to enlarge, as the years roll on. His name shall live as the Admirable Crichton of the nineteenth century—a name which expresses both his marvellous powers, his still more marvellous weaknesses, and his most marvellous eccentricities; his splendid charlatanerie, and his solid, unquestionable power. Passages of his speeches will be found in the collections of the twenty-second or twenty-third centuries. A full page or even two will be devoted to his history in future Conversations-Lexicons. But he has written no work even aspiring to completeness, and left no great thought as the projected shadow of his soul to after generations. He has neither been a philosopher, nor an original discoverer in politics, nor a poetic thinker; only a wonderful talker on ten thousand subjects, floating or fixed. There are in his works many passages of great force and eloquence; but there is little of that rich, suggestive matter, that "lion's marrow" of thought, which feeds all ages as plentifully as the period when it is first collected. His speeches are, and must always be, interesting from the causes they plead, from their relation to great events in history,

from the extraordinary character and repute of the man, as well as from much that is vital in their own language; but they are neither models of style nor quarries of thinking. Far less enviable their fame—proud and powerful as they are—than that of a little series of letters to a female friend, which about fifty years ago were issuing from a dingy lodging in France, where a dull-bright Titan, as strong as he was slow and gloomy as he was strong, was sitting in the shape of an unpopular and obscure dissenting teacher, and sweltering and agonizing over his iron immortalities—we mean, of course, John Foster. All hail, we cry, to that original genius which bends before the Cross! The brilliant pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, the sparkling speeches of Jeffrey, the sterner and stronger paragraphs of Brougham, if not altogether destitute of that salt of genius which gives life to writing, are destitute entirely of that Christian consecration which has embalmed the works of many whom, in the pride of their popularity, these men once disdained to set with the dogs of their flock. John Foster was never even noticed in the *Edinburgh Review*; (the name of his Essay on Popular Ignorance was prefixed to a paper on Education, written by Brougham, but without the slightest allusion in the article either to the author or the book!) and yet, we venture to affirm that his works are exciting a deeper, a scarcely less wide, and an infinitely more beneficial influence, upon the age, than all the writings of the Edinburgh school—including in that designation, not only Jeffrey and Brougham, but Sidney Smith, Hallam, and Macaulay—put together. Truly, when we remember the difference of the estimates once and now formed by the public of such men as Foster and Coleridge, and, on the other hand, of such men as Jeffrey and Brougham, we are tempted to accommodate the Scripture language, and say, "The little one has become a thousand, and the thousand a small nation." Talent can dazzle for a time, but can never produce the permanent results or do the wondrous work of Genius: and Genius never can do its own work fully, or with the unmixed acceptance of posterity, unless it has seen the divine truth, and learned to breathe the unearthly spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

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## CAPTAIN M'CLURE, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

It is with no ordinary feeling of pride and pleasure that we claim THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE as a countryman.

His father, Captain M'Clure of the 89th Regiment, served with great distinction under Abercrombie in Egypt, and was beside that brave general when he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Aboukir. In 1806 he married Jane, only daughter of the venerable Archdeacon Elgee, rector of Wexford, but survived the marriage only four months. The posthumous child of this union was Robert John Le Mesurier M'Clure, the subject of our memoir; born in Wexford, at the residence of his grandfather, Archdeacon Elgee, January 28th, 1807, where he remained for the first four years of his life, under the care of his young mother, who had the singular destiny of being wife, widow, and mother in one year, and before she had attained the age of nineteen. The sponsor for the fatherless child was General Le Mesurier, hereditary Governor of Alderney, a man of immense wealth and noble character. A peculiar friendship had existed between him and the elder M'Clure; they were brother officers, and Captain M'Clure had once saved the General's life in Egypt. From this a promise arose, the General then having no children, that should his friend ever marry and have a son, he would adopt him as his own. Accordingly, when the young Robert was four years old, General Le Mesurier wrote to claim him, in fulfilment of this promise, and he was taken to Alderney by his uncle, the present rector of Wexford, who describes him as being then singularly attractive, and remembers well the fearless pleasure manifested by the child, even at that age, at being on the water for the first time. From that period till he was twelve years old, young M'Clure resided in the princely residence of the Governor, as the adopted child and son of the house. But then, an unlooked-for change took place in General Le Mesurier's family. After twenty-three years of childless marriage, his lady presented him in three successive years with

three sons, the youngest of whom is now the inheritor of his father's vast wealth and munificent spirit.\*

Young M'Clure was sent to Eton, and from thence to Sandhurst, but the military profession was distasteful to him; and in a short time, with the love of adventure instinctive to his nature, and the rashness of sixteen, he left the college with three young noblemen, fellow-students there, and proceeded to France, determined never to enter the college walls again.

With undiminished kindness, General Le Mesurier now allowed him to select his own profession, and shortly after, he was appointed midshipman on board Lord Nelson's old ship, the Victory.

With such associations he began his naval career.

During the next ten years he served in various parts of the globe; his animated, elastic nature, full of life, energy, and mental force, along with the extreme fascination of his manners, gaining him the love of his brother officers, and the good-will and affectionate interest of every commander he served under.

In 1836, he had already served six years as mate, and passed his examination as lieutenant, when, not being on active service, his destiny led him to the Admiralty to seek employment. On entering the audience-chamber, a high official then present exclaimed, "M'Clure, you are just the man we want. There is an expedition fitting out for the North Pole; will you join?"

The young officer was unable to pronounce at once. He retired to the ante-room, and sat down on a chair to meditate. The old porter, who was by, asked him "What he had on his mind." M'Clure told him. "Well," said he, "I saw Nelson sitting on that very chair, thinking just like you what he would do, and he took what they offered him. Do you do the same." M'Clure accepted the omen,

\* Mr. Le Mesurier gave lately a donation of £10,000 towards building a church at Alderney.

went back, and volunteered to join the expedition then setting out under command of Sir George Back.

This was the twelfth expedition undertaken since the year 1819, for the discovery of the north-west passage, that frozen phantom which had been haunting the minds of navigators and commercial men for centuries.

Within the limits of  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  from the shores of the known continent to the pole, the problem was to be solved. To search an area of the earth's surface, above 8,000 miles in extent, yet untrampled beyond the arctic circle; to find the icy sea, and plough a channel through it from one great ocean to the other; or discover the fair and beautiful land, the Polynia, which the Russians dream lies beyond the eternal ice-barrier, up at the extreme polar limit; these were objects that might well kindle the imagination, and inspire daring hearts with courage sufficient to make them brave all the terrible desolation and unknown horrors of the icy zone.

During a long course of years, science and daring advanced far upon the frozen regions, baptizing cape, and bay, and headland, with names that in themselves are histories of heroism and suffering unequalled in the annals of human progress, and still each step was a conquest upon the unknown. New seas, new lands revealed themselves to each successive navigator. The grand object indeed was as yet unattained, but every brave man fancied, as he went forth heroically to the ice-world, that perhaps the glory of success might be his. And when M'Clure, at twenty-nine, gave up all the brilliancy and beauty of life for the sunless, silent, frozen region where nature lies for ever a corpse, covered with a snow shroud, who can tell what starry prescient hope may have lit his mind, that by him the great problem of the centuries would at length be solved?

To understand fully the nature of the great achievement of which Captain M'Clure is the hero, we must take a glance at Arctic history; we must see how ten centuries had vainly dashed against the ice-barrier, which has opened but for him; how the fine brain and intellect of Europe warred ceaselessly for four hundred years against the frost-giants; and how still the best and bravest of Europe are found in the conflict, some as conquerors, some as martyrs, till you can track the progress of the combat by the memories of dead men in their icy graves.

From the earliest times, seafaring nations had tried to penetrate the mysteries of the

Atlantic. The old Norse Vikings, as early as the ninth century, reached Iceland, where the Irish, it is said, had even preceded them; and a century later, Eric of Iceland, the first arctic navigator, "set forth westward to search for other lands." These Scandinavians, from their wild sea-rovings, brought back tales of lofty islands walled with glaciers, and others so fair, they named them *Green-land* and *Vin-land*; but this land of grapes has never since revealed itself, though searched for subsequently in all directions, from Labrador to the Azores. Wandering mariners, too, in these northern latitudes, spoke of the strange "barrier, neither earth, air, nor sky, but all three, through which it was impossible to penetrate." Here, in this unknown ocean, tradition and fable had placed their marvels: the island of St. Brenda, only visible at peculiar times and to favored eyes; and that other strange island of gloom and mystery, five days' sail from the Orkneys, to which the souls of the dead were ferried over at midnight, according to the belief of the fishermen along the wild sea-coast of western Ireland. Here also Plato placed his Atlantis, and Strabo prognosticated that one or more worlds might be found there, inhabited by races different from the old continent; and still, as the prescience of discovery haunted the human mind, all the great nations of antiquity came in turn, and gazed from the Pillars of Hercules upon the *mare tenebrosus*, whose waters they believed connected Europe with eastern Asia.

Two paths to India were indicated by tradition and science: the north-west by the Orkneys, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland, (that tried by the Vikings of Scandinavia;) and the south-west, by the Canaries and Azores, tried by the maritimal Phœnicians. But no great and serious measures towards oceanic discovery were undertaken till the fifteenth century, when the Portuguese took the lead in adventure; their object being to effect a passage to India by Africa, in order to rival Italy, at that time carrying on her trade by the Mediterranean and Red Sea. Then the beautiful ocean islands were first revealed to Europe, and imagination filled with the idea that other lands as lovely lay circled by its waters, awaiting European discovery.

The Portuguese succeeded. The path to India by the Cape was found, and the great ocean highway, *eastward*, to the Indies opened for the nations. To rival the Portuguese, Columbus conceived the bold idea of a *western* passage, across the untried waters of the

Atlantic, and thus reaching the Spice Islands even sooner than the Portuguese by their new-found Cape. A presage of the possibility of the achievement had come down the stream of time, and he undertook the voyage confident of success. Thus the name of Columbus stands first on the list of those who attempted the western passage to India, and by so doing discovered a new world.

The impulse given by Portugal and Spain continued with daring rivalry amongst European powers through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then was the great era of maritime progression through every zone and every meridian of the earth's surface—one of those singular epochs when the minds of men are all turned to one object—epochs which seem never to recur with similar unity and intensity of purpose. The traffic of the world was opened; islands and continents rose up in grand succession before the advancing prowess of the daring ships; but one thing was wanting to the completion of geographical science—the knowledge of the north-west path to India across the Atlantic.

Great was the interest excited throughout Europe at the wonderful revelations of Columbus, especially at the Court of Henry VII., where it was affirmed to be a "thing more divine than human to sail by the west into the east, where spices do grow, by a way never known before." So, five years after he had tried a *south-west* passage, and discovered the West Indies, Cabot led the first *north-west* expedition from the English shores, and the northern continent of America was discovered. Interest heightened with success, and Sebastian Cabot, the son, undertook a second expedition. With two caravels and three hundred men, he set forth bravely, and reached Labrador, "but durst pass no further for the heaps of ice." Twice afterwards he essayed the north-west passage, ever in the hope of finding *Cathay*, and reached to the sixty-seventh degree, when a mutiny amongst his crew obliged him to return. Still, even though he failed, honors, rewards, and a pension were bestowed on him for his services, and his memory has been transmitted to posterity as the "great seaman."

The fifteenth century had now scarcely closed, yet all Europe was hastening to set forth her adventurers and victims to the ice-world; for all human progress seems to demand human sacrifice. Two expeditions, undertaken by the Portuguese, reached as far as Hudson's Straits, but perished there—their fate was never known. But failures are

great teachers. When the icy barrier was found impassable that lay along the northern route to India, men turned hopefully to the south, and the Portuguese had again the honor of the lead, when Magellan, in his ship the *Victoria*,\* passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the straits that immortalize his name—passed to his death. A brief time after, he lay murdered in one of the ocean islands he had discovered.

East and west, southward, the Portuguese now voyaged to India, and a passage east and west, northward, was therefore deemed equally attainable. So, in the reign of the young Edward VI., a north-east expedition, by Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, was organized under command of the ill-fated Sir Hugh Willoughby, the first Englishman who wintered in the arctic regions, and perished there. The year after his departure, some Russian fishermen found him lying dead and frozen in his ship, the *Esperanza*, his journal beside him, and all his crew lying dead around him, like so many ice-statues.

The efforts of Cabot had stimulated all Europe; and Cortez, not content with the conquest of Mexico, offered his services to Spain to discover the north-west passage, by simultaneous voyages along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of America. His offer was not accepted, but Gomez, a Spaniard, actually undertook to find a passage *due north*, and proceeded some way, but had to return without achievement or discovery.

Thus, before even the close of the sixteenth century, we find the passages by the north-west, the north-east, and the *due north* had all been tried, and without success.

In the brilliant court of Elizabeth the idea again revived, and Frobisher sailed with three ships to find that north-west passage which he considered "the only thing in the world yet left undone by which a notable mind might be made famous." All England felt interested in the search: the stately Queen herself, who ever appreciated courage and intellect, waved her hand to him at departure from the windows of her palace; and on his return presented him a chain of gold with her own hand, and conferred on him knighthood and an estate. Frobisher made three voyages with eminent success, discovered the Straits that still bear his name, and for his bravery was "much commended by all men, and es-

\* By a strange coincidence, the *Victoria* passes first from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and in the reign of *Victoria* the first ship passes northward from the Pacific to the Atlantic.



pecially famous for the hope he gave of reaching Cathay."

Drake was then in the Spanish Main. When satiated with plunder there, he passed through Magellan Straits, boldly resolving to try whether he could not reach home by the Pacific, *eastward* to the Atlantic. So he bore up northward, but reached no farther than California, his crew being unable to bear the colder latitudes; then sailed away across the Pacific, reached the Moluccas, and thus home to England, being the first Englishman who circumnavigated the globe. Of this effort to find a passage on the Pacific side, Barrow says, with singular prescience, "Drake's attempt is one of the most daring on record, as not a ship of any nation had as yet the opportunity; and perhaps it had never entered into any man's head to search for a passage on the *west* side of America, though it is most likely that by taking such a course it may be found. It will be done." And so it has, but not till two centuries and a half after Drake's splendid failure.

Great was England's enthusiasm at the return of Drake. His ship, the *Golden Hind*, became the resort of crowds, and the cabin was a complete banqueting-room. The Queen herself dined on board with the brave commander, and "there did knight him, and advanced him to the rank of admiral, who, preferring the honor of his country before his own life, with magnanimity undertook unwonted adventures, and went through the same with wonderful happiness." The Queen likewise ordered the ship to be laid up in dock as a trophy; and afterwards, when it fell to pieces from decay, a chair was made from the wood, and presented to Oxford. If such were the honors lavished on the *Golden Hind* and her brave commander, what may we not expect when M'Clure and the *Investigator* return, after having *achieved* what Drake could only *attempt*?

Still unbroken continued the succession of martyrs in the cause of Arctic discovery. Sir Humphrey Gilbert first wrote a treatise on "The practicability of a north-west passage," then set forth with Sir Walter Raleigh to search for it. The expedition failed, and Gilbert went alone upon a second voyage. The Queen, to evince her interest, gave him one of her maids of honor in marriage, sent for his picture, and presented him with a golden anchor guided by a lady. Thus, high in hope, he set sail, but never returned. Ship, commander, and crew were seen no more. Raleigh led the next brave band, but steered southward to avoid the polar dangers, and so fell in with the whole line of Ameri-

can coast, from which resulted, not the discovery of the north-west passage, but the colonization of America, and the upspringing of a great nation—Saxon and Irish in blood, and of English tongue.

Davis, meanwhile, whose name has become part of our geography, was grinding his ships amongst the ice up as high as seventy-two degrees; and great service he accomplished—discovering that great highway, Davis's Straits, all have traversed since, and through which he affirmed "the passage would certainly be found."

Terrible must the untried frost-kingdom have appeared to the early navigators in their frail vessels, none of which exceeded a hundred tons. No wonder that we hear of how men prepared themselves for the fearful north-west passage, as if preparing to enter eternity. Davis complains of "the loathsome view," and the "irksome noyse of y<sup>e</sup> yce." He named Greenland the Land of Desolation, and the place where he found un-hoped-for anchorage, "The Bay of God's Mercy," yet he never wintered in those regions. Human courage had not reached that point of endurance; but, strong in faith, he made *three* voyages, helped on by the worshipful merchants of London, until men would no longer lend him money. "This Davis," they said, "hath been three times employed; why hath he not found the passage?"

And now comes the mournful story of Barentz, and the first recorded sufferings of human creatures in a polar winter. He commanded an expedition sent by Holland in 1594 to try the north-east passage by Nova Zembla. On the first voyage they were stopped by the ice and had to return, first signing a declaration before God and the world that they had done their best to penetrate by the north to China and Japan. A second and a third time they ventured. On the last voyage the ice encircled and imprisoned them. There for eight months they strove as desperate, dying men against all the horrors of darkness, cold and famine. At last a boat was built with the remnants of the ship. As they left the shore, Barentz, the spectral leader of the ghastly crew, bade them lift him in the boat that he might gaze once more on the scene of his daring and his suffering, and so died. A few of his men reached home to tell the tale. This was the first Arctic winter Europe heard of.

A century had now passed of trial and failure, yet the hope remained. Five thousand pounds were offered by the merchants of London to the successful discoverer. En-

terprise was stimulated, and an expedition set forth under Weymouth; but scarcely had they made Greenland when the terrified crew mutinied, and bore up the helm for England. Weymouth, coming forth from his cabin, demanded, "Who bore up the helm?" "ONE AND ALL," they answered; and so the expedition turned homeward.

Still the merchants were undismayed, and they sent out Hudson, who opened the seventeenth century bravely. With one vessel and a crew of ten men he sailed due north, to try the passage across the Pole, and reached Spitzbergen; then made an attempt to sail round Greenland and home by Davis's Straits, but failed. A second and a third time he led his ship up to the ice barrier between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and was forced to return. The north and north-east passages were therefore considered hopeless, and he set out on his last and fatal voyage to the north-west, sailed up the Straits that now bear his name, and thought he beheld the Pacific in the broad waters of the bay. But winter approached; the ship was frozen in—the first British ship obliged to winter there. Cold and famine came upon the crew, with all their untried horrors. Hudson "wept out of pity for their hardships;" but there was no pity for him amongst men who thought he led them out to die. They plotted dark deeds throughout the long frozen winter; then, when spring came, and the open water, they thrust Hudson forth, along with his son and six others, in an open boat, without provisions, and sailed away for England, leaving them to starve and die. Nothing more was ever heard of the murdered leader, who thus perished in the bay that preserves at once the memory of his name, his daring, and his doom.

Still the merchants continued their expeditions, telling their captains to steer straight for Japan, and bring home one of the natives as a sample; and the usual record of failures follows, till we are arrested by the name of **BAFFIN**, memorable ever after as the discoverer of the finest bay in the world. He sailed round it, named Smith's Sound and Lancaster Sound; but did not explore either, though suspecting the latter was the true portal to Japan. Baffin, who accomplished his discovery in one season, never wintered in the ice, and appeared to think it would for ever prove an impassable barrier to the Pacific. The best chance, he said, would be to try the passage from the *Asiatic side*. So, for twenty years, we hear no more of merchant expeditions.

But the Danes, meanwhile, were seeking and suffering, starving and dying in the cause. Of a crew of sixty-four who wintered in Hudson's Bay, all perished, dying one by one, of famine, disease, and despair. Yet men are not deterred; they seem even growing familiar with the idea of an Arctic winter. Two others are ready to attempt it—Luke Fox and Captain James. Charles I. gave them a letter from him, to be delivered to the Emperor of Japan, in case of success. But they only reached Hudson's Bay, where they wintered, and with such excellent arrangements, that they returned home without the loss of a single hand. These two commanders did good service, searching Hudson's Bay; and, like others, commemorated their discoveries by names expressive of fear and terror, hope and comfort, death and starvation, by which the Arctic map becomes the mental history of the Arctic heroes. Here, frozen for ever in the eternal ice, are these successive records of human emotion; grotesque names, too, at least to our ears. Thus we have "Gibbon his hole," after Gibbon, who was blocked up there twenty weeks; "Briggs his mathematicks;" "Fox his farthest." "But many are the records of sudden comfort vouchsafed, hope realized, God's mercy acknowledged, for they were Christian men, as all brave men mostly are; and from first to last, from the time when Sir Humphrey Gilbert stood on the deck of his sinking vessel, and called out to his crew, as they drifted in the darkness to death, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," to the hour when Franklin and Richardson sat starving in the desolate fort of the Coppermine river by the unburied bodies of their dead companions; or M'Clure, in that frozen winter in the Bay of Mercy, two thousand miles from all human aid, thanks "a beneficent Providence for his blessing," we have no record of a time when the daily prayer was omitted, or the daily trust in God grew faint.

After the Restoration, we find Prince Rupert taking warm interest in the cause; and through his exertions a charter was granted to certain merchants, giving them the trade and territories of Hudson's Bay, by which jurisdiction was obtained over a district one-third larger than all Europe, under the name of "Rupert's Land." For nearly two hundred years the Company have now been enjoying the enormous rights conceded by their charter; and civilization, with all its gayety, wealth, grace, and beauty, fills the region where Hudson found only ice, silence, and

desolation, two centuries ago. The absolute rights granted to the Company checked individual enterprise. So, for fifty years, from Charles to George II., we hear of no more north-west expeditions, except a fatal attempt made by Knight, one of the Company's servants, who perished with his whole crew in Hudson's Bay; though not till fifty years afterwards was their fate known, when an old Esquimaux related how they had all perished, one by one, of cold and famine, till the last died, while trying to dig the grave of his last companion. The new Company were even suspected of discouraging enterprise, in fear of rivalry; and as it was of vast importance to solve the doubt—say yea or no as to the existence of a polar sea communicating with the Pacific—Parliament, in the reign of George II., decreed a reward of twenty thousand pounds to the fortunate discoverer of the north-west passage. This act remained on the statute-books for eighty-two years, and then, the chances of success appearing almost null, it was repealed in 1828; but the great achievement being at length accomplished, Parliament will, no doubt, consider the right reestablished.

In consequence of the impulse given by Government, fresh aspirants for fame arose. Ten thousand pounds were raised by private subscription; and, in addition to the legislative grant, premiums were offered, in case of success—five hundred pounds to the captain, two hundred pounds to the lieutenant, and a proportionate reward to each officer and seaman. Two vessels went out—the *Dobbs* and *California*—with orders to seek the passage through Hudson's Straits. At Wager river they were stopped by the ice, and wintered in a log-house, marvelling much at the new experience of their prisoned life. The ink froze, the beer froze, all that was good in the brandy concentrated in a little lump of ice in the middle of the bottle, and the rest, when melted, was mere water; the bedclothes froze to the wall, their mouths froze to the blanket; their fingers to the iron they touched; their lips to the glasses from which they drank, so that the skin was torn by the separation. Yet they wintered on bravely in the "dismal dark weather" and the "terrible black fogs," till summer came, when they got back to England, fully convinced of the existence of the passage, but unable to claim the reward; and no other north-west expedition was attempted after this failure for above half a century, till we reach the times of Ross and Parry.

The nineteenth century opened with uni-

versal war, and men had other work than maritime discovery; but after the peace of 1818, a new expedition was fitted out, consisting of four vessels. The *Isabella* and *Alexander*, commanded by Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, sailed *westward* to search Baffin's Bay; the *Trent* and *Dorothea*, with Captain Buchan, Commander Franklin, and Lieutenant Beechy, *eastward*, to try the passage by Spitzbergen, and the direct north.

The map at that time from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits was a complete blank. Even the bay had remained unexplored since Baffin swept round it, two hundred years before. But during this expedition Sir John Ross completed its circumnavigation; made acquaintance with the simple Esquimaux tribes,\* who till then believed themselves the only people in the world, and that all beyond was ice; beheld, for the first time, the beautiful red snow, whose origin was then unknown, extending for eight miles over cliffs six hundred feet high, thence named by him "The Crimson Cliffs;" entered the magnificent mountain portals of Lancaster Sound, lifting their dark masses of granite and basalt from two to four thousand feet into the blue air; but, unconscious that through that portal lay the path to the Pacific, he turned back, and so home to England, without wintering.

Captain Buchan, meanwhile, with Franklin and Beechy, had turned to the gloomy shores of Spitzbergen—the Spiked Mountains—and worked their way through ice fields and labyrinths of frozen masses, till they reached the great ice barrier none had ever passed. Into this pack the ships were helplessly driven by a tempest, and warred with their terrible opponent for three whole weeks, when some special providence released them; but the ships were too much damaged for further progress, so they too steered back for England.

But the year after, 1819, records one of the most remarkable voyages ever accomplished, in which Parry was commander.

Lancaster Sound had never been explored; Sir John Ross imagined it a bay. Parry resolved to clear the mystery, and set sail with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, provisioned for two years.

The voyage was eminently successful. Amid the excitement and cheers of the crews,

\* The Esquimaux thought the ship a living creature, and addressed it, "Who are you?—what are you?—where did you come from?" They fully believed the ship and all the crew had come down from the moon, and watched nightly to see them going up into the moon again.

he passed up the grand opening of Lancaster Sound, forty-five miles in breadth; still onward by the bold coast and magnificent rocky walls of Barrow's Straits, where a British ship had never been; onward still by lofty islands rising perpendicularly from the sea to the height of two or three hundred feet, till he attained the 110th western meridian, having never let go an anchor since leaving England; and there, summoning his crew on deck, he announced they had gained the reward of five thousand pounds, promised by act of Parliament to the first ship which reached that meridian beyond the Arctic circle.

Winter was passed on Melville Island, in a place since ever memorable as Wintry Harbor—the first winter ever passed by British seamen in such northern latitudes. When summer came, the crew would gladly have pushed on westward to the 130th degree, where a further reward could have been claimed, but the stern ice refused a passage. Land too was seen, sixty miles to the southwest, but they could not reach it. Let us remember this land, for we hear tidings of it again.

So Parry turned homewards from the scene of his splendid efforts, having justly achieved a reputation as first navigator of the age, and the most adored of commanders. And from that year, 1820, till 1851,\* no ship was ever able to reach the point Parry had attained, or touch that western ice, till M'Clure ploughed a furrow there.

Contemporaneous with this voyage of Parry's was a land expedition, conducted by Sir John Franklin, full of the strangest horrors upon record. The present Sir John Richardson, Sir George Back, and Mr. Hood, along with guides and Canadians, accompanied him. They set out early in summer from Coppermine river in canoes, to search the coast-line of America, supplied, as they thought, with ample provisions and materials for hunting. But in a month provisions began to fail, and by September they were all exhausted. The parties left the canoes for land travelling, and subsisted merely on what they could gather of *tripe de roche*, or rock-moss. Sometimes they came upon a skeleton carcass left by the wild animals, and lived upon the putrid marrow and the pounded bones. Then the canoes were flung away, for the bearers had

no strength to carry them, so that when they reached the river again they had no means of crossing. Three days, six days pass, and they have only the rock-moss and the remains of a putrid ox left by the wolves. At length a raft is constructed, and they get across.

Then began the journey to the hut, Fort Enterprise, where provisions had been promised. This hope kept them alive. Herds of reindeer came in sight, but they had no strength to lift a gun. So days passed, and they travelled on. Their buffalo cloaks, the sledge covers, *their old shoes*, the bones left by the wolves—on these they lived. Some dropped by the way, and others had not strength to help them on.

At length, Richardson, Hepburne, and Mr. Hood offered to remain at any spot where rock-moss could be had, while Franklin and his party proceeded to the fort, and sent them back provisions. Michel, an Iroquois guide, and the Canadians went with Franklin.

Next day, three of the Canadians, too weak to travel, said they would return to Richardson. Michel volunteered to accompany them. Of this party none were ever seen after but Michel, who arrived at Richardson's hut alone. The others, he said, had left him, and one had died.

Franklin and the rest went on. They reached the fort—it was deserted. Not a trace of food or help, or human being near. They sank to the ground in helpless despair; but the old bones and skins they had left five months before were still there, and welcomed with rapture. Daily they watched and hoped for help, for Back had gone another route in search of Indians who might aid them. Thirty-one days passed, and no help came. Two fell dead, and the others had no strength to bury them. They sat in the hut with the dead men.

And Richardson, meanwhile, with his two friends, was awaiting the provision that never came. Each day they picked their scanty meal of rock-moss; and on this they were dying, not living. But Michel, the Iroquois, grew fat and strong; yet, though he absented himself frequently on pretence of hunting, he never brought in game.

Hood lent him his gun; he shared his buffalo cloak with him at night, for the Indian was strong and able to hunt, and they looked to him for preservation. Still, the missing Canadians never appeared. Michel said they must have died by the way.

One day he brought them in what he said

\* We believe the Resolute, Captain Kellett, was the first ship to reach Melville Island since Parry. Lieut. M'Clintock reached it by sledge travelling over the ice the year before, (1850.)



was part of the flesh of a wolf, and bade them eat. Then their suspicions were aroused, and they watched for evidence, till the whole horrible truth was revealed—the murders and the cannibalism. Their own fate seemed now before them. Michel's manner became strange and fierce; and his glaring eyes seemed constantly fixed on them. Hood was now unable to leave the hut from weakness. One day, Hepburne and Richardson were outside cutting wood, when a gun was fired. They turned; Michel had just shot the young man through the head. The two friends knew they were too weak for an open struggle with the murderer; but they took counsel together, and watched for their opportunity. A few days after, they observed Michel cleaning his gun assiduously; then he advanced to them, with what object they knew well by his expression; but just as he came up quite close, Richardson boldly placed his pistol at the head of the savage, and shot him dead.

The two friends travelled on alone to come up with Franklin. Six days thus onward, with nothing to subsist on but the remnants of poor Hood's buffalo cloak. They arrive. Franklin is seated in the desolate hut with the unburied dead; but the faces of the living are as ghastly, and each recoils in horror at the aspect of the other. At last deliverance comes. The Indians sent by Back arrive with food and help, and they are saved, after a six months' agony. Amid such terrible scenes did Sir John Franklin become disciplined to Arctic horrors.

Parry had scarcely returned from his brilliant expedition, when he set forth again to search Hudson's Straits, in hopes of finding a less hazardous passage. Every step of Parry is an advance. In this voyage he was the first to sail up the frozen strait hitherto shunned by all navigators: then returned, after two winters, having to saw through a mile of ice to effect an exit for his ship. That was in 1822. In 1824 he was again leading an expedition of greater magnitude than any yet undertaken. With the *Hecla* and *Fury* he was to search Regent's Inlet for a passage westward; while the heroic Franklin, with his tried friends, went again landward, in a parallel direction along the American coast; and Captain Beechy, in the *Blossom*, sailed round by Cape Horn to Behring's Straits, the hoped-for rendezvous of all parties. But none were destined to meet there. The *Fury* was wrecked in Regent's Inlet, and had to be abandoned, while all her stores were buried, though eight years after, these

buried stores saved the lives of Sir John Ross and his famished crew. Franklin's expedition proceeded successfully along the coast to within one hundred and fifty miles of Icy Cape, where the ice and dense fogs made them turn back at the point named "Return Reef;" while Richardson examined and named all the coast eastward from Cape Bathurst to Wollaston Land. Captain Beechy, likewise, passed Behring's Straits successfully, and reached Icy Cape, but could get his ship no farther. He buried provisions at the straits, which, twenty-six years after, were dug up by the *Plover*, and found excellent. So the three expeditions returned to England without having ever met.

Sir Edward Parry never afterwards tried a *north-west passage*; but in his eloquent narrative of the expedition, he expresses full confidence that the undertaking will one day be accomplished. One is interested to hear the speculations of so great a man, uttered nearly thirty years ago, when they have just been realized by one who needs no higher praise than to be compared to Parry in courage and fortitude. He says: "I believe a north-west passage an enterprise within the reasonable limits of practicability. It may be tried often, and often fail, for several favorable and fortunate circumstances must be combined for its accomplishment; but I believe, nevertheless, that it *will* ultimately be accomplished. That it is not to be undertaken lightly is shown by our recent failures under such advantages of equipment as no other expedition of any age or country ever before united. I am much mistaken, indeed, if the north-west passage ever becomes the business of a single summer; nay, I believe that nothing but a concurrence of very favorable circumstances is likely even to make a single winter in the ice sufficient for its accomplishment; but this is no argument against final success. For we now know that a winter in the ice may be passed, not only in safety, but in health and comfort. Happy as I should have considered myself in solving this interesting question, happy shall I also be if any labors of mine, in the humble but necessary office of pioneer, should ultimately contribute to the success of some more fortunate individual. May it fall to England's lot to accomplish the undertaking, and may she ever continue to take the lead in enterprises intended to contribute to the advancement of science and the welfare of the world at large. Such enterprises do honor to the country which undertakes them, and the page of history will, no doubt, record them as every

way worthy of a powerful and enlightened nation."

Captain Parry's next expedition was to the north-east, and is the most singular and daring on record. On his first voyage to Spitzbergen he had been stopped by the vast icy sea, a frozen plain of ice, extending to the limit of the horizon. Over this he now resolved to travel direct to the Pole, and so on to Behring's Straits, by means of sledges, fitted also to act as boats when occasion required. Lieutenant, now Sir James Ross, accompanied him. In the spring of 1827, they were landed on the bleak and desolate Spitzbergen, where not even the hardy Esquimaux can support life, and where the visits of Europeans are only commemorated by their graves. In June the ship was put in harbor, the sledges manned, and they boldly launched upon the great ice plain. They travelled by night, for there was constant daylight then, to avoid the intense glare of noon,\* apt to produce snow-blindness. The labor was immense. Yet the brave leader keeps his men in health and spirits. No accident, no death leaves its gloomy memories on that ice plain. So they travel on for forty-eight days.

They are within five hundred miles of the Pole. The ship has been left behind one hundred and seventy-two miles—but then, they must return. Not from failing courage or physical ill, but because the whole body of ice was drifting southward at a rate beyond any progress they could make northward. Farther advance, therefore, was impossible. In sixty-one days they regained the ship, and reached England safely, Parry returning with the honorable distinction of having then advanced northward, as well as westward, beyond any navigator of the world. This trial put an end to further efforts by the north-east. From Barentz and Willoughby, all had failed who tried the passage by those "stern, uncouth, northern seas."

Every path, north, east, and west, within the Arctic circle, had now been tried, and still the discovery of the connection northward between the two great oceans of the world seemed unattainable. Then it was that Parliament annulled their offered grant of twenty thousand pounds to the discoverer, probably to prevent further hazard of human life in

\* The intensity of the light at noon and midnight during the Arctic summer, differs about as much as a June and November sun in England differ at noontide. The sailors are often quite unconscious of any division of time during the one long day of the summer solstice, and have to ask their officers whether it is day or night.

the pursuit of a phantom; but nautical ardor could not be thus extinguished, and a year after the repeal of the act, Sir John Ross volunteered a voyage with his nephew the commander. This time Parliament gave no aid. Sir Felix Booth defrayed the expense, and Sir John Ross added three thousand pounds himself. With these funds the Victory steamer was purchased, the first steamer ever tried in Arctic navigation; and Sir John set forth, with a crew of twenty men, and three years' provision; but four years and five months elapsed before they were ever heard of again; and the Victory was seen no more. She lies buried in the ice of Regent's Inlet. Disasters happened from the very commencement. The machinery would not work; the cold was unparalleled—ninety-two degrees below freezing-point; and the first winter the ship was hopelessly frozen in. For *three years* they watched and waited for release; but in vain. So they nailed the colors to the mast, and abandoned the Victory to her fate. Then the twenty men, left thus desolate on the ice plain, knew they had but one chance of life—to reach the buried stores of the *Fury*, left eight years before. They travelled day and night to reach them along the shore of Boothia Felix, "the most dismal of all lands with so blessed a name," for the space of two hundred miles, and arrived at last. The provisions were all in good order; and they were saved from famine, at least, for a while. On these stores they lived in their snow-huts for a whole year—the fourth passed in the ice. "Very cold and very miserable, no human being near—only ice, and snow, and cloud, and drift, and storm. Eternal sameness within and without; a state of waking stupefaction. But we had work to do, and we did it. What else on earth could have kept us from despair?" Thus speaks their leader. Each day from the hills they searched the horizon for a sail. Then, when summer came, they launched a boat, in hope of falling in with whalers in Lancaster Sound. A sail appears—they hail her; but she passes on. Another comes in sight: they ask her name. "The *Isabella*, once commanded by Captain Ross," was answered. "I am the man, and my people are the crew of the *Victory*," was replied from the boat. "Impossible! Ross has been dead these two years, and his crew likewise."

No wonder they were not recognized. "Unshaven, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts, starved to the very bone, gaunt and grim." However, cheers of welcome were soon given, and in the *Isabella* they all reached home safely. On arriving, Parliament decreed Sir John Ross five thousand pounds for his

services. He had searched Regent's Inlet, fixed the position of the magnetic pole, discovered a new land, Boothia Felix; and, we may add, gave to literature a narrative unsurpassed, for deep and often mournful interest, in all the records of Arctic heroism.

We now reach the period when the name of M'Clure becomes connected with north-west expeditions—a name destined to head one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of navigation.

Captain Back had already distinguished himself as one of the best and bravest of commanders. During an expedition along the American coast, in 1833, he had discovered the magnificent river now bearing his name, which, after a course of five hundred and thirty miles, along which not a tree is to be seen, pours into the polar sea; and immediately on his return was again appointed, by desire of the Geographical Society, to command an expedition. It was for this voyage M'Clure volunteered to accompany him as mate. Captain Back set out, June 14th, 1836, with a crew of sixty men, in the *Terror*, a sailing-vessel—the same whose fate afterwards with Sir John Franklin is still so painful a mystery.

The expedition was ordered to proceed up Frozen Strait to Repulse Bay; from thence land excursions were to be made in all directions along the line of coast, as far as the American continent. The season, however, was unusually severe, and the ice was formidable even before entering The Frozen Strait. Enormous masses pressed upon the ship, threatening instant destruction; but they battled through them. Then a storm arose, and M'Clure beheld for the first time the fearful sight of an ice-continent impelled onward by a tempest, then shivered into mighty fragments, amongst which the ship was tossed, not in an ocean of water, but of rocks, all in violent commotion, heaving and dashing like waves around her. Suddenly a path opens through some apparently impenetrable barrier. The ship forces her way onward, and the ice closes behind, like portals of adamant. Masses higher than the maintop were piled up on every side, like gigantic towers raised by demon sorcery, ready at any moment to fall and crush them; other, many tons' weight, are heaved up from the abyss, and hurled down into it again; and no other sound throughout that frozen world for months but the crashing and grinding of the ice as the heavy masses dashed down or recoiled upon one another. Many times their united devotions had the solemnity of a pre-

paration for death. Such was M'Clure's first winter in the polar clime.

By October, they were frozen fast for the winter in the Frozen Strait, within sight of land, but unable to reach it. "In the dreary monotony of that ice-prison," writes Sir George Back, "days were weeks, weeks years. There were no marks to separate one day from another, no rule whereby to measure time. All was one dull, cheerless uniformity of dark and cold. And now," he continues, "in June, '37, I am drifted into Hudson's Straits, on some of the very same ice that originally begirt the ship, without having had it once in my power either to advance or retreat."

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way worthy of a powerful and enlightened nation."

Captain Parry's next expedition was to the north-east, and is the most singular and daring on record. On his first voyage to Spitzbergen he had been stopped by the vast icy sea, a frozen plain of ice, extending to the limit of the horizon. Over this he now resolved to travel direct to the Pole, and so on to Behring's Straits, by means of sledges, fitted also to act as boats when occasion required. Lieutenant, now Sir James Ross, accompanied him. In the spring of 1827, they were landed on the bleak and desolate Spitzbergen, where not even the hardy Esquimaux can support life, and where the visits of Europeans are only commemorated by their graves. In June the ship was put in harbor, the sledges manned, and they boldly launched upon the great ice plain. They travelled by night, for there was constant daylight then, to avoid the intense glare of noon,\* apt to produce snow-blindness. The labor was immense. Yet the brave leader keeps his men in health and spirits. No accident, no death leaves its gloomy memories on that ice plain. So they travel on for forty-eight days.

They are within five hundred miles of the Pole. The ship has been left behind one hundred and seventy-two miles—but then, they must return. Not from failing courage or physical ills, but because the whole body of ice was drifting southward at a rate beyond any progress they could make northward. Farther advance, therefore, was impossible. In sixty-one days they regained the ship, and reached England safely, Parry returning with the honorable distinction of having then advanced northward, as well as westward, beyond any navigator of the world. This trial put an end to further efforts by the north-east. From Barentz and Willoughby, all had failed who tried the passage by those "stern, uncouth, northern seas."

Every path, north, east, and west, within the Arctic circle, had now been tried, and still the discovery of the connection northward between the two great oceans of the world seemed unattainable. Then it was that Parliament annulled their offered grant of twenty thousand pounds to the discoverer, probably to prevent further hazard of human life in

\* The intensity of the light at noon and midnight during the Arctic summer, differs about as much as a June and November sun in England differ at noontide. The sailors are often quite unconscious of any division of time during the one long day of the summer solstice, and have to ask their officers whether it is day or night.

the pursuit of a phantom; but nautical ardor could not be thus extinguished, and a year after the repeal of the act, Sir John Ross volunteered a voyage with his nephew the commander. This time Parliament gave no aid. Sir Felix Booth defrayed the expense, and Sir John Ross added three thousand pounds himself. With these funds the Victory steamer was purchased, the first steamer ever tried in Arctic navigation; and Sir John set forth, with a crew of twenty men, and three years' provision; but four years and five months elapsed before they were ever heard of again; and the Victory was seen no more. She lies buried in the ice of Regent's Inlet. Disasters happened from the very commencement. The machinery would not work; the cold was unparalleled—ninety-two degrees below freezing-point; and the first winter the ship was hopelessly frozen in. For three years they watched and waited for release; but in vain. So they nailed the colors to the mast, and abandoned the Victory to her fate. Then the twenty men, left thus desolate on the ice plain, knew they had but one chance of life—to reach the buried stores of the Fury, left eight years before. They travelled day and night to reach them along the shore of Boothia Felix, "the most dismal of all lands with so blessed a name," for the space of two hundred miles, and arrived at last. The provisions were all in good order; and they were saved from famine, at least, for a while. On these stores they lived in their snow-huts for a whole year—the fourth passed in the ice. "Very cold and very miserable, no human being near—only ice, and snow, and cloud, and drift, and storm. Eternal sameness within and without; a state of waking stupefaction. But we had work to do, and we did it. What else on earth could have kept us from despair?" Thus speaks their leader. Each day from the hills they searched the horizon for a sail. Then, when summer came, they launched a boat, in hope of falling in with whalers in Lancaster Sound. A sail appears—they hail her; but she passes on. Another comes in sight: they ask her name. "The Isabella, once commanded by Captain Ross," was answered. "I am the man, and my people are the crew of the Victory," was replied from the boat. "Impossible! Ross has been dead these two years, and his crew likewise."

No wonder they were not recognized. "Unshaven, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts, starved to the very bone, gaunt and grim." However, cheers of welcome were soon given, and in the Isabella they all reached home safely. On arriving, Parliament decreed Sir John Ross five thousand pounds for his



services. He had searched Regent's Inlet, fixed the position of the magnetic pole, discovered a new land, Boothia Felix; and, we may add, gave to literature a narrative unsurpassed, for deep and often mournful interest, in all the records of Arctic heroism.

We now reach the period when the name of M'Clure becomes connected with north-west expeditions—a name destined to head one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of navigation.

Captain Back had already distinguished himself as one of the best and bravest of commanders. During an expedition along the American coast, in 1833, he had discovered the magnificent river now bearing his name, which, after a course of five hundred and thirty miles, along which not a tree is to be seen, pours into the polar sea; and immediately on his return was again appointed, by desire of the Geographical Society, to command an expedition. It was for this voyage M'Clure volunteered to accompany him as mate. Captain Back set out, June 14th, 1836, with a crew of sixty men, in the *Terror*, a sailing-vessel—the same whose fate afterwards with Sir John Franklin is still so painful a mystery.

The expedition was ordered to proceed up Frozen Strait to Repulse Bay; from thence land excursions were to be made in all directions along the line of coast, as far as the American continent. The season, however, was unusually severe, and the ice was formidable even before entering The Frozen Strait. Enormous masses pressed upon the ship, threatening instant destruction; but they battled through them. Then a storm arose, and M'Clure beheld for the first time the fearful sight of an ice-continent impelled onward by a tempest, then shivered into mighty fragments, amongst which the ship was tossed, not in an ocean of water, but of rocks, all in violent commotion, heaving and dashing like waves around her. Suddenly a path opens through some apparently impenetrable barrier. The ship forces her way onward, and the ice closes behind, like portals of adamant. Masses higher than the maintop were piled up on every side, like gigantic towers raised by demon sorcery, ready at any moment to fall and crush them; other, many tons' weight, are heaved up from the abyss, and hurled down into it again; and no other sound throughout that frozen world for months but the crashing and grinding of the ice as the heavy masses dashed down or recoiled upon one another. Many times their united devotions had the solemnity of a pre-

paration for death. Such was M'Clure's first winter in the polar clime.

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been passed round the injured part, well knowing that if it gave way, the vessel must go down. A last effort was made to reach Lough Swilly, on the Irish coast. A sail came in sight, but there was no time to make signals, they were pressing onward for their lives. At length land was announced. They signalled for a pilot, none came; so they glided on, passed the lights in the fishermen's huts, and at midnight, the 3d September, 1837, dropped anchor, the first time for fifteen months, in Lough Swilly. The sudden change to security from the terrors of death, left them that night in a state of feverish excitement. When morning came, the exhausted crew were landed, housed, tended, cared for by the hospitable inhabitants. The ship was then fast going down by the head; three hours later, and they must all have sunk. She was run ashore, and then a frightful opening was discovered—keel and stern-post were rent and riven asunder, leaving a passage several feet wide for the free ingress of the water. And thus they had traversed the Atlantic.

After a month's rest, they proceeded to England, when the ship was taken out of commission and put into dock. Such was M'Clure's first experience of polar expeditions, in what Captain Penny calls "the unparalleled voyage of the Terror." His promotion followed immediately, as Sir George Back declared he would not leave London until his young friend was gazetted to his lieutenantancy.

Mr. M'Clure next served in the *Hastings*, which conveyed Lord Durham to his colonial government: and, during the voyage, the talents and fascinating manners of the young lieutenant gained him the special favor of that distinguished nobleman. While on the Canada station, M'Clure became the hero of a most daring and successful adventure. A notorious freebooter, named Kelly, had long set all law at defiance on the Canadian border; and the British Government offered a reward of five thousand pounds for his capture. M'Clure, in a night expedition, attacked the fortified fort where he and his band were entrenched, took it, burned it, and succeeded in capturing the leader, and effectually dispersing the band. But as the capture, unluckily, was made on the American side, the British government, on some plea of national etiquette, refused the payment of the award. Captain Sandon, however, his commanding officer, to show his appreciation of M'Clure's gallantry, appointed him to the superintendence of the dock-yard, and subsequently he was placed in command of the Romney re-

ceiving-ship at the Havanna, where he remained until 1846. He afterwards served in the Coast Guard; but, in 1848, that daring commander, Sir James Ross, who had not long returned from the Antarctic Pole, being appointed to the command of an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, Lieutenant M'Clure again volunteered, and was selected by Sir James Ross as his first lieutenant.

The events connected with Sir John Franklin's fatal expedition are almost too well known to need recapitulation here. The great object of that brave veteran's ambition was to solve the problem of the north-west passage, and the interest of all scientific men was eagerly fixed upon an expedition conducted by such a man. Colonel Sabine stated, that "a final attempt to make a north-west passage would render the most important service that now remained to be performed towards the completion of the magnetic survey of the globe;" and Franklin held that "it would be an intolerable disgrace were the flag of any other nation to be borne through the north-west passage before our own." "No service," he adds, "is nearer to my heart than the completion of the survey of the coast of America, and the accomplishment of a north-west passage."

His expedition consisted of the *Erebus* and *Terror*: the latter, the same ship in which M'Clure made his first polar voyage, nine years before. Each vessel had a steam-engine and screw-propeller. The united crews amounted to 138 men, and they were furnished with provisions for four years. They sailed May the 26th, 1845, with instructions from the Admiralty to proceed by Baffin's Bay, on through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait to Melville Island, where Parry had wintered twenty-six years previously, and from thence penetrate direct by the south-west, across the nine hundred miles yet unknown, between Melville Island and Behring Straits; but if the ice was found impenetrable *westward*, they had liberty to try the passage *northward*, through Wellington Channel. Therefore, in these two directions only can there be any hope of finding traces of the missing ships.

Two months after Sir John Franklin sailed they were seen moored to an iceberg at the entrance of Lancaster Sound, waiting to push on through any channel that gave prospect of success towards the west. Since then they were never heard of, and seen no more.

Three years passed by—no tidings came; then the Admiralty thought it time to send out searching expeditions, and a reward of

twenty thousand pounds was offered to any ship that rescued Sir John Franklin and his crew. Three simultaneous expeditions were immediately organized; one by land, along the north coast of America, confided to Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae; a second to Behring's Straits, under the command of Captains Kellett and Moore, with the *Herald* and *Plover*; the third, and most important, under the command of Sir James Ross, was to follow the track of Franklin up to Wellington Channel with the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*. Mr. M'Clure, we have stated, volunteered for this expedition, and was appointed first lieutenant of the *Enterprise*. Sir James Ross sailed with these two vessels, June the 12th, 1848; by September they had reached Barrow's Straits, but Wellington Channel was a mass of ice; no entrance could be effected. The season was unusually severe; such ice had never been seen before in Barrow's Straits: advance was impossible. By October they had to take refuge in Leopold Harbor; an excellent position, however, for a searching expedition, as it commanded all the great Arctic highways. Had Sir John Franklin been near any one of them, a communication would have been easy; but no tidings of the lost brave men reached the ships at Leopold Harbor. During winter, sledge-parties traversed the ice in all directions. At Fury Beach they found the hut where Sir John Ross had wintered sixteen years before, and even some provisions left by the *Fury*, still in good condition, after a lapse of twenty-four years. Every precaution was used to disseminate information in case any wandering ship or party might be in the vicinity, and the expedient tried of sending foxes loose with collars round their necks, on which the name and position of the ships were engraved. No result followed. The ice-region "kept still silence." Next year, 1849, they quitted harbor, and made another attempt to press on westward; but the huge ice-barrier still stretched across Wellington Channel. Ice was around them everywhere. All human effort at guiding the vessels was unavailing. The wind shifted due west, and drove the whole mass of ice, fifty miles in circumference, with the ships fixed in it, all along Lancaster Sound, and out into Baffin's Bay. There a range of icebergs obstructed the way, and every one expected the ships would be dashed to pieces, when suddenly the great field of ice was rent into innumerable fragments, as if by some unseen power, and the ships floated free in open water, after enduring for one whole month the idea of certain and

helpless destruction. By November they were in England; and Lieutenant M'Clure was immediately promoted to the rank of Commander for his perilous and responsible service in this voyage.

The expeditions to the Pacific and the north coast were equally unsuccessful in finding trace of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, but the result was at least negative evidence that along the track of the three expeditions the vessels could not have been wrecked. Captain Kellett, therefore, returned to the Sandwich Islands, leaving the *Plover* at Behring's Straits to winter. The Admiralty then immediately determined on another expedition, and M'Clure a third time volunteered his services, which were gladly accepted. In January, 1850, he was appointed to the command of the *Investigator*, a ship now destined for as much historical celebrity as the *Golden Hind* of Drake, or the *Victory* of Nelson. Captain Collinson, his senior officer, commanded the *Enterprise*; and their instructions ordered them to proceed by the Pacific to Behring's Straits, and from thence, if practicable, to Melville Island. Another expedition, meanwhile, of great resources and extent, was to proceed by the ordinary route of Baffin's Bay, to search Wellington Channel, and reach Melville Island, likewise from the westward. Great hopes were entertained of a search through Wellington Channel. Since Parry had passed the opening one beautiful August evening thirty years before, and sailed on to Melville Island, no ship had ever been able to reach so far; yet all believed that there only trace of Franklin could be found: consequently, no fewer than ten vessels were collected in Barrow's Straits in the summer of 1850, with two hundred and twenty men, all brave officers, and devoted to the cause. There was the gallant veteran, Sir John Ross, who, at the age of seventy-four, volunteered his aid towards helping to rescue his old friend and shipmate, Sir John Franklin; M'Clintock, the brave friend and fellow-countryman of Capt. M'Clure; the gallant Sherard Osborne; Capt. Forsyth, the commander of the "*Albert*," Lady Franklin's own vessel;\* the daring and

\* It is impossible here not to add another tribute of admiration to that which the heroic Lady Franklin has already received from the whole civilized world. With the magnificent prodigality of affection, she has flung away thousands on the chances of a hope; her unchilled enthusiasm has been the inspirer of all these brave men, and her commanding intellect has helped to guide their progress. If classic antiquity has Admetus for a model of conjugal devotion, modern history may proudly name as an equal, THE WIFE OF FRANKLIN.

adventurous Captain Penny, who, for thirty years, had battled with whales and icebergs in all polar latitudes; and the American leaders; for gradually the whole world had become interested in the fate of these one hundred and thirty-eight men; and America, who had never yet sent an expedition to the North Pole, sent one now to search for Franklin.

This gathering of ten ships at last found a trace of the Franklin expedition—the *only trace* ever found throughout the length and breadth of these regions. On Beechy Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, was found clear evidence that the Erebus and Terror had wintered there in 1845. There was the hut they had lived in, the deserted fire-place, the empty meat-canisters, fragments of newspapers and letters, ends of rope, all proving a long encampment; but *not a single document*, not a line of writing to state whether they had gone north or south; though it was evident, from the position of the camp, that they had been making for Wellington Channel. Some said the encampment was broken up in haste, for the ropes were *cut*, not *untied*, and several articles seemed forgotten. There were also three graves of men belonging to the expedition, who had died there, with inscriptions on each rude slab, expressive of Christian feeling and hope. *Nine* years have now passed since the Erebus and Terror sailed; but this was the only trace ever found, from then till now, of the Franklin expedition.

All the officers of the squadron performed feats of wonderful exertion in prosecuting the search. Lieutenant M'Clintock travelled eight hundred miles across the ice, to the extreme end of Melville Island—the first who reached it since Parry's discovery thirty years before, though even then he could not, like Parry, reach it in a ship. Captain Penny made a daring and successful effort to penetrate Wellington Channel, the first who ever sailed through its frozen waters. With sledges and a boat for occasional service, he proceeded on up to the head of the channel, where he found it opened out westward into the great Polar Sea, and there he believed Franklin's expedition must have sailed. A piece of English elm he met drifting in the channel seemed to confirm his idea; but as he could not explore the open sea merely with boats, Captain Penny, on his return to the squadron in Barrow's Straits, offered to go up Wellington Channel again in one of the steamers and search the sea beyond. This splendid offer was, however, *declined* by Captains Austin and Ommaney, to the great disappoint-

ment of many a daring spirit in the squadron; and so this great expedition, with all its immense resources, turned homewards, without either finding Franklin or discovering the north-west passage. Then another squadron, almost as large, was sent out, under command of Sir Edward Belcher, to Wellington Channel. Seven or eight vessels are even now cruising there, following the track opened by the brave and daring Captain Penny, but with no result beyond what he attained, except the discovery of more islands and of more ice.

Thus, since 1850, the amazing number of fifteen expeditions, consisting of thirty vessels, and probably above a thousand men, have been employed in the search, from Baffin's Bay to Melville Island, and yet without any important result, save the discovery of the traces left at Beechy Island, and the investigation made of Wellington Channel by Captain Penny, the whole credit of opening this important passage to the polar ocean being due to this brave seaman. Sir Edward Belcher has but followed his lead.

Let us now track the course of the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator*, the small and unpretending expedition ordered to reach Melville Island from Behring's Straits, an achievement no ship had ever yet accomplished.

These seas had been known to Europe but a century. Vitus Behring, in the Russian service, was the first, about a hundred years ago, to discover the straits that separate the two great continents of Asia and America, by a distance of one hundred and fifty miles; and, like Hudson, he died in the very scene of his discovery, a victim to the "cold, want, nakedness, sickness, impatience, and despair, that were their daily guests."

Nothing can be finer than this portal from the Pacific into the polar ice: Asia and America visible at once; the coast castellated by mountains from eight thousand to fifteen thousand feet high; the bold promontories and the deep bays on the opposite sides so exactly corresponding, that one can see how the two continents were torn asunder at some remote period of cosmical history. Here the climate is far milder than on the eastern coast of America. Their brief summer glows with a rich though pale and dwarfed vegetation, and earth and air swarm with life. The tribes are amiable and friendly. The animals are not ferocious; there are no reptiles and no poisonous plants: cold seems to purify all things. Here, too, is the great ice-cemetery of the antediluvian world, where the gigantic extinct animal races are still lying in their snow-



shrouds, such as they lived before man was created, and when a different temperature must have existed from the present.

Fifty silent years pass after Behring's death; then a second ship steers through the strait, led by Cook, in hopes of reaching home by the north-east passage, as Drake had desired to do, and failed. The achievement was left for one whose name is now equally memorable as theirs. But Cook reached no farther than Icy Cape, which he discovered and named. Thick fogs prevented farther progress, and he returned to the Sandwich Islands, where he soon lay a murdered man. Another fifty years elapse, and the straits are passed a third time by Captain Beechy, but his ship could not even reach Icy Cape. Then twenty-five years pass over, and we come to the Behring Straits expedition of Captains Kellett and Moore, in the *Herald* and *Plover*. Twice Captain Kellett tried to push eastward past Icy Cape, but could not: the space between it and Melville Island was still the *mare ignotum* of navigators: but he made a brilliant survey of the Asiatic side, and effected many important discoveries. Then it was the Admiralty determined on sending out the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* to coöperate with the *Herald* and *Plover*, and to effect, if possible, this passage past the Icy Cape through the Polar Sea to Melville Island; and it is this expedition which claims our special notice.

The two vessels sailed from Plymouth January the 20th, 1850, provisioned for three years, and each with a complement of sixty-six men. The *Enterprise* was commanded by Captain Collinson, the senior officer of the expedition; the *Investigator* by Captain M'Clure, who was accompanied by Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell and Lieutenant Haswell, Dr. Armstrong, Surgeon Pierce, and Mr. Miertsching, a Moravian missionary, who perfectly understood all the E-squimaux dialects. The Admiralty's instructions ordered the two vessels to press forward to the Sandwich Islands, refit there, and then use every exertion to pass Behring's Straits, and reach the ice by the first of August.

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were parted by a gale in Magellan's Straits, and never met afterwards. The *Investigator* proceeded on alone to the Sandwich Islands, and arrived there the 29th of June, but found neither the *Enterprise* nor the *Herald*. Captain Kellett had gone on to Behring's Straits, having given up all hope of meeting the *Enterprise* and her consort at the Sandwich Islands. Again M'Clure went on alone. The

*Herald* had proceeded as far as Cape Lisburne, to bury information for Captain Collinson, and was returning south when they met a lone vessel steering up from the Straits—it was the *Investigator*.

She had made a surprising passage of twenty-six days from Oahe, left it the 4th of July, cleared the Sandwich Islands on the 5th, Behring's Straits on the 17th, and saw the *Herald* on the 31st. She steered a straight course, and carried a fair wind all the way. Captain Kellett wished the *Investigator* to take some provisions from us; but she was full, and the men were in excellent health and spirits. "I went over the ship," says Captain Kellett, "and was highly pleased with the comfort and cleanliness: every thing seemed in its right place." Commander M'Clure did not much extol her sailing qualities, but spoke in high praise of her capabilities for taking the ice. He parted from me at midnight, with a strong north-east wind, and under every stitch of canvas he could carry.\*

Then it was that Captain Kellett, startled at the idea of this lone ship pressing on into the ice, made the signal for recall, to which the heroic commander of the *Investigator* telegraphed in reply, "Can't stay—important duty—own responsibility," and dashed on with energetic determination to accomplish what he had vowed before leaving England—win his post-rank, find Franklin, or make the passage.

That midnight parting, August 1st, 1850, was M'Clure's farewell to all life but that within his own ship, for three years. The next time that his hand was grasped in friendship, it was by the same Captain Kellett on the other side of the world, after M'Clure had discovered the passage and stood on Melville Island, the first man who had ever reached it from the Pacific, having literally fulfilled the instructions of the Admiralty. Once again he was seen, four days later, by the *Plover*, under a press of canvas, steering to the north into the pack off Cape Barrow. From that date, till all the world rang with his achievement, silence and mystery hung over his fate. Three years, and no tidings of that lone ship gone forth into the eternal ice! That he should ever return seemed scarcely expected—scarcely possible, except by a miracle.

"Heaven shield the gallant crew," writes the brave and generous Sherard Osborne. "May they be rewarded by accomplishing the feat of voyaging from the Pacific to the Atlantic. *Au fer! au fer!* *aut mori* was, assuredly, the gallant M'Clure's

\* "Seeman's Voyage of the *Herald*." A narrative of great and varied interest.

motto, when he announced his purpose in the last despatches sent by him to the Admiralty.\*

The 6th of August; at midnight, the Investigator rounded Cape Barrow. In a month they had reached Cape Bathurst and Cape Parry, groping and grappling their way close along the shore; then struck up northward into the ocean, and saw high land about fifty miles off. All that day and night they worked to windward, and by morning touched the south headland, rising up perpendicularly a thousand feet. They landed; named the new discovery Baring's Island, and found an extensive country, with fine rivers, lakes, ranges of hills two or three thousand feet high, valleys verdant with moss, and thronged with herds of deer and musk-oxen.

Divided from them by a strait, was another land, with ranges of volcanic hills and verdant valleys between. They named it Prince Albert's Land, and the strait after the Prince of Wales. Up this strait they sailed till but twenty-five miles divided them from Barrow's Straits—from, in fact, the waters of the Atlantic. All they had toiled for seemed just accomplished, when a north-west wind set the whole mass of ice drifting to the east, and the entrance to Barrow's Straits was barred. A floe, *six miles* long, came rushing past them and grazed the ship, but left them safe. That night, the 17th of September, they secured the ship, with cables and hawsers, to a floe eight fathoms deep, from which they never afterwards parted for *ten months*. Fixed to this, they were drifted down the strait some miles, and finally frozen in on the 30th of September, just two months after they had entered the ice, having accomplished, according to the nobly-given testimony of Sir Edward Parry, "the most magnificent piece of navigation ever performed in a single season, and which the whole course of Arctic discovery can show nothing to equal."† For we must remember, this vast space from Behring's Straits to Melville Island, between nine hundred and one thousand miles, had never yet been navigated. On the Pacific side men had reached the Icy Cape, but no farther. On the Atlantic side, Sir Edward Parry, with wonderful success, reached Melville Island; but thirty years passed, and no other ship could reach so far. Down the great American rivers, also, the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, men had travelled, and

beheld, beyond the limits of the continent, the great frozen ocean; but none had dared to launch a ship there. East, west, and south, centuries had come in succession, and dashed against the icy rocks of that silent sea; but none ever trode a path there, till M'Clure, the great Polar Argonaut, plunged boldly into the icy waste of desolation, and marked the passage from one ocean to another on the map of the world by the wake of his ship.

Winter was now commencing. The vessel, frozen immovably in the ice, was housed over, and all preparations made that, in case the ice struck the vessel, they should be enabled to leave her instantly without peril of death by famine. These things being attended to, the grand point remained to be decided—did a communication exist between them and Barrow's Straits—between them and the waters of the Atlantic? This would decide for ever the question of a north-west passage. M'Clure took six men with him and a sledge; they travelled five days over the ice. On the sixth they pitched their tent *on the shores of Barrow's Straits*. The question was decided. Opposite lay Melville Island, from which Sir Edward Parry, the first man who ever reached it, saw the loom of that land upon which M'Clure, thirty years after, was now resting—the first man who had ever rested there, gazing from its shores upon the waters of the *north-west passage*. Here they erected a cairn, fifteen feet high, with the date of discovery—October 26, 1850—a day henceforth ever memorable in the records of maritime enterprise. By the 31st they reached the ship again, having travelled one hundred and fifty-six miles in nine days. But the brave leader himself was in danger of never reaching it. When within fifteen miles of the ship, he had quitted the sledge, intending to hasten on alone, and have all comforts ready for the party on arrival; but fogs came on and thick darkness, so that he could no longer see the compass; and after much perilous tumbling and floundering in the ice, at the risk of breaking legs and arms, he had to stop, finding he could proceed no farther, and bury himself up in the snow for the night. At midnight he was aroused by a bright meteor flashing across the heavens; the stars and a brilliant Aurora lit the sky, and he arose to recommence his journey. Next morning he found he had passed the ship four miles; the fresh tracks of a bear were close to him, and he had no fire-arms either for defence or signals: nevertheless he reached the ship at last in safety, "none the worse"—at least so says his hardy spirit—"for a night in the snow, at a temperature of 15° minus, the vicinage

\* "Leaves from an Arctic Journal." By Lieutenant Sherard Osborn. A work of great interest and unrivalled power of description.

† Speech of Sir Edward Parry at the public dinner given to Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell at Kings Lynn.

of a grisly bear, and being twenty-five hours without food."

Winter had now set in—the ten months' winter of the polar clime, when men in these regions descend into a living tomb for half the year. Meanwhile, M'Clure had heard nothing of the *Enterprise* since they parted company in the Pacific. Her story, as we know it now, was not a brilliant one. Not until fourteen days after the Investigator did she pass Behring's Straits; then, obstructed by ice and uncertain of the other vessels, she turned back to Grantly Harbor, where she grounded. Again, on the 19th of September, she passed Behring's Straits; but by that time M'Clure had advanced seven hundred miles to the eastward and ten degrees north, and had nearly achieved the north-west passage. The *Enterprise* subsequently was forced back a second time, and obliged to winter at Hong Kong.

When spring came and sledge-travelling was practicable, searching-parties were organized. Lieutenant Cresswell, with six men, went northward and examined all along the high coast of Baring's Island, rising to a height of one thousand or fourteen hundred feet. In thirty-two days he traversed three hundred and twenty miles, and walked twenty-four miles upon the Polar Sea. He found rich alluvial plains and valleys in Baring's Island, stocked with herds of musk-oxen, deer, ptarmigan, and hares in plenty. The land seemed well fitted for life, but there was no human inhabitant—yet traces of ancient encampments, proving that in times long anterior, the whole country had once been densely populated. Some fragment of that primitive race that circulates all round the pole, whose origin no one knows, had once dwelt there. They call themselves "Innuits," or *men*. The Indians name them Esquimaux, (eaters of raw flesh;) a people without traditions, religion, or laws, yet not savage; some tribes have no word for war; a child-like race—gay, loquacious, cunning, skilled in flattery, fond of music and dancing; the children of the ice, having no affinity whatever with the Indian races that people North America. Never changing their modes of life, they are the same now as the Scandinavians found them ten centuries ago, when they named them *Skraalinge*, or dwarfs. In feature—the oblique eyes and lateral expanse of head, as in their extraordinary imitative powers—they resemble the Chinese.\* Yet

\* The Esquimaux are a good-looking, black-eyed race, rather small in stature, with singularly beau-

all evidence shows that they migrated *downwards* from the extreme and now inaccessible Pole, as if there had been the cradle of their race. All along the northern line of coast proceeding to Melville Island, and on Melville Island itself, as well as on Baring's Island, traces are found of this race—proving that at some remote period the whole region was densely populated, though not a human being now disturbs the solitude. The tide of population has passed downwards to the southern line of coast approximating to America. Perhaps the Russian tradition has some foundation, and that there really does or did exist some beautiful region at the summit of the polar ice, from whence these early races sprang. At all events, there is evidence that a comparatively high temperature once existed in the Arctic regions, where now the summer is at freezing-point, and the winter fifty or sixty degrees below it. At Baring's Island Captain M'Clure found the remains of an immense forest, extending over an entire range of hills, and all the ravines filled with pieces washed down from these ligneous hills, though now not a tree is met with in the Arctic regions beyond the sixty-sixth degree of latitude.\* Dr. Scoresby states that the heat at the pole during the brief summer is one-fourth greater than at the equator; and in the early years subsequent to creation, before snow and ice

tiful feet and hands. They dress in Arctic furs feed on Arctic animals, and live in snow huts where a lamp, not a fire, serves for light, warmth, and cookery. It is well known that food enables one to resist cold; and the Esquimaux, with an instinctive knowledge of this chemical law, consumes fourteen pounds of raw salmon at a sitting, and twenty pounds of *flesh* a day. As the temperature creates this appetite, we may judge of the suffering endured by Captain M'Clure and his crew, when reduced to *half a pound* of meat a day. The Esquimaux also cannot exist without the enormous use of oil: even children are quieted by blubber. Chemistry shows the necessity for it in such a climate to produce animal heat, and our sailors will never be healthy in Arctic latitudes till they overcome their disgust to its use.

\* Captain M'Clure calls these remains "a petrified forest." It is not easy to realize the precise appearance of the trees from this phrase; but, as he has secured one of the smallest (seven feet long and three feet in girth) to bring home as a specimen to England, it is to be hoped that our scientific bodies will be able to throw some light upon this most curious discovery. Captain M'Clure also found near Cape Bathurst fifteen small volcanic mounds, within a space of fifty yards, from which issued a dense white smoke, so that they had the appearance of white tents, and the ground all around was strongly impregnated with sulphur.

had accumulated, this heat may have generated a true tropical climate: but, as age after age piled the glacier and deepened the snow, the actual temperature gradually lessened, till down southward, like the march of the iceberg, came the north race, forced from the ice world to seek more habitable climes.

In the large country discovered southward by Captain M'Clure, and named Prince Albert's Land, a gentle, primitive tribe was found located, who had never seen Europeans before. They had no tradition as to how they came there, and never quit this desolate land. They had no weapons of war, had never seen iron, but made all their implements for the chase of copper, there as plenty as stone. Captain M'Clure, with the interpreter, visited them, to make inquiries about Franklin's expedition. At first they were greatly terrified, making signs to them not to approach, and calling out, "Oh, we are very much afraid." Being reassured, however, by a few presents and the presence of the interpreter, who was perfectly able to converse with them, their language being identical with that spoken at Labrador, they consented to a parley, but could give no account of the lost ships. It is singular that this hour's converse with a few simple savages was the only human communication held by Captain M'Clure and his crew for the space of three years.

For ten months the Investigator remained immovable, fixed in the floe. Then, when July came of the next year, '51, they tried to free the ship by blasting the ice. A thirty-six pound charge was let down in a jar below the water. The ice was eleven feet thick, and four hundred feet in diameter; but the trial succeeded admirably; the ice rent in every direction, and the ship passed through easily. Still, the ice never stirred across Barrow's Strait all that sunless summer, and then they turned to try the passage by the north side of Baring's Island, knowing that a channel ran between it and Melville Island. A second time they rounded the bold southern headland named after Nelson, and on the west side found the land covered with verdure; large flocks of geese were feeding, ducks flying in numbers, and herds of oxen and deer feeding on the rich moss of the valleys; but on proceeding northward, they met the ice again—the whole tremendous mass of polar ice drifting east with a strong west wind. At one time a floe was lifted thirty feet perpendicularly above the ship, ready to fall and crush them, when suddenly it rent and scattered, leaving them untouched.

Again, the ship was forced in between two masses, and obliged to drift along with them helplessly. A charge of one hundred and fifty pounds of gunpowder was tried to free the ship, and succeeded; five minutes' longer detention, and the vessel would have been crushed "like a nut in the nut-crackers." Another time a charge of two hundred and fifty-five pounds cleared a harbor for them, where they rested some time securely from the pressure of the polar ice, the most massive and terrific ever witnessed. On the 24th, they came to a well-protected bay a little to the southward, while the great polar pressure passed on north-east. Here they were frozen in, the 24th of September, 1851, and have remained frozen in up to the present time. *Three winters* they have passed in that ice prison, "which, in grateful remembrance of the many perils we escaped during the passage of that terrible polar sea, we have named 'THE BAY OF MERCY.'"<sup>\*</sup>

The land around them was sterile limestone, without vegetable or trace of animal life—all bleak, bare, and barren; wholly different from the coast at the west side. From that day the whole ship's company were placed on two-thirds allowance of provision, as the period of release was indefinite. The hunting-parties, however, added, fortunately, to their stock; and at one time one thousand pounds of venison hung at the yard-arms. The winter passed in hopes that when spring came they would find all they needed at Melville Island; either a ship, or at least a dépôt of provisions left by Captain Austin, for they had heard at the Sandwich Islands of his expedition there. Accordingly, early in April, Captain M'Clure proceeded thither with a sledge-party; they travelled eighteen days, but on reaching Winter Harbor, found neither ship nor provisions—only a notice of Lieutenant M'Clintock's visit the preceding year. *No provisions!* "It was poor tidings to carry back to his ship's company." Nothing can be more censurable than this gross neglect on the part of Captains Austin and Ommaney. They knew the Investigator had orders to make the passage to Melville Island, if possible; and yet, with their enormous resources, with a whole squadron at command, they leave M'Clure and his brave crew in their one lone vessel to all the chances of starvation. If other expeditions are conducted with as little exercise of judgment on the part of the leaders, Sir John Franklin may

<sup>\*</sup> Captain M'Clure's despatches to the Admiralty.



have perished, helplessly, of famine, though England sent fifteen expeditions for his rescue, as M'Clure might have perished, though within a few days' journey of the resources of an entire squadron.

At Melville Island, on the same stone that bore the name of the brave and gallant Parry, M'Clure inscribed his, and left a notice of the position of his ship. To this notice he owed the rescue of himself and crew exactly one year after. The summer of 1852 passed over, and the sun never appeared through the fog, the ice never broke up; all hope of release seemed annihilated. They were now reduced to *half a pound* of meat a day, in a climate where they could easily have consumed four. "The spirits of the men began to flag; they felt themselves abandoned, and evils comparatively light before pressed heavily upon them. The long, unceasing night, the constant gnawing of hunger, and the dread that was stealing over them for the future, conspired to make that winter long and dreary."\* On the 8th of September, 1852, two years after their imprisonment in the ice, Captain M'Clure summoned the crew together, and announced to them that, in consequence of the failure of provisions, and there being no hope of rescue, he would send half of them home to England the following spring, April, 1853, he himself remaining with the ship as long as there was any chance of extricating her. If that proved impossible, he would abandon the ship, and make his way home in 1854 by sledges to Port Leopold, in Barrow's Straits, where he would fall in with ships or supplies. The vessel was quite sound, and he would not desert her, when one favorable season would run her through the straits, and so perfect the north-west passage. Yet the 26th of October that year, the second anniversary of the discovery of the passage, was kept as a festival, with singing and dancing—the dark future and their own personal sufferings forgotten for a moment, in the proud, unselfish exultation, at what they had achieved for their country's glory.

Fortunately their hunting-parties had brought them a fresh supply of food, for the deer do not migrate in winter; and with humble gratitude the brave leader "thanks God for this merciful supply, which kept them from starvation." Christmas, likewise—the last they were all to be together—was kept with due honor, and a full allowance

served out of their scanty stock of provision. The crew were resolved to make it memorable. Each mess was illuminated, and decorated by lower-deck artists with original paintings, representing the ship in her various perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea. And yet this mirthful, fine-hearted set of fellows was a crew that for two years had been buried in ice, cut off from all human help or intercourse as completely as if they were entombed. How nobly does this very circumstance testify to the qualities of their commander, who could sustain patience, fortitude, courage, and even cheerfulness, amongst his men, in the midst of the most terrible desolation that can be conceived. "As I contemplated the gay assemblage," M'Clure says in his despatches, "I could not but feel deeply impressed with the many and great mercies extended towards us by a kind and beneficent Providence, to whom alone is due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings for all the great benefits we have hitherto experienced." How nobly uttered! and how beautiful to contemplate this added strength, which trust in God can give to even the greatest natural heroism!

On the 30th of March, the men were told off who were to proceed home, and full allowance of provisions given them, in order that they might be in good condition for travelling. One party, under Lieutenant Haswell, was to proceed by sledge to Melville Island, and from thence, if possible, to Beechy Island, in hopes of meeting ships and supplies. The second party, commanded by Lieutenant Cresswell, was to proceed by the Mackenzie river to the nearest trading-station; M'Clure and the rest were to stay by the ship. The 15th of April, 1853, was the day fixed for starting. "By this time there was much sickness on board, and a general gloom prevailed."

On the night of the 5th April, M'Clure made up his despatches for the Admiralty; also a letter to Sir George Back, and one to his only sister,\* in which he tells her how they "have added another laurel to old England's name and glory, and a memorable event to our dear little Queen's reign." But there is no egotism, no self-exaltation; only he hopes the Admiralty will not object to his remaining, as he wishes, "with a little pardonable vanity, to bring back the old ship as a trophy to England, if it were possible." And in a

\* "Personal Narrative of Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell."

\* Mrs. Thomas Edmond Wright, of Dublin, half-sister to Captain M'Clure, his mother having been married a second time to the late Captain Morphy

letter to his old shipmate and much-beloved commander, Sir George Back, written at the same time, the only personal favor he expresses a desire for is, that, in the event of promotion, his commission should be antedated to October the 26th, 1850, the day of the discovery of the passage. M'Clure had thus uttered his last words to his friend, his sister, and his country, and then he calmly faced the future. To the Admiralty he writes: "If no tidings of me are heard next year at Port Leopold, it may be concluded that some fatal catastrophe has happened; either we have been carried into the polar sea, or smashed in Barrow's Straits. In that case, *let no ship proceed for our relief, for we must all have perished from starvation; let no lives be risked in quest of those who will then be no more.*" There is courage to meet any fate, but no word of despair.

Sir Roderick Murcheson, in his place as President of the Royal Geographical Society, said, speaking of the tone of these letters to the Admiralty: "Since Captain Cook, no officer has written despatches that will be more indelibly impressed on the minds of Englishmen." But, even then, while writing these calm, noble words, relief was approaching—relief so unexpected, that when it arrived, the bewildered crew could hardly credit their senses. Three dreary winters of silent abandonment—three years in which they were as much severed from humanity as if they were dead, and now from their ice-grave they are aroused by the sound of friendly human voices, and friendly hands are there to greet them. It was a resurrection from death to life.

It may be remembered that Captain Kellett, in parting from M'Clure in 1850, returned to England. Shortly after, he was sent out again, in command of the *Resolute*, to proceed by the Atlantic to Melville Island. On arriving there, he found, to his astonishment, the notice left by M'Clure in April, 1851, with a despatch also, from which he learned that the Polar Sea had been traversed, the *Passage* discovered, and that his friend, who had accomplished all, was now within a sledge-journey of him, in danger of starvation. As soon as practicable, therefore, a sledge-party, commanded by Lieutenant Pim, of the *Resolute*, was despatched to the frozen ship in "the Bay of Mercy."

On the night of the 5th of April, M'Clure, as we have seen, had closed his despatches and letters, to be intrusted to the travelling-parties, and consigned himself to another year of peril and privation in the ice. No hope of

relief from any thing human. The next morning came, the 6th of April, and the horizon seemed desolate as ever; but suddenly the cry overhead was heard, "A travelling-party in sight." No one could believe it—"things were too bad for that;" and yet that it should be true appeared possible. The cry was raised again. Men and officers rushed on deck, when they saw a man running across the snow towards them.

"Imagine, if you can," says M'Clure, in a private letter, "a whole crew vegetating in a huge catacomb, supposing themselves cut off from the world, and not a civilized being within two thousand miles; when suddenly an apparition is observed close to the vessel—one solitary stranger, (for his companions were hidden by the ice,) black as Erebus, approaching rapidly, occasionally showing gesticulations of friendship, similar to the Esquimaux. My surprise—I may add dismay—was beyond description; I paused in my advance to meet him, doubting if he were not a denizen of the other world." To the question, "Who are you, and where are you come from?" uttered by M'Clure, the new-comer, quite beside himself, stammered out: "Lieutenant Pim, Herald; Captain Kellett." This was the more inexplicable to M'Clure, as Captain Kellett was the last person he had shaken hands with at Behring's Straits. "However, my surprise lasted but for a moment. The apparition was really found to be flesh and blood. To rush at and seize him by the hand was but the first gush of feeling; language was denied—the heart was too full for the tongue to articulate. As this black stranger informed us that assistance was within one hundred and fifty miles, the crew flew up the hatches; the sick forgot their maladies, the healthy their despondency. All was now life and delight; in a moment the whole crew were changed. I may go on writing, but can never convey the most faint idea of the scene. I can only say, fancy the dead raised to life; try to impress your mind with such a picture. I need say no more."\*

"Hours after, the men might be seen talking, two or three together. Many among them seemed alive to the goodness of an ever-watchful Providence; but still their minds did not appear fully to grasp the extraordinary, almost miraculous change in their circumstances. On the morrow, the best the ship afforded was dealt out to the crew, to make themselves as merry as they could.

\* Extract from a private letter of Capt. M'Clure.

The day following, Captain M'Clure and Lieutenant Pim left for Melville Island, after arranging for Lieutenant Cresswell to follow with the most sickly part of the ship's company. In this interval two deaths occurred; making three within a few days who had sunk under their protracted privations.\*

Captain Kellett, in a private letter, thus describes the meeting at Melville Island: "This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and should be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man announced a party coming. I cannot describe my feelings when told that Captain M'Clure was amongst them. I was not long in reaching him and giving him many hearty shakes; no purer were ever given by two men in this world. M'Clure looks well, but is half-starved." And M'Clure, describing the same meeting in a letter, says: "The 19th of April, ever to be kept as memorable, I arrived on board the *Resolute*, being met a short distance from the ship by her most kind-hearted, excellent captain, whose cordial embrace and welcome assured me that deep feeling and sincerity were there. Here I still remain, in the enjoyment of true Irish hospitality; I need not tell you, the reception given me by our preserver has amply compensated for our deprivations and miseries."

It is singular that these two gallant officers, who thus met, one from the east, the other from the west, upon Melville Island, (henceforth immortalized by the meeting,) are not only Irishmen, but from the same town. Wexford has the honor of being the birthplace both of Captain Kellett and Captain M'Clure.

On the 2d of May, Lieutenant Cresswell reached Melville Island, with his invalided party, consisting of Mr. Wynniatt, the mate, Surgeon Piers, the interpreter, and twenty-four seamen. Of these all were in bad health except the interpreter. Mr. Wynniatt had suffered severely from the protracted hardships; and one of the men had become entirely imbecile, though otherwise in good health. It was a painful and difficult task for Lieut. Cresswell to convey such a party *one hundred and seventy miles* over the ice, the weather gloomy, the men so enfeebled that two were required to do the work of one; and the difficulty of dragging the sledges over high masses of ice so great, that the men sometimes fell down from weariness; but no death, no accident even, happened.

In sixteen days they reached their destination safely. All honor be to the brave young officer, Lieutenant Cresswell, who had the guidance of this arduous enterprise, and accomplished it so admirably!

The next day Captain M'Clure returned to the Investigator; Captain Kellett, as senior officer, having determined that if twenty able-bodied men volunteered to remain with Captain M'Clure, that dauntless officer should be at liberty to stay by his ship, and attempt to bring her through, should the season render it possible.\* The twenty brave-hearted men were found, and from that period up to the present time they and Captain M'Clure have remained in their frozen prison in the Bay of Mercy.

Lieutenant Cresswell travelled on to Beechy Island, a distance of three hundred miles, intrusted with Captain M'Clure's despatches. Captain Pullen, with the *North Star*, was there. Great was the excitement at the marvellous tidings. Lieutenant Bellot, amongst others, the gallant but ill-fated French officer, had such an intense enthusiasm about the north-west passage, that he was heard to declare, that to have been a partaker in that glorious success, he would willingly have laid down his life.† At his own request, Captain Pullen intrusted him with the original despatches to convey to Sir Edward Belcher, up in Wellington Channel. The ice being heavy, of course it was a sledge expedition. Five days after the party set out, Lieutenant Bellot was standing with two men on a mass of ice, when it suddenly broke off from the main pack, and drifted away with them out of sight. Six hours after, the two men returned. They had saved themselves and also the despatches, but the unfortunate young officer was seen no more. On the 8th of August, Captain Inglefield, in the *Phoenix*, arrived at Beechy Island, and the despatches being of such vast importance, it was thought advisable that Captain Inglefield should immediately return to England, and convey Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell, the bearer of them. The night before they sailed, the *Bredalbane* transport, under command of Captain Inglefield, was struck by the ice, and in fifteen minutes went down, and was totally lost, the crew having just time to save themselves.

On the 21st of August, 1853, Lieutenant Cresswell sailed in the *Phoenix* for England, where he arrived in less than six weeks. "At five o'clock on Friday morning, the 7th

\* "Personal Narrative" of Lieutenant Cresswell.

\* Lieutenant Cresswell's "Narrative." † *Ibid.*

of October, Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, was awakened from his sleep to hear the startling intelligence, that the life-long object of his father, the late Sir John Barrow, was accomplished, and the North-west Passage made; Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell,\* the grandson of the good and gifted Elizabeth Fry, having the singular good-fortune to be the first who entered the Polar Sea by Behring's Straits and returned to England by Baffin's Bay."

Let us now cast back one glance from the triumphs of Captain M'Clure to his present position. Four years of his life passed, in the very prime of life, in the horrible monotony of that frozen region, and a fifth year commencing—God only knows whether it will send him release. People talk lightly of three or four years in the ice. Have they ever thought what it means?—The destitution of all that can interest man. Officers do not talk of these things in their despatches; but let us hear Sir John Ross; let us hear the cry of at least one human heart coming up from the ice-grave of all life: "Let no one suppose," he says, "that we had not felt all this—the eternal wearisome iteration of registers, and winds, and tides, and ice, during months and years, though I have passed it by as if we never felt it. There were evils of cold, evils of hunger, evils of toil; and though we did not die, or lose our limbs, as men have done in those lands, had we not undergone anxiety and care, the sufferings of disappointed hope, and, more than all, those longings after our far-distant friends and native land, whom we might never again see? Yet there was a pain beyond all this: we were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of the means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and—why should I not say it?—for want of society. To-day was as yesterday; and as to-day, so would be

to-morrow. With a sea around us impracticably frozen, one would wish to sleep the winter through like the dormouse; but to be ever awake, wanting to rise and become active, yet ever to find that all nature was still asleep, and that we had nothing more to do but wish, and groan, and hope as best we might! . . . Who more than I," he continues, "has admired the glaciers of the north, sailing from the pole before the wind and the gale, floating along the ocean like castles, and towers, and mountains, gorgeous in coloring and magnificent in form? And have not I, too, sought amid the crashing and thundering roar of a sea of moving mountains for the sublime, and felt that nature could do no more? In all this there has been beauty, horror, danger; every thing that could excite, that would have excited a poet to the verge of madness; but to see, to have seen ice and snow during all the months of a year—uninterrupted and unceasing ice and snow during all the months of four years—this it is that has made the sight of those most chilling and wearisome objects an evil which is still one in imagination, as if the remembrance would never cease. To us the sight of ice was a plague, a vexation, a torment, an evil, a matter of despair. We hated its sight, because we hated its effects and every idea associated with it. For ten months the air is snow, the gale is snow, the fog snow, the breath of the mouth is snow. Snow is on our hair, our dress, our eyelashes, around us and over us, on our beds, our dishes; when our huts are snow, our drink snow, our larders snow, our salt snow—the cold, the icy, the monotonous; and when we died, our shrouds, and coffins, and graves would be of snow likewise."

Yet there is an awful beauty in these regions, even though associated with terror. The icebergs, the frost giants of the old sagas, glittering in the sunlight as if they were crowned with gems; glaciers a thousand feet high, green as emerald, or violet with the sun's last rays; cliffs of crimson snow, and an azure sky above so clear that objects are visible a hundred miles off; and round the horizon sweeps the red sun in an endless summer evening of three months long. Then comes the three months' polar night, with its stupendous stillness, when all nature sinks in torpor, and men's faces grow ghastly in the darkness, and the silence is only broken by the crash of an iceberg, and the stars burn fiery red in the black heaven, and on every side is an infinite *mer-de-glace*, through which rise masses of basalt, "like the uplifted

\* To the surprise of every one, Commander Ingfield was immediately promoted to post rank—we suppose for having had the honor of bringing home Lieutenant Cresswell and the despatches, for he effected nothing else that we know of; but up to the present date *Lieutenant Cresswell has received no promotion*. And as Commander Ingfield was gazetted as post-captain on the same day with Commander M'Clure, no one can imagine that the discoverer of the North west Passage has yet received any acknowledgment of his services from the Admiralty; there is no doubt, however, that on his return, Parliament will decree Captain M'Clure the thirty thousand pounds which a hundred years ago was awarded by the country to the successful discoverer, with proportionate rewards, as then fixed, to each of the subordinate officers.



hands of drowning men;" while above circles the magnificent polar moon, for days and weeks without setting, and over all shines the cold beautiful light of the aurora, which vivifies nothing, animates nothing, and leaves nature still and icy as before. Ten months the waters are ice, the land snow, and the stillness of death reigns everywhere.

Humboldt says, that "dangers exalt the poetry of life," but not dangers that must be met only with passive, helpless endurance. A commander in the Arctic regions must not only be a hero himself, but able to make all around him heroes; and in this frozen torpor of existence, how difficult to preserve his own energy, enthusiasm, heroic purpose, and sanguine hopes, all unchilled! Yet this M'Clure has accomplished both for himself and the courageous men with him. We have, indeed, but to look at his portrait to see how a brave and beautiful human nature is expressed in the noble brow, fine-cut lip, and clear, deep eye. In the very carriage of the head, one can trace the frank, bold spirit of the man. His success was not the result of chance; the heroism was in the purpose. He would listen to no recall; flung himself upon fate with the audacity of genius: and even if death is to come, he says, calmly, "Let no life be risked to rescue mine." Thank God he is Irish. His heroism is his country's glory. In estimating what he has accomplished, let us remember that *he alone* has filled up the blank between Behring's Straits and Melville Island—he was the first that ever burst into that silent sea; and that now, with a chart to guide them, the hazard to human life in this dangerous ocean is infinitely lessened. The discovery has also aided the solution of many scientific and geographical problems. He has ended for ever the romantic theory of an open polar sea by showing that the Polar Sea never clears; and while he has set at rest the question of a thousand years, and proved the existence of a *north-west* passage, he has also demonstrated, that if a communication between India and England by the Polar Ocean be tried at all, it must be by the *north-east*, as he himself effected it, as the winds and tides set in from the *west* the greater part of the year, driving the whole polar ice in the face of any ship advancing from the Atlantic.

If, however, modern science, with all its new appliances of steam, screw-propellers, gutta percha boats, provisions that keep *ad infinitum*, and even glycerine for a preventive against frost-wounds, should make men con-

tent to dare the northern passage, the chart is now clear: all that can be known of the route to Asia is laid down. Dépôts might be formed at Baring's and Melville Islands; and while one caravan traversed the burning desert eastward to India, another through the ice of the polar steppes might proceed westward to the same destination. All along the route, tribes of human creatures exist, intelligent and teachable; and wherever man is, his brother man should deem it no unworthy task to bring him within the privileges of a Christianized humanity. All progress is a divine thing, inspired, guided, directed by a wise Providence; and the lone ship of the Bay of Mercy has not been led through the frozen sea without some purpose by which humanity may be bettered.

With regard to Sir John Franklin, all evidence tends to prove that he must have passed up Wellington Channel with his ships, out into the open sea beyond, where none as yet have been able to follow him. Mournful, most mournful, the desolate fate, the desolate death of that brave old man—out in the desert icy plain, far away from all human aid; for though death stands face to face with every Arctic navigator each moment of his perilous progress, and many men have been laid there in their snowy graves, yet the mystery that hangs over the death of these men is what makes the thought of it so darkly terrible. One hundred and thirty-six human beings disappear, and make no sign—not a line of writing, not a fragment of the stores, not a spar of the ships ever found. The whole history of Arctic navigation presents no parallel to such a catastrophe.

Thank God our brave countryman has been preserved from so awful a fate! His dangers are now comparatively over. Should he not be able to bring his ship home through Barrow's Straits, she is to be converted into a store-ship, and Captain M'Clure will return to England in the *Resolute*; but we trust the guiding Providence which has favored him so far will yet permit the crowning achievement. Since Drake brought the *Golden Hind* to England, and Queen Elizabeth dined on board with the gallant admiral, no ship with such a history as the *Investigator* ever anchored in the Thames.\*

\* Since going to press we have learned that the present position of Captain M'Clure's ship leaves little hope of its ultimate preservation. By the pressure of two icebergs it has been lifted up, and now remains suspended thirty feet above sea level, fixed, as if in a vice, between these stupendous ice

We cannot conclude without noticing, as a most strange and singular coincidence, that there exists a legend in ancient Irish history which seems to refer to our illustrious countryman with all the distinctness of prophecy. His name is identical with Manannan Mac Lir, the sea-god of Ireland and the Isle of Man; and this god is now usually called MACNANAN MAC CLURE, in the county of Londonderry, where they tell many stories of him, and assert that *he will one day achieve a great feat, which will redound to the glory of Ireland.*\* The most probable account of this sea-god which has descended to us, is contained in King Cormac's "Glossary" as follows: "Manannan Mac Lir (now Mac Lur) was a famous merchant, who dwelt in the Isle of Man. He was the greatest navigator of the western part of the world, and used to presage good or bad weather from his observations of the heavens, and from the changes of the moon. Wherefore the Irish

masses. Lieutenant Cresswell, with generous devotion, has, we understand, solicited leave from the Admiralty to go out again to the Bay of Mersey, with a relief-ship, for the service of his heroic commander.

\* The learned and distinguished Dr. John O'Donovan stated this tradition in 1834, when treating of the waves of Lough Foyle, on the Derry side.

and Britons gave him the title of God of the Sea; they also called him Mac Lir, (*Son of the Sea*;) and from him the Isle of Man had its name."

In the "Ogygia," the merchant's name is stated to have been Orbsen, surnamed Mac Lir, and from him Lough Orbsen, now corruptly called Lough Corrib, derives its name. This Manannan Mac Lir was one of those Carthaginian merchants who are said to have visited this part of the world at an early period, and he is stated to have made the Isle of Man his principal residence and deposit.\* The very locality where the tradition is still current, is another link in the chain of marvels. The father of Captain M'Clure was a native of Londonderry; and he himself, when returning from his first polar voyage with Sir George Back, was driven by a tempest on the very coast which his ancestor, the Mac Lir of ancient pagan Ireland, had rendered celebrated by his commercial expeditions. When Ireland, therefore, welcomes Captain M'Clure, she welcomes back her long-expected hero and achiever of great deeds—

THE SON OF THE SEA.

\* See "Description of West Connaught," pp. 20, 21, published for the Irish Archaeological Society.

From Frazer's Magazine.

## THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.\*

THE volume before us is, perhaps, the most serious attempt which has appeared to solve a question which has vexed the curiosity of mankind from the earliest ages—whether the heavenly bodies are, like our earth, the abodes of rational and accountable creatures?

As it is not pretended that the sense of sight, however exalted by the aid of telescopes, has given any certain or even probable indications of habitation in the moon, our nearest neighbor, and of course far less in the other planets; and as revelation is also absolutely silent on this point, our arguments, or rather inferences, one way or other, are

drawn entirely from analogy or indirect evidence.

It is curious and not unimportant to observe that the preponderance of belief in all ages has been in favor of the Plurality of Worlds, as it is called, and *that* not merely amongst poets and peasants, but amongst philosophers; not merely since the telescope has revealed in the planets so many features analogous to those of our globe, but even whilst they were only discerned by the naked eye as luminous points. The history of this opinion would be a curious one, but our author has scarcely at all touched upon it, and indeed, as we think, prudently; for his object is (notwithstanding that the contrary might be inferred from the title) to refute the opinion that the pla-

\* *Of the Plurality of Worlds: an Essay.* London: John W. Parker & Son. 1854.

nets are inhabited by intelligent beings ; to maintain that our globe possesses the singular *prestige* of being thus peopled. As, on a point like this—incapable of direct proof, and affording room for an infinity of conjectures—the involuntary prepossession of mankind at large might almost be considered in the light of an argument of some weight, our author, we say, has acted wisely for his object in not analyzing the history of opinions on the subject.

Before attempting a short analysis of the work, we may premise that it is anonymous, a circumstance occasioned probably by a doubt on the part of the author as to the reception it is likely to meet with, especially on the part of the important portion of the community who are likely to consider the authority of Dr. Chalmers as one not easily to be set aside, whose *Astronomical Discourses* contain one of the latest and certainly most popular arguments in favor of the wide diffusion of intelligent beings over the creation of God. On the other hand, he was perhaps unwilling to incur the reproach of scientific men, who commonly look with coldness, or something more, on attempts to engraft speculations concerning final causes, and things not discoverable by reason and the senses, with the well-ascertained parts of natural philosophy. On these points we find the following sentences in the preface :

All speculations on subjects in which science and religion bear upon each other are liable to one of two opposite charges : that the speculator sets philosophy and religion at variance ; or that he warps philosophy into a conformity with religion. It is confidently hoped that no candid reader will bring either of these charges against the present essay. . . . It may, perhaps, be permitted to the author to say, that while it appears to him that some of his philosophical conclusions fall in very remarkably with certain points of religious doctrine, he is well aware that philosophy alone can do little in providing man with the consolations, hopes, supports, and convictions which religion offers ; and he acknowledges it as a ground of deep gratitude to the Author of all good that man is not left to philosophy for those blessings, but has a fuller assurance of them by a more direct communication from him.

The tone of this passage is maintained throughout the work. It is written in a highly reverential spirit. Many persons not unversed in scientific matters may find admissions in it for which they are unprepared, and the author manifests his determination to accept every result with which the revelations of modern science have increased our knowledge of creation, but he does so with

the manly conviction of an enlightened believer that truth can never be adverse to truth ; and that if a momentary opposition appear between our readings of Scripture and our readings in the book of Creation, it can only be due to our imperfect interpretation of the one or of the other. They must be reconciled, not by a peremptory denial of the credibility of either, but be treated as Newton treated his doubts and difficulties, by waiting patiently till *more light* is gradually obtained—till the intricate and obscure roll on which are written the dim characters of the past and of the unseen, expands under the gentle application of heat and moisture ; prematurely torn open, it would leave in our violent and too hasty hands but a black heap of charred fragments.

We think that we shall best convey an idea of the writer's argument and our opinion upon it by arranging it in a somewhat different order from what we find in the book. We shall therefore consider,

I. The argument from astronomy, which in the natural course of thought must evidently precede every other. It is only right to state, however, that we consider it as the most vulnerable part of the author's reasoning.

II. The argument from geology.

III. The argument from zoölogy and the organic sciences.

IV. The argument *a priori*, from the nature of man and his relation to the Deity.

I. The argument derived from astronomy is evidently the only one of these which pretends to *directness*. It is that which must have weighed with the mass of mankind in all ages ; it is also that which we might reasonably expect to be most enhanced by the positive discoveries of the telescope. If even the most sanguine speculator can never hope, by the sense of sight exalted in the highest possible degree by art, himself to *see* the inhabitants of the moon or planets ; if the hope be only a degree less extravagant that we shall one day distinguish traces of their intelligent handiwork ; yet a striking resemblance between our earth and the planets in form, motion, material, and *furnishing*, would inevitably suggest the probability of a completion of the analogy by the existence at least of animated if not of rational creatures. If, on the other hand, such analogies were wanting : if heavenly bodies should be found having forms wholly unlike the earth, or no definite external form at all ; to have no rotation round an axis, or to describe orbits wholly unlike the earth's ; or

to be the sources rather than the recipients of radiant heat, and in a thousand minor details to be evidently unlike rather than similar to our globe, any argument from analogy would fall to the ground.

Our author maintains the argument from *dissimilarity*; whilst previous writers have dwelt upon the manifest analogies of our earth and the planets. Amongst the latter, Dr. Chalmers, in the first and most eloquent of his astronomical discourses, has thus summed up the direct arguments from the telescope. After describing the obvious similarity of their globular figures, their known magnitudes, and analogous motions in space, he adds:

It is now ascertained, not merely that all of them have their day and night, and that all of them have their vicissitudes of seasons, and that some of them have their moons to rule their night, and allieviate the darkness of it; we can see of one, [the moon,] that its surface rises into mountains and stretches into valleys; of another, [Venus,] that it is surrounded by an atmosphere which may support the respiration of animals; of a third, [Jupiter,] that clouds are suspended over it which may minister to it all the bloom and luxuriance of vegetation; and of a fourth, [Mars,] that a white color spreads over its northern regions as its winter advances, and that on the approach of summer this whiteness is dissipated, giving room to suppose that the element of water abounds in it, that it rises by evaporation into its atmosphere, that it freezes upon application of cold, that it is precipitated in the form of snow, that it covers the ground with a fleecy mantle which melts away from the heat of a more vertical sun; and that other worlds bear a resemblance to our own in the same yearly round of beneficent and interesting changes.

Our limits alone prevent us from quoting the fine passage immediately succeeding the above, in which the author expatiates on the possible or probable optical revelations of the improved telescope. On this point we admit with regret, that the telescope gives slow, uncertain, and often indirect information. We have not merely learned next to nothing as regards the physical peculiarities of the planets during more than thirty years since Chalmers wrote; but even Sir William Herschel, the ablest and most candid of those who have furnished positive evidence on this most difficult subject, added comparatively little to what was known by the generation immediately succeeding the invention of the telescope. Hevelius and the Cassinis observed with a degree of patience and skill which made up in some measure for the imperfection and unwieldiness of their instruments.

In this point of view, then, the writer of 1853 has few facts to reason upon beyond those known to the writer of 1817. Yet he draws a diametrically opposite conclusion. Let us see upon what grounds. We select a few of the more prominent.

The Moon is our nearest neighbor by far. Whilst her material structure evidently resembles to a certain point that of our globe, being diversified by mountains of about the same elevation with those of our globe, and valleys, and whilst this structure has a wonderful and close analogy with the volcanic regions of the earth, our author reasonably insists on the almost unanimous opinion of astronomers, that, being without a trace of water or an atmosphere, the moon is most likely uninhabited. The large spaces described by the earlier writers as seas, were already in the end of the seventeenth century more accurately described as vast dry bottoms, and they are probably of volcanic origin. The absence of moisture may also be inferred from the non-appearance of clouds, which, in the case of our earth, must render vast regions of it visible only by glimpses to a spectator at the moon, if such there are. The absence even of dry air to any great amount is rendered probable by certain purely astronomical observations. Of the other objections to the inhabitation of the moon we make less account. The effects of change, whether due to works of art, or the tints of vegetation depending on the season, observation would seem to us not to be sufficiently prolonged or systematic to give us any certainty in detecting. The changes of season in the moon are too slight and frequent (owing to the slight obliquity of her axis, and its not retaining its parallelism in space) to produce a sensible effect; and as to such objects as towns and cities, we must recollect that as the magnifying power of telescopes increases, the light requisite to distinguish such irregularities from the surface on which they are placed, diminishes in the same proportion: and the presumption always is that the color of such objects will be nearly that of the surface.

Let us give, however, to the probable absence of water and air their full weight; let us conclude against the habitableness of the moon. But if such be good as a negative argument, it is also good as a positive one. If we find other planets where water and air, evaporation and clouds do appear to exist, we have a contrary argument provided (as it seems to us) of at least equal force as regards the general question.



Now, in the three most conspicuous planets, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, atmospheres have been detected, and in some of them moving cloud-like masses, such as the belts of Jupiter are supposed to be. That Venus and Mars are uninhabited, our author appears to bring forward not a single analogical proof, except from a previous admission, to which he endeavors to gain the reader's assent, that Jupiter and Saturn cannot possibly be so. But so acute a reasoner must see that this argument is of little weight; for the proofs he gives of the desolation of Jupiter and Saturn arise from the fact that their condition differs essentially from that of the earth in the very respects (climate, density, size, period of rotation, and vicissitude of season) in which Venus and Mars much more closely resemble it. Now the earth we know to be an inhabited planet; Jupiter, we *suspect* to be uninhabited; but Venus and Mars are much liker the earth (so far as we know) than to Jupiter: we leave the reader to draw what we conceive to be the fair inference.

Our author has, however, (it seems to us,) concentrated his powers of argument and persuasion in satisfying us that Jupiter is not inhabited by any other than at most marine animals of a low type; and we must own that he shows so great ingenuity that we find ourselves almost impelled, more by the apparent earnestness of his own conviction than by any one of his arguments, to give at least a tacit submission to his opinion. As the passages are somewhat long, we can afford but a few extracts:

The density of Jupiter, taken as a whole, is about a quarter of the earth's density; less than that of any of the stones which form the crust of the earth; and not much greater than the density of water. Indeed, it is tolerably certain that the density of Jupiter is not greater than it would be if his entire globe were composed of water, making allowance for the compression which the interior parts would suffer by the pressure of those parts superincumbent. We might, therefore, offer it as a conjecture not quite arbitrary, that Jupiter is a mere sphere of water.

After confirming this conjecture by the coincidence between Jupiter's oblateness and the period of his rotation, and by the existence of the Belts, "conjectured by almost all astronomers to arise from lines of cloud, alternating with tracts comparatively clear, and having their direction determined by currents analogous to our trade-winds;" after citing also the admitted fact that bodies are two and a half times heavier at Jupiter's surface than at the earth's, and thence inferring

that "such an increase of gravity would be inconsistent with the present constitution and life of the larger terrestrial animals," our author thus proceeds:

Taking into account, then, these circumstances in Jupiter's state;—his (probably) bottomless waters; his light (if any) solid materials; the strong hand with which gravity presses down such materials as there are; the small amount of light and heat which reaches him at five times the earth's distance from the sun—what kind of inhabitants shall we be led to assign to him? Can they have skeletons where no substance so dense as bone is found, at least in large masses? It would not seem probable. And it would seem they must be dwellers in the waters; for against the existence there of solid land we have much evidence. They must, with so little of light and heat, have a low degree of vitality. They must, then, it would seem, be cartilaginous and glutinous masses, peopling the waters with minute forms—perhaps also with floating monsters; for the weight of a bulky creature floating in the fluid would be much more easily sustained than on solid ground. If we are resolved to have such a population, and they shall live by food, we must suppose that the waters contain at least so much solid matter as is requisite for the sustenance of the lowest classes; for the higher classes of animals will probably find their food in consuming the lower. I do not know whether the advocates of peopled worlds will think such a population as this worth contending for; but I think the only doubt can be between such a population and none. If Jupiter be a mere mass of water, with perhaps a few cinders at the centre, and an envelope of clouds around it, it seems very possible that he may not be the seat of life at all. But if life be there, it does not seem in any way likely that the living things can be any higher in the scale of being than such boneless, watery, pulpy creatures as I have imagined.

Alas for the imagined seat of higher intelligences! alas for the glories of the most majestic planet of our heavens! the stern will of the ruthless destroyer has dissipated with no sparing hand the threads on which we hung the net-work of our imagery. No unsentimental housemaid ever made with relentless broom a cleaner sweep of a geometrical cobweb!

Whilst we cannot consign this noble planet to the domination of giant polyps and titanic starfish without a slight remonstrance which we consign to the obscurity of a note,\* we

\* In assuming Jupiter to be a mass of water on account of his lower density, and a certain approximation to the density of water under compression, our author seems to leave out of account the fact that Saturn is much less dense still, (as light as cork,) leaving us devoid of any such analogy, and leaving us the alternative of supposing the matter to be solid, but with a porous or cavernous structure, or

only here add that Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are condemned to the same watery fate with Jupiter, and are tenanted by like creatures. We will not stop to discuss the opinion that the discs of those planets lighter than water are mere gaseous envelopes or atmospheres surrounding a smaller watery nucleus. Our author thus sums up his inferences concerning the solar system :

... All these phenomena concur in making it appear probable that the earth is placed in that region of the solar system in which the planet-forming powers are most vigorous and potent—between the region of permanent nebulous vapor\* and the region of mere shreds and specks of planetary matter, such as are the satellites and the planetoidal group. And from these views, finally, it follows that the earth is really the largest planetary body in the solar system. [Can we admit this ?] The vast globes of Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, which roll far above her, are still only huge masses of cloud and vapor, water and air. . . . This region only is fit to be a domestic hearth, a seat of habitation ; and in this region is placed the largest solid globe of our system ; and on this globe, by a series of creative operations entirely different from any of those which separated the solid from the vaporous, the cold from the hot, the moist from the dry, have been established in succession, plants, animals, and man.

Two of the longest chapters in the work

a fluid lighter than water, such as is in no case found except in minute quantities, and then, we believe, always derived from organic bodies on the earth's surface. Of these two suppositions, the former seems natural and consistent, the latter forced and improbable. Indeed, there is nothing in which creation shows more boundless resources than in giving varied texture to the same solid ingredients. A fluid sphere also has, in the nature of things, a greater tendency to be rendered dense by the pressure of its parts than a solid one, whose rigidity opposes an additional force to compression besides its elasticity. Let us admit that the belts of Jupiter prove an atmosphere and clouds ; this only implies a *terrestrial* globe like our own.

But our author seems himself to have perceived an obvious difficulty to his theory of Jupiter after he had completed it, and adds his defence in a note. It will be seen that all the reasoning as to Jupiter and his inhabitants infers that his mass is *fluid* water. But how shall water remain fluid in a climate so intolerably severe that the author persuades us that it is wholly incapable of sustaining beings possessing the vitality of man, or even the higher orders of brutes ! The water then must be *ice*. If so, what becomes of our polyps and marine monsters ! And as ice, a tolerably hard, brittle solid, (notwithstanding the plasticity with which modern glacialists endow it,) is lighter than water, does not this itself remind us that rareness is no attribute of fluidity ; that consistency is congruous with a low density !

\* In allusion to Humboldt's idea, that the zodiacal light is a nebulous disc surrounding the sun.

are devoted to the nature of the fixed stars and nebulae, and to the inquiry whether they have planets circulating round and amongst them, which may be the seats of life and intelligence. The grounds for discussing this question are so exceedingly vague and remote, when we have first to presume plants and then to presume inhabitants, that we shall, with due regard to the limits of this article, and to the other arguments we have not yet touched upon, discuss them very summarily. Indeed, the main argument in favor of such a conjecture is one not properly astronomical, but metaphysical—that the realms of space would not be so richly peopled with light-giving bodies if these suns had not planets to warm and illumine, and these planets had not tenants to "bless the useful light." We shall return to this argument presently.

Our author does not, we think, touch on the question of the possibility of the sun being itself inhabited. We know that even philosophers of name have not shrunk from entertaining so startling an hypothesis. Even Sir William Herschel, whose authority and sagacity cannot be questioned, inclined strongly to this belief, and showed how the inhabitants might be screened from the glare of the superincumbent and exterior atmosphere of light and heat. His commentator and biographer, M. Arago, evidently leans to the same opinion, which he considers to be "almost generally adopted ;" whilst he cites in *piquant* contrast the historical fact, that one of the first supporters of this (ancient) theory in modern times was a certain Dr. Elliot, who, being charged at the Old Bailey, in 1787, with the murder of a lady, his counsel urged, in proof of *insanity*, his entertaining the very same opinion which, a few years later, Herschel broached in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The story of Dr. Elliot may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the period. Now this curious history may be quoted as a strong proof of the *instinctive* belief of man in the diffusion, if not of his species, at least of its analogues.

The author of *The Plurality of Worlds* (once more we take exception to the title) does not indulge in the easy task of showing the difficulties of such a belief ; but proceeds, with his usual ingenuity, to draw arguments from the stores of modern science to throw doubt even on the almost universally-admitted similarity of stars to our sun. He adduces their diverse color, and the varying brightness of some of them, their occasional (though exceedingly rare) disappearance from the sky,

and the still rarer apparition of others, in proof that things go on in these regions in a turbulent and unsettled manner, unfitted for the stability of planetary systems, or for the well-being of their inhabitants; and with reference to the nebulae, he defends at great length the opinion that they are not (even in the case where they have been apparently "resolved" into stars by powerful telescopes) composed of individual compact luminaries or suns, but of diffuse phosphorescent matter, like the tails of comets—the nearest approach to an absolute chaos which we can well imagine.

We do not deny considerable weight to that argument for, a specific nebulous matter which arises from astronomical reasons for the belief that these strangely-congregated bodies are not immeasurably remote from the sphere of the brighter stars; though we think that the author might have allowed more weight to the opinion that the vast majority of stars visible to ordinary telescopes really and closely resemble our sun, even to the fact (the ascertainment of which is one of the most curious and surprising results of the last few years) that the *masses* of the double stars are not very different from that of the sun; whilst the existence of double stars seems not a proof of heterogeneity, as our author believes, but rather of the plenteousness of contrivance, delighting in variety as well as in analogy, which is elsewhere in the volume before us so ably defended. The evidence, however, on the main point in question, to be obtained from sidereal worlds, seems so slight and hypothetical, that we should relinquish it without much resistance. The only topic on which we are really disposed to remonstrate, is the thorough-going adhesion which our author gives (p. 199) not only to the nebular hypothesis, as applied by the elder Herschel and Laplace to the starry world, but by the latter to the evolution of our solar system out of a revolving cloud of solar matter, gradually shrinking by cooling, and throwing off in the process rings or shreds of matter, which ultimately became planets with their revolving train of satellites, and which finally in the last age of the world condensed into the substantial sun, which serenely governs the progeny born of his own body. We own that in an age when science is proverbially chary of unproved hypotheses, the partial acceptance of this strange cosmogony (the wildest imagining which ever emerged from the brain of a mathematician) has appeared to us an unaccountable delusion; whilst we fear that the adhesion to it of a writer whose opi-

nions evidently carry with them no inconsiderable weight, and whose acquaintance with almost all branches of science must be admitted, should give it an additional currency to that which it has (in this country) received from some popular but superficial authors; on the other hand, we derive comfort from the consideration, that in this instance it is a mere *physical* extravagance, and is associated with solid and reverential views of the Divine Providence, with which it has generally hitherto been, in a marked degree, dissociated.

II. We have now dwelt longer than we intended or wished on the part of this remarkable book from which we most differ and in which we find least to commend; but the importance and directness of the astronomical argument make it quite impossible to pass it lightly by. The remaining arguments, so far as they go, have our hearty assent, and we shall try briefly to state their nature.

The argument from geology is a very ingenious and striking one, and, so far as we know, new; and, considered as a *quasi-theological* argument, based on the admission and assumption of periods of geological change sufficiently vast to satisfy the most docile pupil of Hutton and Lyell, claims especial notice. The fifth chapter contains an able exposition of the results of geological evidence as read by the moderns; the proofs of the absolutely modern appearance of man upon the surface of this earth; of the vast depth and variety of the strata containing the relics of former and different creations of animals which in *succession* have peopled the globe before it contained one rational inhabitant; of the evident slowness with which these formations were individually built up; the numbers of buried generations of animals contained even in a small depth; and the gradually-increasing simplicity of animal and vegetable forms as we descend, until we approach the very horizon of life, where even the slightest traces of the simplest forms of organic creatures disappear, as the researches of Sir Roderick Murchison demonstrate. All this is described with great power and conciseness, and the irresistible conclusion is urged with the force of demonstration, that these successive formations, complete in themselves, and almost distinct as regards their entombed relics from those adjoining, represent in the great chronology of our globe periods each as vast, many of them probably much vaster than that throughout which man and the lower tribes, as they now exist, have peopled the new surface of the grass-grown graveyard on which they tread; indeed, their past so-

jour appears incomparably the shortest period of all; since the interments of existing species scarcely penetrate *skin-deep* the crust of this mighty earth of ours. We must refer to the chapter itself for an interesting exposition of these great facts, coupled with a resolute espousal of the principle that the diverse population of successive strata must have been introduced *per saltum*, or less probably by a graduated dropping in of new species, by a process inexplicable, inconceivable, by any process of which man has had experience as a "law of nature," and which we can only ascribe to an immediate interposition of the Creator.

The admission of these *as facts* is not new, even among divines; and it deserves notice that that manly thinker, THOMAS CHALMERS, was really the first who, years before *Bridge-water Treatises* were thought of,\* and before the geological argument had attained any thing like the force and completeness it now has, happily reconciled the narrative of Moses and the demonstrated truths of science, by admitting the existence of a period of indefinite extent between the state of things described in the two first verses of Genesis as existing "in the beginning," and the commencement of the mighty series of creative works recorded in the third and following verses.

All this being so, the application made by our essayist of these admissions to the question of the limits of a rational population in the universe of God, is to the following effect: The earth is indeed but a point in space; yet why should it not be the sole abode of man? For man's abode here is as short compared to the existence of the earth, and even its habitation by other races, as the dimensions of our globe are small compared to the celestial spaces. If the end of the universe be that man alone should dwell in every part of it, and enjoy it; if the marvels of creation are anomalies unless there be rational beings to behold them, how reconcile this to the unquestionable truth that during countless ages no being more intelligent than the lizard or the tortoise peopled this planet, or rejoiced in the providential care of its Maker?

But let our author speak for himself. Comparing the scales of Time and Space, he says:

If, for the sake of giving definiteness to our notions, we were to assume that the numbers which express the antiquity of these four periods—the present organic condition of the earth; the ter-

\* This was pointed out to the writer of this article by Dr. Chalmers himself, in an old volume of (he believes) the *Christian Instructor*.

tiary period of geologists, which preceded that; the secondary period, which was anterior to that; and the primary period, which preceded the secondary—were on the same scale as the numbers which express these four magnitudes—the magnitude of the earth; that of the solar system as compared to the earth; the distance of nearest fixed stars, compared with the solar system, and the distance of the most remote nebulæ, compared with the nearest fixed stars—there is in the evidence which geological science offers nothing to contradict such an assumption.

After an interesting discussion, into which we cannot here enter, tending to show the immeasurable and ungraduated superiority of the human race to the lower animals, rendering the "human epoch of the earth's history different from all other epochs," the absence of "progression" in human nature, and various kindred topics, he thus proceeds:

Here, then, we are brought to the view which, it would seem, offers a complete reply to the difficulty which astronomical discoveries appeared to place in the way of religion; the difficulty of the opinion that man, occupying this speck of earth, which is but as an atom in the universe, surrounded by millions of other globes, larger, and to appearance nobler than that which he inhabits, should be the object of the peculiar care and guardianship, of the favor and government of the Creator of All, in the way in which religion teaches that he is. For we find that man has occupied but an atom of time, as he has occupied but an atom in space; that as he is surrounded by myriads of globes which may, like this, be the habitation of living things, so he has been preceded on this earth by myriads of generations of living things, not possibly or probably only, but certainly; and yet that, comparing his history with theirs, he has been—certainly has been fitted to be—the object of the care and guardianship, of the favor and government of the Master and Governor of all, in a manner entirely different from any thing which it is possible to believe with regard to the countless generations of brute creatures which had gone before him. . . . If the planets may be seats of life, we know that the seas, which have given birth to our mountains, were the seats of life. If the stars may have hundreds of systems of tenanted planets rolling round them, we know that the secondary group of rocks does contain hundreds of tenanted beds witnessing of as many systems of organic creation. If the nebulae may be planetary systems in the course of formation, we know that the primary and transition rocks either show us the earth in the course of formation, as the future seat of life, or exhibit such life as already begun.

One other short extract from this interesting and powerfully-written sixth chapter, and we must pass on:

The analogy of nature [from geological history] appears to be that there should be inferior as well as superior provinces in the universe, and that the



inferior may occupy an immensely larger portion of time than the superior; why not, then, of space? The intelligent part of creation is thrust into the compass of a few years in the course of myriads of ages; why not, then, into the compass of a few miles in the expanse of systems? . . . . If the earth was for ages a turbid abyss of lava and mud, why may not Mars and Saturn be so still? If the germs of life were gradually and at long intervals inserted in the terrestrial slime, why may they not be just inserted or not yet inserted in Jupiter? . . . . We say, therefore, that the example of geology refutes the argument drawn from the supposed analogy of one part of the universe with another, and suggests a strong suspicion that the force of analogy better known may tend in the opposite direction.

III. The argument from zoölogy and other organic sciences inquires how far we are entitled to extend the argument for Design, upon which natural theologians justly rest so much, from the condition of our earth to the conditions of the other planets; from the ends and purposes which the providential arrangements of our globe present, to infer ends and purposes in the formation of other globes having a general similarity to ours. The organic sciences, which have ever been justly considered in the first rank as proving design, may fairly be cited in evidence as to the degree of analogy existing between one part and another of the same group of natural objects. The whole discussion of the eleventh chapter merits notice, and is probably the most interesting and original in the book before us. It is written with great vigor and eloquence; and even if it should fail to convince any as to the immediate question of the Plurality of Worlds, it cannot, we think, be otherwise than highly profitable to those who wish to derive from natural theology its proper and reasonable (though limited) aid in the understanding of divine truth, and who are willing, for this purpose, to study nature and its laws as they really find them, and not, with a short-sighted policy, to select what suits their foregone conclusions, and shuffle away the rest.

Who knows the design of the universe as it existed in the mind of Omnipotence, when

He took the golden compasses . . .  
 . . . to circumscribe  
 This universe and all created things?

How vain the hope to fathom mysteries so inscrutable! Some fragments, indeed, of the great design, some of the more immediate and special adaptations of means to their ends, are disclosed with perfect and convincing evidence. The eye to see, and the ear to hear, and the mind of man to know, these are proofs of Divine intention which appeal with almost

equal force to the intellect of the child and the philosopher; and it has often seemed to us that the most labored arguments go little farther. How easy, on the other hand, to confront every fact for which we can account by our miserably imperfect understanding of what is wise, and fit, and desirable, by others which are not only absolutely unintelligible to us, but which go in direct contradiction to man's mode of effecting his ends? Fontenelle, in his entertaining *Dialogues on the Plurality of Worlds*, relates how Alphonso, King of Castile, a more ardent than pious astronomer, declared that such was the intricacy of the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies, he could himself have recommended a simpler and better plan of the universe. This was some six hundred years since; but every age has its Alphonso. The complication which he fancied, proved to be only in his own mind, and in the imperfect knowledge of his age. Copernicus removed most of it—Kepler more; Newton demonstrated that an undreamt-of harmony pervaded the whole; and Newton's successors down to the passing year have discovered, in the midst of seeming diversity and irregularity, proofs not only of a fundamental simplicity of law, but of a self-correcting adaptation, which insures unlimited stability and permanence in a system of which old Alphonso desired to have the mending. Each age judges of the Almighty's works by the measure of its partial apprehension. We fancy an end which He must have had in view when he made the world; it may be utility, or simplicity, or happiness. All these, no doubt, are ends, or means to ends. "Lo! these are parts of his ways;" but are they, can they possibly be, (consistently with what we see around us,) each a single and absorbing end? They are parts of the great design; but what is the great design?

Such inquiries and reflections as these are embodied in the portion of the work relative to organic creation which we are now considering. The design of the greatest possible utility, the greatest possible simplicity, the greatest possible happiness, is commonly assumed as the basis of reasoning about the populousness of space. The inquiry as to how far the admission of such final causes as these is applicable to other and more accessible parts of creation is here discussed. Do we not find in the arrangements of animals and plants means introduced which result in no end of visible usefulness, and certain results which appear to us pernicious rather than the reverse? Do we not find

prodigality, such as man would call waste and elaboration, where we should prefer simplicity? Are there not ends unseen and unimagined by us which have guided the plans of creation—the designs of the Creator?

The beautiful contrivances [says our author], which exist in the skeleton of man, and the contrivances possessing the same kind of beauty in the skeleton of a sparrow, do not appear to any reasonable person less beautiful because the skeleton of a man and of a sparrow have an agreement bone for bone, for which we see no reason, and which appears to us to answer no purpose.

The fine design of the human hand and arm is not less admirable, he goes on to say, because we trace it in a rudimentary and abortive shape in the pig, horse, or seal; or the provision for suckling in the female, because we find analogous manifestations in the *cetacea* and in male animals, where it is absolutely useless, so far as we see.

Why should so large a portion of the animal kingdom, intended, as it seems, for such different fields of life and modes of living—beasts, birds, and fishes—still have a skeleton of the same plan, and even of the same parts, bone for bone? . . . We cannot tell. . . . We must be content to say that we do not know, and therefore to leave this feature in the structure of animals out of our argument for design. . . . That plan is not of itself a proof of design; it is something in addition to the proofs of design; a general law of the animal creation, established, it may be, for some other reason.

Since this extraordinary feature of a uniform plan is common, not only to the animal creation as it now is, but to those previous creations which heralded the present order of things, an argument of providential forethought—*design* it may surely be called, though it be one inscrutable by man—thence arises, which in point of interest yields to none in the whole range of natural theology. It is thus stated by Professor Owen:

The recognition of an ideal exemplar for the vertebrated animals, proves that the knowledge of such a being as man must have existed before man appeared. For the divine Mind which planned the archetype also foreknew all its modifications. The archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh under divers modifications upon this planet long prior to the existence of those animal species which actually exemplify it.

We shall now see how our author applies these considerations to the case in hand. We must select one or two from the ingenious and forcible illustrations which crowd the lat-

ter pages of his volume. Here is the answer to the general and most plausible argument for the "Plurality," arising from the analogous form, position, and motions of the other planets to our own:

In the plan of creation we have a profusion of examples where similar visible structures do not answer a similar purpose; where, so far as we can see, the structure answers no purpose in many cases, but exists, as we may say, for the sake of similarity, the similarity being a general law—the result, it would seem, of a creative energy, which is wider in its operation than the particular purpose. Such examples are, as we have said, the finger-bones which are packed into the hoofs of a horse, or the paps and nipples of a male animal. Now, the spectator, recollecting such cases, might say, I know that the earth is inhabited: no doubt, Mars and Jupiter are a good deal like the earth, but are they inhabited? They look like the terrestrial breast of nature, but are they really nursing breasts? Do they, like that, give food to living offspring? Or are they mere images of such breasts?—male teats, dry of all nutritive power?—sports, or rather over-works of nature; marks of a wider law than the needs of mother earth require? Many sketches of a design, of which only one was to be executed? Many specimens of the preparatory process of making a planet, of which only one was to be carried out into the making of a world? Such questions might naturally occur to a person acquainted with the course of creation in general; even before he remarked the features which tend to show that Jupiter and Saturn, that Venus and Mercury have not been developed into peopled worlds like our earth.

It is now to be objected that nature never works in vain; that so many failures could not be needed by the inexperience of the Divine Architect; that to suppose them is to stigmatize the admirable sufficiency of the means always at His command with the imperfection ever attending human endeavor; how shall we answer such an objection?

"We reply," says our reasoner, "that to work in vain in the sense of producing means of life which are not used, embryos which are never vivified, germs which are not developed, is so far from being contrary to the usual proceedings of nature, that it is an operation which is constantly going on in every part of nature." A single fish, it has been calculated, spawns two hundred millions of eggs, which, if all vivified—as by the laws of nature they seemingly might be—would people liberally the entire oceans of the world with that species. So of the seeds of plants. "When we see a field of thistles shed its downy seeds upon the wind, so that they roll away like a cloud, what a vast host of possible thistles are there!" Mercifully the

primitive curse of the ground is tempered by the natural law abating productiveness and vitality. So, still more conspicuous is the "portentous" prolificness of insects, which, if matured, would render the earth unendurable as a habitation; but of which "incomparably the greatest number end as they began, mere ovules, marks of mere possibility, of vitality frustrated."

So far, then, as this analogy goes, if the earth alone of all the planetary harvest has been a fertile seed of creation—if the terrestrial embryo have alone been evolved into life, while all other masses have remained barren and dead—we have in this nothing which we need regard as an unprecedented waste, an improbable prodigality, an unusual failure in the operations of nature; but, on the contrary, such a single case of success among many of failure is exactly the order of nature in the production of life. It is quite agreeable to analogy that the solar system, of which the flowers are not many, should have borne but one fertile flower. One in eight, or in twice eight, reared into such wondrous fertility as belongs to the earth, is an abundant produce, compared with the result in the most fertile provinces of nature. And even if any number of the fixed stars were also found to be barren flowers of the sky—objects, however beautiful, yet not sources of life or development—we need not think the powers of creation wasted or frustrated, thrown away or perverted. One such fertile result as the earth, with all its hosts of plants and animals, and especially with man—an intelligent being to stand at the head of those hosts—is a worthy and sufficient produce, so far as we can judge of the Creator's ways by analogy of the all-but universal scheme.

We need not stop to point out what there is of misleading and even of dangerous in analogies gathered from organic life with reference to cosmical arrangements; for the author devotes a paragraph to the subject which we have not room to quote. We have, perhaps, succeeded in giving some idea of the kind of reasoning employed in this part of the work, which we conceive is not only interesting as to the immediate question, but also as freeing the general argument of natural theology from some of the shackles with which it has commonly been trammelled. We had marked several other passages of this eleventh chapter for quotation, but find that we must refer the reader to the work itself.

IV. The argument *a priori* as to the populousness of space, derived from the nature of man and his relation to the Deity, is not separated in the essay before us from the other arguments; indeed, we must repeat that we have to a certain extent reãrranged

the matter with a view to its more concise exposition. Of this last argument we shall speak briefly, not only because of our lessening space, but also of its more technically theological character. It might again be subdivided into two, as bearing on Natural Religion and on Revelation. It is the latter of these considerations which has chiefly been dwelt upon by Dr. Chalmers in his well-known astronomical discourses, of which (unexpectedly, we own) our opinion has been enhanced rather than the contrary on a fresh perusal. The fallen state of man, and the astonishing provision of Omnipotent love and mercy for his restoration, unquestionably offer a barrier in the way of extending the analogy of the population of our planet to the population of other planets or systems. On the other hand, admitting that populousness as a fact, it has been urged by free-thinkers as an objection to the credibility of the Christian revelation. Dr. Chalmers, admitting the plurality of worlds, denies the force of the infidel's objection; our author, aiming to show the baselessness or extreme dubiety of the belief in that as a physical fact, of course cuts away the ground under the same objection; and, pushing his reasoning a step farther, assumes at once the truth of Christianity, and draws therefrom a confirmation of the physical doctrine which he upholds.

The argument from Natural Religion, again, is based on the infinite (literally infinite) superiority of importance of the human soul above all and every other creature of the whole universe. A man stands altogether apart from the brute creation. There is (morally speaking) no gradation whatever from the one to the other. Man's eternal destinies, and even his intellectual and spiritual nature, (it is argued,) are endowments so unique that we may well believe that they have not been squandered with the profuseness which we witness in the distribution of physical forces—of light, for example, or even of mere brute life. Man by his nature was meant to be, and evidently is, the special care and concern of his Maker, "of more value than many sparrows;" and the mere fact of his presence on this earth would alone be sufficient to give it a preëminence in creation over millions of globes, even were they analogous to it in all except this crowning and distinguishing peculiarity.

We find a difficulty in selecting passages within a reasonable compass which should give a just idea of the author's reasoning as contained in the earlier and also in the final

chapters of his work. But we may make a few extracts in illustration :

If we regard merely the existence of unprogressive races of animals on our globe, we might easily suppose that other globes, also, are similarly tenanted : and we might infer that the Creator and Upholder of animal life was active on these globes in the same manner as upon ours. But when we come to a progressive creature, whose condition implies a beginning, and therefore suggests an end, we form a peculiar judgment with respect to the case of that creature which we have not, as yet, seen the slightest ground to extend to other possible fields of existence where we discern no indications of progress, of beginning or of end. So far as we can judge, God is mindful of man ; and has launched and governed his course in a certain path, which makes his lot and state different from that of all other creatures.

And again :

If God have placed upon the earth a creature who can so far sympathize with him,—if we may venture on the expression,—who can raise his intellect into some accordance with the Creative Intellect, and that not once only, or by a few steps, but through an indefinite gradation of discoveries, more and more comprehensive, more and more profound, each an advance, however slight, towards a Divine Insight—then, so far as intellect alone (and we are here speaking of intellect alone) can make a man a worthy object of all the vast magnificence of creative power, we can hardly shrink from believing that he is so.

We shall conclude with the following impressive observations :

The workmanship which is employed on mere matter is, after all, of small account in the eyes of intellectual and moral creatures, when compared with the creation and government of intellectual and moral creatures. The majesty of God does not reside in planets and stars, in orbs and systems, which, after all, are only stone and vapor, materials and means. If, as we believe, God has not only made the material world, but

has made and governs man, we need not regret to have to depress any portion of the material world below the place which we had previously assigned to it ; for when all is done, the material world *must* be put in an inferior place compared with the world of mind. If there be a world of mind, *that*, according to all that we can conceive, must have been better worth creating, must be more worthy to exist as an object of care in the eyes of the Creator than thousands and millions of stars and planets, even if they were occupied by a myriad times as many brute animals as have lived upon the earth since its vivification. In saying this we are only echoing the common voice of mankind, uttered, as it so often is, by the tongues of poets. One such speaks of stellar systems :

Behold this midnight splendor, worlds on worlds ;  
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more—  
Then weigh the whole : one soul outweighs them all,  
And calls the seeming vast magnificence  
Of unintelligent creation, poor.

And as this is true of intelligence, with the suggestion which that faculty so naturally offers of the unextinguishable nature of mind, so it is true of the moral nature of man. . . . The thoughts of rights and obligations, duty and virtue, of law and liberty, of country and constitution, of the glory of our ancestors, the elevation of our fellow-citizens, the freedom, and happiness, and dignity of posterity—are thoughts which belong to a world, a race, a body of beings, of which any one individual with the capacities which such thoughts imply is more worthy of account than millions of millions of mollusks and belemnites, lizards and fishes, sloths and pachyderms, diffused through millions of worlds.

In conclusion, we think that this book, whether or not it may be considered as convincing on the main question discussed, must be read with interest and instruction. The enlarged views which it presents as to the scheme or design of creation will engage the attention of many persons who are repelled by the unwise timidity of some writers on the connection of religion with scientific discovery.

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TRICK IN A PARISIAN GAMBLING-HOUSE.—A distinguished general invented a trick which still bears his name. He played one day, in the time of the Empire, at the *Cercle des Etrangers*, with a little roll sealed at the ends, which had all the appearance of containing fifty Napoleons. When he lost, he took up his roll, and gave a bank bill for a thousand francs ; but happening to win, he

said to the banker, who offered him back the same sum : " Oh, I beg your pardon ! I played a higher game than that." The roll was opened, and fifteen to twenty notes of 1000 francs each were found in the midst of a few pieces of gold. The general was paid, but the lesson was remembered, and opened and limited deposits were afterwards insisted upon.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## SCENES ON THE OPENING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

I PURPOSE to sketch some of the scenes which are displayed at Westminster to the chosen few on important evenings during the session. I intend to make some observations on the different parliamentary performers who strut and fret during their brief hour, like the actors on the artificial stage, and then also, like their brethren of Drury Lane, are heard no more. It is my vocation to be generally an eye-witness of much that the majority of Englishmen only know by hearsay. The reports of the speeches in the different journals give a very imperfect idea of the actual drama as it is in progress within the walls of St. Stephen's. We forget, on reading the columns of the newspaper, that reporters have eyes as well as ears. We forget, on gazing at the ponderous volumes of Parliamentary Debates, that our legislators, through so many generations, were really human beings, and not mere machines for the manufacturing of parliamentary eloquence. How cold and inanimate seem the most elaborate reports the next morning in comparison with the spectacle of busy life when the play is being played out, and the spectators and actors are all looking anxiously for the catastrophe! We may sneer at the House of Commons; we may laugh at the rectitude, the honor, and the learning of right honorable, honorable, and learned members. The spoken words of many may be foolish; the patriotism of many may be faction; but, with all its shortcomings, its folly, its ignorance, its stupidity, where in the world at this day, or, taking it all in all, in any other age, can we find such an illustrious body as the Lords and Commons of England, in Parliament assembled?

It is this feeling which causes the first day of the session to be ever regarded with such peculiar interest. The procession of her Majesty is not in itself very magnificent; it is seen year after year without the least change in outward appearance; yet it is a sight that is always seen with pleasure, an august panorama that is ever new. Occurring periodically, at each advent it marks a

year in the life of a great nation. No ordinary vicissitudes have distinguished the fourteen months which have elapsed since Parliament was last opened. A strong mental effort is required to recall the different circumstances which attended the commencement of the late parliamentary year. The sagacity of statesmen, the hopes of philanthropists, and the confidence of optimists, have each and all, during this short interval of fourteen months, been put to shame.

On the 11th of November, 1852, the Queen opened the fifth Parliament of her reign. A great parliamentary feat was to be performed. A new financial system was to be introduced. The struggle between Protection and Free-trade was to be decided. Every question for discussion was commercial: the peace which had existed for so many years appeared only more likely to endure; we were on terms of friendship with all the great powers. The Peace Society was certain that the Millennium had come; any man who had talked about the probability of a great European war would have been pitied as a maniac. Notwithstanding the rain which poured down in torrents, notwithstanding the fog, the cold, and the mud of that most miserable day, even of a London November, the streets were crowded by great multitudes, who cheered and roared as the royal procession passed. All was, however, pacific; the rain and the splashes were the only enemies to be feared, either by the thousands in the streets, or the hundreds within the House of Lords.

And now another year has gone; and Parliament is once more opened, on the last day of January. The multitudes again flock to Westminster; the bells of the Abbey are again ringing their joyous peals; the long files of carriages with peers, ambassadors, generals, and the rank and beauty of England, again fill all the avenues to the new palaces. Exciting as the royal progress was last year, it is still more exciting now. Crowded as the streets were in the November of 1852, they are still more crowded now. To be sure, this is a

beautiful spring day, with the blue sky above the heads of the sight-seers, and the beams of the sun playing among the Gothic fret-work of both the old Abbey and the new houses of Parliament; the colossal statue of George Canning even looks bright and life-like in the rays of the celestial luminary; enjoyment is on every face; it is a pleasant and exhilarating, a delightful and truly English spectacle. But it is not the fineness of the weather, it is not the ordinary interest of the scene that will account for the animation of the numerous groups. The dreadful word "war" is on the lips of all; the national spirit has been once more evoked. What is the meaning of that sympathy for every "malignant and turbaned Turk," who once would only have been jeered by an English populace? What especially is the import of the tremendous cheers which greet the carriage of the Turkish ambassador, as it passes down the streets? We are on the eve of a mighty conflict, which may extend throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. We hear no more of Protection and Free-trade; Russia and Turkey are now the objects of our solicitude. This makes the royal procession of this day so remarkable; the opening of Parliament is, for the first time in the lives of the present generation, the opening of the British temple of Janus.

The Londoners are loyal. Notwithstanding the calumnies so industriously disseminated against the consort of the Queen, she is still welcomed with the English hurrah, which is such sweet music in her ears. Who, indeed, that has ever been the object of it, does not feel his heart respond to these shouts? Who does not sympathize with the Emperor of the French, who, as he lately rode through the streets of Boulogne, distinguished the national outburst of the English, amid the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Vive la France!" and immediately overcoming his habitual apathy, exclaimed, "How I love those English cheers!" But if these cheers be so delightful to the ears of a Frenchman and a Napoleon, they are much more so to an English sovereign, and that sovereign the good Queen Victoria. It may be that she looks somewhat anxious, and the Prince by her side is certainly somewhat pale. As a wife, it became her to feel for the wrongs of her husband; as a naturalized Englishman, the consort of the Queen, and the father of the heir-apparent to the English throne, Prince Albert could not but feel hurt at being the object of popular obloquy. Still, as I said before, the Londoners are loyal; and it is

highly honorable to them that even all the arts of malignity did not make them forget what was due to their sovereign and to themselves.

In the House of Lords there is no dread of disloyalty. Peers, and most especially peeresses, are proverbially loyal. On entering, the eye at once rests on a brilliantly variegated scene. What has become of the peers? Is this a legislative assembly? At first sight, instead of presenting to the unsophisticated stranger the semblance of a House of Lords, it looks much more like a House of Ladies. The magnificent apartment, with the exception of the front row and the bishops' bench, is full of beautiful and most brilliantly-dressed women. Nothing can be gayer or more picturesque than the gorgeous dresses, of so many different colors, as the sun is shining through the painted windows. The effect is like enchantment; instead of thinking of England at noonday, the mind wanders to the East, and recalls the pictures in the Arabian tales. From the bench on which the lawn sleeves of the prelates are usually seen, the ribbons, stars, and crosses of the diplomatic body shine in full lustre. It will soon be two o'clock, and the ladies and little children begin to look impatient. An individual in a red cap and blue uniform enters, and is immediately the observed of all observers. It is whispered that he is M. Musurus, the Turkish Ambassador. Such is the splendid picture within the house, when the sound of trumpets announces the approach of her Majesty. This is certainly a brilliant show; but it is something more than a show; the real business is even of more interest than the gorgeous pomp of the hour. This is no holiday performance; the fate of nations depends on the lady who now meets the estates of the realm. As yet, the dogs of war have not been slipped. Peace is, at least in appearance, the order of the day. But before another year comes round, torrents of blood may flow; the brands of the furies may be thrown over the Continent; the atheistical and anarchical barbarism of Europe may again rush from the dark dens into which it has been driven; and the breasts of all men may quake with fear.

After the speech has been read, the Queen has again left the House of Lords, the carriages have driven away, the grenadiers have gone to their barracks, and the multitude has dispersed; the interest then concentrates in the House of Commons, and the political work has to begin.

A sketch of the first day of the parliament-

any season would have been incomplete without some notice of the procession, and the august assembly in the House of Lords; but the orators of the House of Commons are especially to be the subject of these papers. I have to do with individuals, and not with parties; and, in criticising individuals, it would be wrong to indulge any political prepossessions.

The debate on the Address is frequently considered as a matter of form, but it is not always so; and on this occasion many reports were in circulation about amendments which were to be moved by the Opposition. It was said that the foreign policy of the last year was to be mercilessly reviewed, and the proceedings of the ministers were to be unequivocally condemned. Dark hints were given about what the leader of the Opposition intended doing, and, as the House filled, a most interesting and eventful debate was fully expected.

The mover and seconder of the Address are generally chosen from the young members; it is considered an excellent opportunity for bringing modest and unassuming merit into notice. Lord Castlerosse, who was to move the address this evening, and Mr. Hankey, who was to second it, had neither of them ever spoken in the House before; and there was, of course, much curiosity to know how they would acquit themselves of their duties, and what might be expected from them in future. Lord Castlerosse is a young man, and he spoke like a young man. He very wisely promised to be very brief, and he occupied ten minutes; but he spoke with fluency and propriety, though not with much novelty.

Then came Mr. Hankey's turn. He is a West Indian merchant, and has lately been Governor of the Bank. He is, therefore, a fair specimen of the gentlemen of the city; and looked somewhat ungainly in the glaring uniform by which the mover and seconder of the address are so prominently distinguished on the first night of the session. Mr. Hankey became statistical, and, as usual with merchants, rang the changes on the word peace. He did not follow the example of the young Irish nobleman whom he seconded, for Mr. Hankey was prolix, tedious, and querulous. Still, however, his speech was a creditable first performance, but the benches were thinner when he concluded than when he first began.

Mr. Speaker read the Address amid the hum of conversation: the time for action had now come; the fire of the Opposition was

about to be opened. Every whisper ceased when Mr. H. Baillie, one of the members of the late Government, and, of course, supposed to be one of the most accredited mouth-pieces of the Opposition, presented himself to the House. Was an amendment really to be moved? Were the Opposition resolutely resolved to take the ministers at once by the beard?

Mr. H. Baillie uttered two or three well-delivered sentences about the honor of England, with the full sympathy of the members around him; and it seemed plain that we were to have a "Rule Britannia" oration. Country gentlemen were delighted, and were preparing to cheer most lustily. But when Mr. Baillie, after condemning blue books and their contents, expressed in the most solemn tones his regret that "the blood and treasure of the people of this country should be expended to maintain, in all its integrity and all its deformity, the tottering fabric of the Turkish empire," the "hear, hears" were discontinued, the Opposition looked blank, and the whole House was surprised. Members asked one another, "What next?" Had not the Tory papers bitterly upbraided the Government for not more warmly supporting the Turkish cause? Had not both the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli repeatedly and enthusiastically spoken on the absolute necessity of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire? What tactics, then, were these? Mr. Baillie proceeded from bad to worse. He called the policy of opposing the designs of Russia on Turkey an antiquated theory; and at length concluded by boldly setting the Earl of Malmesbury and Mr. Disraeli at defiance. He was much more afraid, he said, of France in the possession of Antwerp than of Russia in possession of Constantinople. A more damaging speech to his own party was never made than this of Mr. H. Baillie. Mr. Disraeli, with all his imperturbability, looked exceedingly annoyed, as indeed he had good reason to be. The ministers on the other side of the table were smiling; they knew well the full extent and the consequences of Mr. Baillie's blunder.

Mr. Blackett, the member for Newcastle-on-Tyne, made a few friendly observations on the want of confidence which the Government had shown in keeping back all despatches. "Colonel Sibthorp," then said the Speaker, and all eyes were turned to the back benches of the Opposition, where the gallant colonel's bald crown and patriarchal head raised themselves above the heads of his friends. To give any idea of his extraordi-

nary style of speaking is scarcely possible to those who have never heard him. It is difficult to follow him throughout his speech; there is a change of tone almost with every word; but, in general, it may be said that half of a sentence from the lips of the member for Lincoln is expressed in a hiss, and the other half in a scream. Only the last words of each sentence can be plainly heard in all directions; and they are always in the shrillest tones of the human organ. "The Speech is only the omnium gathrum of the Government."—"I don't believe one word of it."—"I want a war."—"We shall give the Russians a good sound drubbing," were the concluding phrases of each sentence. They were spoken at the highest pitch of the voice, and it seemed as though the gallant Colonel's inside was coming out of his mouth with the words, which were pumped forth with such tremendous efforts. Colonel Sibthorp is the character of the House of Commons. He is the last representative of a class that must die with him. He is a brave specimen of the old generation. The next orator who addressed the House, in contrast to the fiery old lion, was a manly specimen of the new generation.

Sir Robert Peel made an able and spirited harangue, and achieved a complete triumph. He was listened to with delight throughout his address, and the cheering was vehement from all sides of the House. It was an honest English speech, and spoken with honest English enthusiasm. The young Baronet has evidently astonished politicians; he is gradually getting a footing in the House, and may be expected to play an important part in the politics of the future. This speech was much superior to any of his former efforts; and he has had strong prejudices to overcome. People were shocked at the whispers about his private life; he was evidently very headstrong, and did not at first show a becoming filial deference to the friends of his lamented father. It was said that he was even a Protectionist, and had gone over to his father's enemies. Lord Palmerston, however, always maintained that the young man had abilities, and few statesmen can read characters better than the present Home Secretary. Sir Robert's display on this night has certainly gone far to justify this opinion. His earlier speeches were sufficient to convince good judges that he had talents which might one day be developed; and practice is gradually making him an effective speaker. There is eloquence in his manner and eloquence in his language; he has nerve and spirit, and

has corrected his fault of forgetting the connection of his argument and pausing in full career. He has still one serious defect which, it is to be hoped, he will see the necessity of subduing; he speaks the dialect of May-fair in the most affected tones; but this fashion of St. James' street is not pleasing at St. Stephen's. From having been disliked, Sir Robert is now becoming a favorite. Two years ago it was said that the greatest service he could do any government was to oppose it; but this evening Lord John Russell pointedly observed that whatever objections had been made to the policy of the administration might be fairly considered answered by the able speech of the member for Tamworth. This was honorable both to the Leader of the House of Commons and to Sir Robert Peel. Nothing is more beautiful in Lord John Russell's character than the readiness with which he ever welcomes rising merit from among the young politicians of every party.

As if this contrast between the old and new generation should be effectually displayed in this debate on the Address, as soon as Sir Robert Peel resumed his seat, and before the general cheering had subsided, Mr. Hume's venerable form caught the Speaker's eye. His broad pronunciation and business-like accents were singularly ludicrous after the refined tenor of the fashionable Baronet. It is a fact, however, worth remembering, that their speeches were in the same spirit; this is an important consideration for ministers of state and exponents of public opinion. Sir Robert Peel had begun to say something on the question of education, which he supposed to have been alluded to in the speech from the throne, when he was interrupted by laughter, and a cry of "Education is not mentioned." "Not mentioned!" said Sir Robert Peel; "then I am sorry for it." This was effective; the sympathies of the House were kindled; and a mistake which would have been embarrassing to most young speakers was dexterously turned to account by this orator, and elicited loud applause. Mr. Hume also agreed with Sir Robert Peel, and agreed with the Government.

Thus the debate continued. There was actually no opposition until Mr. Disraeli rose at eight o'clock. The country air and the autumn vacation seemed to have done good to the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. He looked fresh and healthy. He had not so much of the emaciation and paleness which have been thought so characteristic of his countenance. The first sentence of his speech



was of the same import as all the orations from the Opposition benches; the debate on the foreign policy was to be adjourned until the Blue-book had been read and digested. Mr. Disraeli was not so witty nor so successful as he generally is. There was little cheering and not much laughter.

Lord John Russell, when rising to answer the Right Honorable Member for Buckinghamshire, might well thank the House, on the part of the Government, for the manner in which the Speech and the Address had been received. The ministers had had it all their own way. Notwithstanding the rumors of defeat, and even impeachment, which had been so prevalent for weeks, honorable members were in the best possible tempers, faction seemed dead, and even the leader of the Opposition candidly gave the ministers credit for their anxiety to avoid "that fatal arbitrament to which we have been accustomed of late to refer too frequently and too familiarly." On the first night of this session, which threatened to be so stormy, the debate really languished for want of an Opposition! How could there be any sharp speaking when all parties appeared to be of the same opinion?

To do Lord John Russell justice, he was fully capable of meeting any resistance. He has quite recovered his health and his energy; his voice has become once more strong and tunable; and for the first time since the Coalition Ministry was formed, he showed himself not only nominally, but really, the Leader of the House of Commons. Every one is surprised at Lord John's revival. People are going about clubs exclaiming, "Who could have believed it possible?" And on listening to him, it was asked, Is this the Lord John Russell who was talking about retiring from political life? Is this the man who was just on the point of going up to the House of Lords? Is this the statesman whose chest was so weak that he was scarcely able to make a speech at all? Lord John triumphed easily over his antagonist, and one of his rejoinders to Mr. Disraeli's remarks on reform was perfect, though unfortunately the point of it was lost in the newspaper reports. "The right honorable gentleman," said the noble Lord, with twinkling eyes and folded arms, "declared that it was little short of madness in us to bring in a reform bill at the present time, and he concluded by telling us that he was ready to bring in a reform bill of his own!" A burst of laughter, in which the whole House joined, was the effect of this sally. But all the topics

of the Queen's Speech were forgotten, when Lord John, after having answered Mr. Disraeli's objections, instead of sitting down, paused deliberately, and said in the most serious tones: "Now, Sir, I have stated generally the views I entertain on the several topics in the Address, and I have now to call the attention of the House to the subject of great importance, on which I hope I have not been wrong in supposing that no member in this House would adopt or countenance the calumnies that have been spread respecting His Royal Highness Prince Albert." The audience immediately became most attentive; not a whisper, not a sound of any kind, broke the silence. Now this matter was to be cleared up; now was all suspicion to be set at rest. It is remarkable that no member, during the debate, had made the least allusion to this painful subject; the minister's explanation was volunteered and unexpected.

Lord John expressed himself strongly; he evidently felt indignant at these calumnies. The dignified scorn of his manner as he spoke of "that honest delusion" was peculiarly becoming, and the speech was most impressive, not for its eloquence, nor for its oratorical power, but for its high-bred manliness, and chivalrous earnestness. It was such a speech as a minister of the Crown might most fitly deliver. Lord John never appeared to better advantage. He spoke at once as a constitutional Whig, and a faithful servant of her Majesty. He was at once liberal and loyal.

And thus, with this clear and emphatic explanation from Lord John, and with a few sentences from Mr. Walpole, who was scarcely heard at all, amid the tumultuous din which rose after the Leader of the House had sat down, the first night of the session terminated in the Commons, at the very respectable hour of eleven. To the Government the debate had been most satisfactory; but to the Opposition it was worse than any ministerial defeat. A party may be weak in numbers, yet powerful by its close union. But when there is nothing but disorganization, when the nominal opponents of the Government only answer each other, it is clear that such an Opposition is a farce, and can serve no other purpose than to accommodate the Treasury Bench. No member of the House of Commons had the courage to ask the reason of Lord Palmerston's sudden resignation of his office, and his sudden resumption of it; that noble Lord enjoys a kind of universal toleration; he is equally acceptable to the ministry and to the Opposition, and

is allowed to do as he pleases. It was a curious sight to watch the Home Secretary when his colleague was defending the Prince. There sat Lord Palmerston with his hat drawn over his brows, and his arms crossed tightly over each other. It was thought that as his name had also been so frequently mentioned out of doors with that of the royal consort, he would have risen in his place, and have given these allegations a decided contradiction. But Lord Palmerston said nothing. As soon as the discussion ended, he walked quietly out of the House, and a few minutes afterwards was seen calmly standing behind the throne, in the House of Lords.

The peers this evening kept later hours than the faithful Commons. It was said that Lord Aberdeen was up, and honorable members, as soon as their own business was finished, hurried to the Upper House. There certainly was Lord Aberdeen speaking with much animation. Though an ungraceful, he is an effective speaker; and his replies to the fluent Earl of Derby told on the audience. Some of his remarks were, indeed, not in the best taste; noble lords venture to take liberties in debate which Mr. Speaker would not tolerate in the representatives of the people. The Prime Minister did not hesitate to allude to himself and his colleagues as "fellows," and called the Earl of Derby a "clever fellow." He spoke of the calumnies against Prince Albert with more indignation than Lord John had displayed; though the speech of the Leader of the House of Commons was the more complete vindication. Lord Aberdeen evidently thought the subject beneath him, and dismissed it in a few words. "I have thought it right to say this, because I felt it my duty to do so," said the noble Earl, "though, my Lords, it is one which I am ashamed of fulfilling." The peers were of course full of sympathy; Lord Malmesbury and the Earl of Derby were only too eager to disclaim all connection with their political organs of the newspaper press. A certain editor must be a much-enduring man; he is every now and then being snubbed by the proud Earl of Derby, who cares nothing for newspapers; yet how chivalrously faithful is the poor devoted editor to the chivalrous Earl!

The Earl of Harrowby's manly and sensible remarks from the cross-benches made Lord Derby still more indignant, and threw Lord Malmesbury into convulsions of rage. Lord Derby disclaimed having any political organ whatever; and his associate furiously ejacu-

lated, in answer to the Earl of Harrowby, "I have never, since I entered the House, heard language more offensive to the feelings." Shouts of laughter greeted this passionate retort. Lord Malmesbury was in dismay; he saw in what a position his party had been placed; what would be said at Windsor, the next morning, when the Earl of Harrowby's observations were read, and the attack on Prince Albert thus seen directly laid to the charge of the Opposition? "It is no laughing matter," said Lord Malmesbury, solemnly rebuking the peers for their merriment; "It is no laughing matter to tell gentlemen that they are connected with a press which has insulted the Crown." Here the Earl of Harrowby appeared to speak. Lord Malmesbury indignantly ejaculated, "I beg the noble Lord will not interrupt me; I did not interrupt him."

The peers are certainly getting every day more angry in their style of debating. The House of Lords is no longer that decorous senatorial assembly which it was formerly considered to be. During the last session, the Earl of Derby went so far as to call a right reverend prelate "a meek and smiling villain;" and now, on the very first night of the parliamentary session, noble lords are again forgetting their dignity, and abusing one another in a very plebeian vein. Talk of an Irish scene in the House of Commons! English peers are far worse than any honorable Irish gentlemen. The most furious Milesian is afraid of the Speaker; but the dignity of the Lord Chancellor is no restraint on a patrician in a passion.

The scenes of excitement which were begun in the House of Lords on the first night, have continued with undiminished interest. The unattached Whig peers, in concert with the Tory Opposition, have certainly given the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary plenty of annoyance. Nor do the ministers always come out of the conflict victoriously. The Earl of Aberdeen's Caledonian pertinacity and constitutional apathy have been severely tried. The Marquis of Clanricarde is bent on demonstrating his capacity for government, by his inveteracy in opposition. For years Lord Clanricarde never thought of addressing the House of Lords when he was in office; he has spoken more since he was left out of the present administration than he did during the five years of the Russell ministry, in which he held a seat in the cabinet, and occupied one of the most responsible of places. This mode of warfare may answer this nobleman's purpose, but it

certainly does not tend to raise his political character.

Yet the style of Lord Aberdeen really provokes criticism; and the Earl of Clarendon has not the captivating manner of answering questions which was so remarkably characteristic of his renowned predecessor in the Foreign Office. There is a dignity in reserve; there is a dignity in frankness; but there is no charm in official pedantry. Lord Clarendon scarcely condescends to answer a question; and it is impossible to get any meaning from his tortuous sentences. Bad as this is, the dogged impenetrability of the Premier is worse. It cannot be said that the Earl of Aberdeen shows much of the moral greatness of the Prime Minister of England, about to direct the martial genius of the country in a great national struggle for the independence of the world. He hates war, and dislikes the contest in which we are about to engage; but he forgets that to talk against war is not always the best way to maintain peace, nor the most certain means of guiding our exertions to a successful issue. It must have been mortifying to him at length to take up arms, notwithstanding his eminently pacific propensities. But still, in defiance of the laughter and sneers of both friends and foes, up to the 14th of February, he still stoutly declared that war was not unavoidable; that he hoped and prayed it was not inevitable; and that, while other people might talk about the certainty of the approaching conflict, he desired to be left to his "hopes and prayers" for peace. Those who heard Lord Aberdeen give utterance to this sentiment in the debate on Tuesday night, or during the first half hour of Wednesday morning, saw a sight that they can never forget. While the trumpet, calling the soldiers to arms, was resounding throughout the land; while the hum of preparation was audible to every ear; while the flag of England was in the waters of the Black Sea, and a formidable armament was getting ready for the Baltic, there was the aged Prime Minister, whose hands were to launch the thunderbolts of war, bending his head in deprecation to the ground, and desiring to be left to his hopes and prayers for peace.

The debate of that evening was in the highest degree creditable to our legislators; it was commenced with spirit, and was kept up well to the last. Not one ineffective speech was made; and some of the addresses were worthy of any occasion and of any orator. The speech which was the most remarkable, which was the least applauded,

but which was certainly not the least able, was that of Earl Grey. It is the fate of this nobleman to be unpopular; he has been called a failure in political life; he has no party, and few personal friends; he kindles no sympathy, excites no enthusiasm, and gains no applause. Yet it is impossible not to respect the moral courage with which he avows his opinions, and the firmness with which he pursues his solitary and uninviting way. Small in stature, with a voice of startling harshness, with features the reverse of prepossessing, and with a curt, cold, and dry manner; disliked by many; respected, rather than loved, even by his straggling band of friends, he may be considered the impersonation of liberal cynicism. Such Lord Grey is, and such he will ever remain; the most unpopular politician on the popular side. He is, however, peculiarly an upright man; and even in his contempt for the sweet voices of the market-place, if there be something unwise and uncharitable, there is also much that is honorable and dignified. The fact is, Lord Grey is so free from prejudice, that he can make no allowance for the prejudices of others; and thus unites the prejudices of all parties against himself. He is made up of abstract principles; and is seen as a living abstraction. It is better, however, to act on abstract principles, than on no principles at all; and hence Lord Grey's unsympathizing liberalism and unrelenting dogmatism are better than the unscrupulous versatility of mere popular favorites, who veer about with every wind. It is good that there should be now and then such men as Earl Grey; there is no reason to fear that they will ever be numerous among English statesmen. His last oration, like all his former productions, was stamped with ability, information, and argument. But it represented the idiosyncrasy of its author in an eminent degree. It was the honest expression of an individual opinion, not the oration of a statesman rallying a party and bidding for power. Neither sympathizing with the Conservative Opposition nor the coalesced Ministry, Earl Grey's speech was as much against the one party as the other. It was the speech of a clear thinker, of a calm reasoner, of a political economist, of a mind entirely free from prejudice; but it was not the speech of an English politician, nor were its sentiments such as were likely to find an echo in the hearts of Englishmen. By arguing that it would have been better to leave Turkey to her fate, and that Russia would not be formidable even with Constantinople in her power, Earl

Grey evinced the folly of mere logic, the danger of the mere reasoning power. He has not discerned, nor will he ever discern, that genuine wisdom which is clothed in the garb of prejudice. But there is even no rashness, no imprudence, in looking steadily at the future, seeing coming evils from afar, and now making a stand, not for the simple independence of the Ottoman empire, but for the independence of Western Europe. This is not, what Earl Grey called it, knight-errantry; it is the instinct of self-preservation, which is as strong and wise in nations as in individuals.

Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, has fully abandoned his old colleague and friend, with whom he once seemed to be inseparably associated. It is evident that he attributes the difficulties of his late administration to Earl Grey, and some of the terse sentences of the leader of the House of Commons are keen replies to his ex-Colonial Secretary. When told that the "son of the author of the Great Reform Bill" disapproved of introducing another scheme of the same kind, Lord John showed some asperity, and was blandly acrimonious on the Monday evening, as he expounded the new measure. Whenever the noble member for the City of London is displeased, his voice sharpens, the aristocratic twang is more perceptible, his figure stiffens, and his air bespeaks confidence. Mr. Punch has never thought of sketching Lord John in his altitudes, when, with arms a-kimbo, curling lip, and his broadest dialect, he majestically turns to his followers below the gangway, and breathes defiance to his enemies. As, in answer to Earl Grey and others, he spoke of proceeding with his Reform Bill even at the moment when we were likely to be engaged in a war extending to every part of the globe; as he thus showed himself prepared to face not only a war with Russia, but also a war of classes in England, and to run the risk of a dissolution of Parliament, and a ministerial resignation, Lord John rose to the height of heroism; and as he said that "this idea, that we should be unable to attend to domestic reform when war should be declared, is, I confess, one of those thoughts which may be described as having in it only one part of wisdom, and three parts of cowardice," and continued to observe, even in more decided tones, "and I must say it does not affect me!" it must be confessed that Lord John displayed the most indisputable courage, and was a most striking example of the moral sublime.

But he has advanced from victory to victory. His exertions during these three weeks of the session have fully borne out the evidence of the political renovation which he exhibited in the debate on the Address. There is now no talk of Lord John going up to the House of Lords; there are now no hints of Mr. Gladstone superseding him in the leadership of the House of Commons. He has astonished everybody by his vigor and eloquence; he even appears astonished himself at the marvellous ascendancy he has again acquired in little more than a fortnight. Even in the debate on Friday, the 17th—the latest day to which this notice can extend this month—Lord John Russell made a most able and effective oration, which was cheered by all parties.

Mr. Layard was most attentively listened to, and he certainly did, as he said, "make out his case." While he was speaking, the house was crowded, and ministers were clearly any thing but pleased with the keen criticism of the member for Aylesbury. He has a perfect right to take a prominent place in these discussions, not only because, as one writer sneeringly observed, he has been at Nineveh, but because much of his time has been spent in the study of the Eastern problem. He has been for a short while an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was previously, I believe, also connected with our embassy at Constantinople.

Sir James Graham made a great mistake in replying in the manner in which he did to Mr. Layard. He lost his temper, and once again laid aside "discretion." "Why pother about Blue-books?" asked the First Lord of the Admiralty, with the most stolid effrontery. Members stared at one another, as they well might. Had not the Blue-book just been laid upon the table by the command of her Majesty? Had not ministers during all the last session asked the House to wait until the information was officially produced before expressing its opinion? And now, when the Blue-book had been printed and placed in the hands of all honorable members, they were told in solemn tones by one of the ministers, leaning upon his walking-stick and looking unusually grave, not to "pother" about it, but set to work at once and vote the estimates!

It is seldom that Sir James blunders, but unquestionably he does so now and then. Lord John Russell, sitting by his side, saw what had been done, and at length came to the rescue. This first attempt of Sir James to be the "crusher in general" of the Coa-



lition Ministry, as he was of the Peel Administration, decidedly failed. Times are now much changed from what they were ten years ago. In this truce of parties a Coalition Ministry must be conciliatory; and even the versatile Baronet, who is administrative ability personified, cannot be permitted to be self-complacently insulting. Mr. Disraeli saw at once the error of the supercilious minister; the adjournment of the debate was the result; and it is not unlikely that the best speeches on our foreign policy may be yet to come. Lord Palmerston has hitherto preserved his provoking silence; and this evening Mr. Disraeli will have full license for his sarcastic abilities. So successful have ministers been thus far in the session, that it is evident Sir James Graham thinks himself and his friends safe from all attacks; but

they must not be too confident. They have at least one sharp-sighted and ready-witted adversary who, though he may not defeat them, can yet render them ludicrous. By their own admission, too, they have unquestionably committed errors in their diplomacy; and however excusable such mistakes may be in general, they are less excusable in a cabinet containing no less than five ministers who have been Secretaries for Foreign Affairs, and two of whom are the most experienced of European statesmen. A ministry in which we see both Aberdeen and Palmerston supported by Granville, Clarendon, and Russell, surely ought not to be outwitted by even the diplomatists of Russia. Sir James Graham's exhibition was therefore exceedingly ill-timed; and it is not unlikely that to-night Mr. Disraeli may turn it to account.

Feb. 20.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

### CHAPTER I.

AT the close of the year 1643, on the 20th of November, a young, sweet voice, was suddenly heard from amidst the crowd thronging the coach-office at Havre, inquiring if there was a place to Niort.

"Yes, there is," replied a man from behind the office grating.

"What is the fare?" was the next question, in the Creole accent.

"Six crowns," said the official.

"Here they are;" and at the same time a little hand, whose small, white, slender fingers peeped forth from a black silk mitten, laid upon the counter the six crowns.

"What name shall I put down?" demanded the man as he took the money. After a moment's hesitation the little voice replied, "Mademoiselle Françoise."

"Françoise!" repeated the man behind the grating, as he prepared to write it down.

"I said Mademoiselle," replied she who bore the name of Françoise, in so haughty a tone, that every one in the office, men, women, and children, turned to look at the speaker.

It was a little girl about eight years old,

taller than is usual at that age, and slight, like all children who grow too quickly; she was very pale, which rendered her exquisite fairness still more striking, while rich masses of chestnut hair fell in profusion on her neck. Her eyes were black, admirably set, and at times flashing haughtily when she was either addressed rudely or jostled by the crowd; but when in a state of repose, they wore an expression of timid gentleness, full of interest and charm. The appearance of the little girl was neat and elegant, like that of a child belonging to the higher classes of society; a dress of puce silk, a mantilla trimmed with lace, set off her pretty figure; whilst her whole air, perhaps a little too proud, and her ease of manner, induced the beholder to look behind her in search of the lacqueys that she was doubtless accustomed to command; and it was matter of surprise when it was found that the young creature was quite unattended and alone.

An aged woman, whose appearance betokened her the housekeeper of some noble family, gazed at her for some moments with the fixed attention of one who is endeavoring to recall some remembrance; and having apparently succeeded, she approached the

little girl. "Have you no other name than Françoise?" inquired she.

The little Creole only answered by a gesture of astonishment, and one of those haughty glances, a flash of which her eyes retained for some moments. "Are you going to Niort, Madame?" demanded she, without deigning any reply to the question of the housekeeper.

"I am going farther, Mademoiselle," replied the woman, constrained by the haughty deportment of the little personage to accord her the title which certainly every thing about her seemed to prove belonged to her. "But I intend to stop there for a short time. If you are travelling alone, and I can be of any use to you—"

"A poor little girl of my age has always need of protection; and if you will be good enough, Madame—"

"I shall be most happy, Mademoiselle," replied Madame Germain—that was the name given in her passport; "so much the more, as I myself have just been bringing a little girl of your age to my mother-in-law, who resides in this town; for certainly I should not be the one to leave my child to go about alone in the public roads."

"Madame," interrupted the little Françoise warmly, her face flashing and her eyes filling with tears, "do not blame my father or mother; they gave me in charge to a Creole lady who was returning to France; and is it their fault that this lady died on the passage? Oh, how my poor mamma would grieve if she knew her little Françoise was obliged to disembark all alone from the great ship, and go alone to Niort! Oh! say nothing bad of my father and mother, they are both so good and both love me so much! It was their love for me that made them consent to send me away. They were not rich there; besides, my education could not be finished in America, so they have sent me to France. I am going to Niort."

"To whom there?" demanded Madame Germain, quickly, who had not taken her eyes for an instant off the little Creole.

"I have my instructions, Madame," replied Françoise. "The lady who died gave them to me in writing. She had more sense than I have, and knew better what ought to be done. As for me, I only know one thing, and that is, that at my age I ought to obey, and so I obey."

"You can at least tell your father's name," exclaimed at once nearly every one in the office, who, whilst the little Creole had been speaking, had gradually approached her.

She gazed earnestly at each of the persons who had addressed her; but, doubtless, not perceiving in any of the curious, indifferent faces around that nameless something which invites confidence, she merely replied, "You do not know him, so it would be useless to tell you."

"But you will tell me, who am going to take you under my care till we reach Niort, will you not?" said Marguerite Germain, in a low voice, kindly pressing the hand of Françoise. "Perhaps so, Madame; listen awhile when I know you better."

This extreme prudence at so tender an age astonished every one, and fixed every eye upon the child, who, alone, in a public office, surrounded by strangers, behaved with as much propriety and steadiness as if in the presence of her mother; and united to the shrinking modesty of her sex that self-possession which commanded respect in her rather equivocal circumstances. At this moment the coachman mounted the box and summoned the passengers, who took their places in a wide carriage, where, thanks to the good offices of Madame Germain, Françoise was already seated.

As the coach drove off, Françoise drew a little paper from her pocket, folded square, and with the word "adieu" written upon it. She unfolded it, and read to herself,—"*I feel, my dear child, the approach of death; and as I can now no otherwise care for you, I write these few lines, which I could ask you always to carry about with you, to direct your conduct, now that I am no longer with you. Read and follow the advice of one who was for so short a time to fill the place of your mother.*"

"On your arrival at Havre go at once to the coach-office for Niort, take your place there, and pay for it; but do not give any but your christian name, nor the name of the relation to whom you are going. You could not explain to every one that might see the name written upon a public sheet, by what accident a member of a family such as yours should have been travelling alone."

All else she had to say might have been imparted by word of mouth, or perhaps at that instant death had for ever paralyzed the hand which penned, and chilled the anxious heart that dictated the friendly counsel.

#### CHAPTER II.

AFTER a journey of three days, which was considered very quick travelling at a time when railroads were as yet unknown, the

carriage which had conveyed Françoise arrived at Niort: and we must do Madame Germain the justice to say, she was most assiduously kind to the little Creole. Perhaps there was a little of officiousness in this forwardness to oblige. Certain it is, that whether from natural disposition, from want of education, or from a motive which we do not as yet pretend to define, she was on this occasion most inquisitive, prying, and meddling. Françoise found the greatest difficulty in evading the attempts made to surprise her into a disclosure of her name and destination. Sometimes it was a conjecture as to the rank held by the father of the little Creole; at other times, a guess as to the house to which she was going; to all of which the young traveller observed the most complete silence. As soon as the coach stopped, Françoise, who was among the first to alight, looked about for a porter, and giving him a parcel to hold, took a letter from her bag and began to read over the address, in order to tell it to the man, who was awaiting her orders. As she was about to whisper it to him, she was anticipated by Madame Germain, who read over her shoulder—

"The Baroness de Neuillant! I know that lady right well. I will show you the way. There, take my parcel too," said she to the porter. "I am going the same road. Come." Françoise had only to make the best of a bad matter, so she followed Madame Germain. They walked together in silence for a long time, till, having turned into a large street, so deserted that the grass grew in tufts through the pavement, as is so often the case in a provincial town, Margaret stopped, and said to her young companion—

"There it is at the end, the last hotel to the right; knock long and loudly—the servant is deaf."

Then taking Françoise's parcel from the porter, and giving to her, she went off, taking the man with her, leaving the poor little stranger in the middle of a deserted street.

But the solitude, far from alarming Françoise, only tended to reassure her. It was broad day—it was noon; and happy in the thought that her journey was over, and that she would soon have a protector, and be no longer obliged to conceal her name and country, she walked straight to the door of the hotel, and knocked boldly. But though she knocked again and again, the door did not open; and the total silence that reigned in the interior of the hotel, added to all the shutters of the windows being closed, made the

little traveller think that every one must be dead; and at the idea, a cold shiver ran through her frame.

"If you were to knock till to-morrow morning, and longer than that, too, they will not open a bit the more for you," said a hawker of vegetables, who was just then passing. "The owners are in the country, and the only servant that is usually left has taken advantage of their absence to pay a visit to his native place."

How grateful was this information to the poor child, who feared that the guardian to whose care she was consigned was dead!

"Can you tell me, my good woman," said she, "where is Madame de Neuillant's country-house?"

"Not very far from this, my little madam; and if your legs are but as quick as your eyes, two short hours will take you there. You must get out of this street, and take the first turning to the right, then the fourth to the left, then go on till you come to a great square, then turn again to the left, then to the right, then—but I had better show you the way, for I doubt if you could find it."

"You give me new life," said the little girl, wiping away the drops with which terror had moistened her brow.

On they went together, till, on reaching the open country, the woman said, "You can now find the way by yourself; you have only to go straight on; if you walk pretty fast and do not loiter on the way, you will be there in less than two hours. When you come to an iron railing and a grove of acacias, you are at your journey's end." And she then left the little traveller to go on her way alone.

Françoise had good legs and good courage: she went on briskly for about two hours, but her small weak limbs did not permit of her taking very long steps, so that at the end of that time she had not made much way.

The sight of the long straight road still extending so far before her, and the sun so low in the horizon, with the feeling of hunger such as it is only felt by the very young, drew a deep sigh from her; alas! it was easy to perceive that she was accustomed to careful tendance, to a loving eye upon her, and loving arms around her. The idea of stopping to procure some refreshment never occurred to her: she thought of but one thing, and that was to reach her journey's end.

At last she perceived in the distance the iron railing; the very sight of it revived her,

and caused her to redouble her speed: she almost forgot her fatigue.

"Where is the château of the Baroness de Neuillant?" said she to the first person she met.

It was a poor little girl, about her own age, but scantily clad, and weeping.

"I am just come away from it. I can stay no longer there; the lady is too cross. I was beaten yesterday for having let some hens be stolen; to-day two turkeys have been taken, and I am running away before it is found out. I will go home: my mother never beats me—never."

"Poor little thing!" said Françoise, slipping a piece of money into the hand of the little poultry-girl. "Pray do not go till you show me the château."

"It is not very difficult to find it; you can see it from this," replied the little peasant, consoled at the sight of the silver which was now shining in her brown sunburnt hand. "Do you see that great iron railing, by the side of which there is a little gate, with cocks and hens and turkeys in front of it?"

"The cocks and hens of which you are in charge, I suppose," said Françoise.

"The very same!" answered the girl.

"I am not surprised at their being stolen, if you leave them thus by themselves."

"Oh, at our age we must have a bit of play."

"Does that gate lead into the château?" demanded Françoise.

"It leads into the farm-yard," replied the little peasant. "From the farm-yard you go through a little grove of acacias, which leads to the offices, and then—"

"Oh, once there, I shall know what to do. Thank you, my child."

At that moment the little Creole perceived a pretty white hen that a dog was worrying, and had actually under his paws. She drove away the dog, and picked up the hen; and perceiving she was not hurt, but merely frightened, she caressed her, and, warming her in her little hands, she advanced towards the farm-yard.

"Poor little thing!" said she, as she kissed the hen; "you are a little one, timid and weak as I am; but do not be afraid; I will protect you, as those who are older than I will protect me."

Thus speaking as she went along, the little traveller amused herself by driving home the inmates of the poultry-yard, who were only waiting for the door to be opened for them; and having then gently laid her white

hen on the branch of a tree, where she saw the rest of the hens picking, she passed on through a little gate, opening on the acacia grove; but hardly had she advanced a few steps in the direction of the château, when a well-known voice, proceeding from the other side of the trees, riveted her to the spot.

It was the voice of Madame Germain—Madame Germain, whom she had told she was going to the Baroness de Neuillant; who knew where she was, as she had come herself, and yet had not told her, or rather had led her wrong, by bringing her to the empty hotel in the deserted street. All these thoughts flashed rapidly through the little head of Françoise, and she trembled, she knew not why.

Though the overshadowing trees rendered the darkness of the evening still greater, she made an effort to see the person who was with Madame Germain. By the richness of her attire and the authoritative tone in which she addressed her companion, who remained standing while she was seated, Françoise guessed she must be the Baroness de Neuillant. With all the impetuosity of her age and natural disposition, she would have sprung towards her, exclaiming, "Here I am!" when some words that reached her ear suddenly checked the impulse.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE Baroness, with a moody and abstracted air, was listening to these words from Madame Germain: "This child is born for misfortune, Madame. 'Fair birth—fair life,' says the proverb; and 'Born unlucky, unlucky for the whole life,' say I; and I will go even farther than that, Madame,—the unlucky bring ill-luck to those that harbor them. Now how was this little D'Auvigné born? In a prison at Niort, where her father was detained for debt, on the 27th of November, in the year 1635,—it will be eight years in three days more. I think I have her poor mother before me—Jeannie de Cardillac, of such a good family at Bordeaux, with hardly sufficient to cover her poor child; and though that poor child had the honor of having as sponsors the Count François de la Rochefoucault and your daughter, the Countess Jeannie de Baudeau, that has not broken the spell. Her infancy was passed in prison. From the prison at Niort she went to the Château Trompette, at Bordeaux, and from thence she set out to America. On the passage she fell ill, and every one believing her



to be dead, she was about to be thrown into the sea, when her mother asked to be allowed a last embrace. In this embrace she thought she perceived a slight breath of life in her daughter,—so slight, indeed, that none but a mother could have perceived it: and the little one was saved. But it appears that Monsieur Constant d'Aubigné has not conducted his affairs in the New World a bit better than in the Old, by his sending you his daughter to bring up."

"And how did you recognize her, Margaret?" demanded the Baroness with the air of one awaking out of a long dream.

"I have already had the honor of telling it twice to you, Madame, but you have not, I believe, done me the honor of listening. You doubtless recollect, Madame, a visit which you paid, about four years ago, to your brother M. D'Aubigné at the Château Trompette, while he was detained there. You may remember a little scene which took place between the daughter of the porter of the château and Mademoiselle Françoise, then about four years old. The jailer's daughter had just been paid some money, and Mademoiselle was admiring the silver pieces. 'You would like very much to have some like this, but you are too poor,' said the little girl to her. 'That is true,' said your niece; 'but I am a lady, and you are not.'

"Well, Madame, it was by hearing in the office at Havre a little girl rebuke the clerk for calling her plain Françoise, and doing it with that air which belongs to your brother, and which you, too, have, Madame, that I recognized the blood of the D'Aubigné family. It was on this account, merely because she was your niece, Madame, that I took care of her on the way; but once arrived at Niort, I wished to warn you, Madame, lest the child might come upon you like a thunder-clap; and I took the liberty of conducting her to your hotel, where, I suppose, she is knocking still. What determination have you come to, Madame?" demanded Margaret, after a few moments' silence, the Baroness having relapsed into her reverie.

"And what is there to decide upon?" said the Baroness, in a peevish and impatient tone. "She is my brother's daughter and my niece, so I cannot leave her in the street; but it would have been much better for him to have kept her at home than to lay such a charge upon me."

A gasping cry, and a heavy fall, attracted the attention of the Baroness. She rose, and looking in the direction of the sound,

uttered an exclamation of alarm on seeing a child stretched insensible on the ground.

"It is she, Madame," said Margaret, approaching. "It is the little traveller—it is Mademoiselle d'Aubigné."

When the young creature recovered her consciousness, she found herself in the middle of a well-lighted apartment. She recognized Madame Germain in the person who was busied about her, and in the tall stiff lady who was coldly looking on, the mistress of the acacia-grove, the Baroness de Neuillant.

"My aunt!" said the poor child, endeavoring to rise, and salute the Baroness.

"Since you are better now, Mademoiselle," returned her aunt, coldly waving her hand, "you may go with Madame Germain, and she will give you any thing you may want."

"Oh, my poor mother!" exclaimed the little one, as she sorrowfully followed Madame Germain; "if you only knew the reception that awaited your child!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

FRANÇOISE was put to sleep in a very pretty little room. Next day, on rising, a milliner came to take her measure for some dresses; the shoemaker brought shoes; the hairdresser came to force her beautiful hair from its own natural curl. Breakfast was brought to her, but when she asked to see her aunt, the reply was, that she was engaged.

"Fine dresses, nice shoes, every thing but caresses," said she, as she paced the long and formal avenue. "Oh, how much better to be with Mamma, where I had but little, but still I had caresses."

In her walk she approached the poultry-yard. Mechanically she opened the door; a pretty little hen flew to meet her, and saluted her with joyful cackle. It was the little white hen which she had rescued from the dog. She recognized it by the feathers of the wings being ruffled. "Come," said she, taking her up; "you are lonely here, without a mother, like me. Without any one to love you, and that is like me too. Well, I will love you, and you shall love me, and neither of us need be lonely any more. Come, my pretty white hen, you must love me deeply, I entreat you, that is a good little hen." Such was the first introduction of the little Françoise to her aunt, who had received her as one whom it would be disgraceful to turn away, but whose arrival was otherwise a matter of perfect indifference.

The poor child deeply felt her aunt's cold and utter neglect, and wept over it in secret. She had none but her poor hen to whom she could pour out her touching regrets, so touching, that had they been heard, some one must have had pity on her. But who was there to hear? No one listened to her—no one cared enough about her even to listen to her. The poor child finding in the yard the only beings who seemed to have any feeling for her—the only beings who welcomed her approach—spent the greater part of the day there; and the servants ended by abandoning to her the care of this part of the establishment.

"I began by reigning in a poultry-yard," said she, a little later, when ruling all France.

The mind of a child exposed to misfortune is like fruit unprotected by friendly foliage from the burning heat of the sun—it ripens before its time. Sad thoughts and sorrowful reflections had, with Françoise, taken the place of the thoughtless gayety of childhood.

"What a sullen, unsocial little thing!" was often said by those who visited the Baroness. Alas! they ought rather to have said unhappy and proud, for the child already possessed all the pride that misfortune so often gives to the character.

Two years passed away in this manner, when, Mons. d'Aubigné being dead, his widow returned to France, and Françoise was restored to her love and caresses; but Madame d'Aubigné, unable to support her children, was obliged to solicit from Government some situation for her son, older by some years than Françoise, and to place the latter at the Convent of the Ursulines, the necessary expense being defrayed by Madame de Vilette, another sister of Madame d'Aubigné's. But this extraordinary child would not consent to remain there long, having one day been told incautiously that her mother lived by the labor of her hands. "I too know how to work," said she to Madame d'Aubigné. "Two will earn more than one. If you will take me with you, dearest mother, I can defy misfortune." When she thus spoke, she was about twelve. Madame d'Aubigné could not resist so touching and natural an appeal. She brought her daughter to Paris, where they both took up their abode in the very highest garret of a house in the Rue St. Honoré. M. d'Aubigné, her son, just then obtained an appointment as one of the pages of Louis XIV.

In the whole house where the garret was, nothing was spoken of but the generous de-

votion of a young girl of fourteen, who, giving up all the pleasures of her age, spent her life in sewing and embroidering; and, not content with laboring all day, devoted to it besides a part of the night; and they knew her, they said, to be of noble family. And when, towards evening, accompanied by her mother, she descended the staircase to take home her day's work, all drew aside to let her pass. It was not her growing beauty, or her countenance so charming and so dignified, that thus won upon them, but it was the touching paleness of her features, and that timid modesty with which she returned their salutations.

But one day, it was a coffin that came down that staircase. Madame d'Aubigné was dead, and for some days the door of the garret remained as closely shut as though the living orphan was also dead. The old portress was the first who ventured to knock at the door; it was quickly opened to her by Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, dressed in black, and with face so white, so pale, that it seemed as though her life too were in her mother's grave.

"Can I do any thing for you, Mademoiselle?" This was all the worthy woman could say, struck with the deep though calm sorrow of the lovely face.

A tear trickled slowly down the cheek of the orphan. "I have nothing to remunerate you for your services," said she, simply.

"Oh, Mademoiselle need not trouble herself about that," replied the woman. "Mademoiselle is good and sensible, and will be rich one day. A little work, more or less, will not kill me—a little time given to her who gave all hers to her mother."

Françoise, burying her face in her handkerchief, wept long and silently; and the two felt that they understood each other; and never was more assiduous service rendered than by the good old woman.

But the family pride of her aunt did that for poor Françoise which affection would not have prompted. One morning, three months after the death of her mother, a carriage drew up with great parade before the gate of the obscure alley which led to the rude staircase, which the orphan had never descended since the death of her mother. A lady, tall, richly dressed, and of a cold and haughty demeanor, alighted from it. She inquired for Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, and carefully guarding her fine silk dress from contact with the wall or stairs, and having asked to be shown the room, requested she might be allowed to enter alone.

The lady, on seeing the only door out of fifteen or sixteen that boasted the luxury of a mat, guessed it led to her niece's room, and knocking, was immediately admitted. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné never received any visit; the portress was the only person who ever broke in upon her loneliness; and she, believing the knock to be hers, opened the door without any inquiry, but, on seeing a lady, started back with surprise.

"Madame de Neuillant!" exclaimed she.

"I am come to take you to my own house," replied she, in a tone as cold and indifferent as ever. "I am just come from Niort, and only yesterday learned the death of your mother, and your situation. You are my brother's daughter; you cannot live alone; my hotel is open to you; you must come with me."

Françoise gazed upon her aunt with a kind of painful gratitude. Oh! why was she not as ready to open her arms and her heart to her as her house!

Madame de Neuillant was one of those narrow-minded persons who forget that there are wants of the heart as well as of the body to be met,—wounds of the heart to be healed,—forget that there is a mission of mercy to the mind imposed upon us, not only by the precept, "Weep with those that weep," but commended by the example of Him who, even when, in the might of His miraculous power, He was about to turn the widow's tears of sorrow for her only son into tears of joy, yet could not, even for the instant, see that sorrow unmoved, but stopped to soothe her with the words of tender compassion, "Weep not." Françoise had already too sad opportunity of estimating her aunt's sensibility. She knew that with her she would want neither food nor raiment, but that which could minister to the affections, which could warm the heart—kind words and soft caresses. Alas! who would give her these? The young creature recoiled from the dreary prospect before her, and at length giving way, she sobbed as if her heart would break. However, there was no alternative, nor was there time to hesitate; she must not keep Madame de Neuillant waiting on a straw chair in a cold room with tiled floor; and making a strong effort to command herself, she hastily put up all that belonged to her in a little parcel, and lifting up her heart in silent prayer, as she looked for the last time around the narrow chamber where for the last two years she had lived with her fond mother, poor but happy, fully satisfied with the "dinner of herbs where love was,"

she turned to her aunt, saying, with a coldness nearly approaching to her own, "I am ready for you, Madame." As she passed the porter's lodge, "I have but little to offer you," said she, holding out her little parcel to her kind humble friend, "but it is all that I have. Take it, I am yet mistress of it; take it, for to-morrow—nay, even in an hour—I shall have nothing of my own, not even myself."

Then pressing in both her pretty hands those of the worthy woman from whom she had received so much kindness, she hastened after her aunt, and was quickly seated in the carriage, which immediately took the way to Niort.

#### CHAPTER V.

EVERY thing turned out just as Mademoiselle de Aubigné had foreseen: her days passed slowly and sorrowfully away, alone in a house where a word of love never came to revive the young spirit, bent down and withered by the chill blast of misfortune. She shuddered as she thought of the many years that must pass before she should grow old and rejoin her mother in heaven. A circumstance, apparently most trivial, changed the entire destiny of the young girl.

Madame de Neuillant went every year to Paris, and made a point of never missing Scarron's *soirées*. He was a comic author, an old infirm bachelor, but so cheerful, so agreeable, so witty, that he drew around him the best society of Paris; Madame de Sevigné, Mademoiselle de Scuderi, the Coulanges, the d'Alberts, the Saint Livremonts—in fact, we may say all that were distinguished either in the court or the city. One day, as if for the first time waking to the perception that her niece was grown both tall and beautiful, Madame de Neuillant suddenly took it into her head that she should accompany her.

The young girl's heart thrilled as if with the presentiment of some great danger, and it was tremblingly she went to make her toilet. It was two years since Françoise had returned to her aunt's. At that time her wardrobe had been fully supplied, but had not since then been renewed, and Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, who, from fourteen to sixteen, had grown amazingly, found, when she went to choose a dress, that the skirts and waists were much too short. What was to be done? There was no time to remedy the mishap, even if she had the means at command. Françoise consoled herself with the thought that her utter insignificance would efficiently

screen her from any notice in such a circle. She dressed herself therefore without any great anxiety as to her toilet, and soon, seated in her aunt's carriage, she was rolling on to the house of M. de Scarron, and certainly thinking more of what she was to see than of exhibiting her own little person, accustomed as she had hitherto been to little notice being taken of her. They enter: the lights, the movement, the splendid dresses, the brilliant yet easy tone of conversation, touching upon every subject without exhausting any—all this confused Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, nay, actually bewildered her so, that for the first few moments she scarcely knew what was passing around her. But when, these first few moments over, she ventured to raise her eyes and look around, she was terrified on perceiving all eyes directed to one part of the room—to the very spot where she stood leaning on the back of her aunt's chair. She might have believed Madame de Neuillant was the object of all this attention, but there was an expression of surprise in the gaze of curiosity, which made the young girl almost instinctively feel that it was not her aunt but she herself who thus attracted their notice. Was there any thing about her particularly odd or strange? Suddenly it flashed across her mind that it must be her dress, with its short waist and narrow skirts and two-year-old fashion. Gladly would she have sunk into the ground to avoid the gaze which, even with downcast eyes, she knew was fixed upon her, and which made her cheeks burn and her heart beat, but refuge she found none; and at length her confusion became so great, her blushes so painful, that she covered her face and gave way to a paroxysm of tears. But how was she mistaken! What had thus drawn upon her every eye was not her short dress, nor her costume, a little *passé*; it was rather her modest beauty—a beauty enhanced by her own perfect unconsciousness of it. It was rather that timid embarrassment, that shrinking bashfulness, which is such a charm in early youth. Even her tears, which stamped her as artless as she was beautiful, seemed but a grace the more.

Scarron, surprised at this emotion, inquired who the pretty young girl was who shed tears because she was looked at. He was told that it was Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; that she was poor, and not very happy with her aunt. He was delighted with the cause of the tears he had seen her shed, and he felt an irresistible desire to rescue the young

creature from a life that scarcely deserved the name, to which this poor hothouse plant could never be inured. He offered his name and hand.

The short dress thus became the prelude to the elevation of Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; for as Madame Scarron, she found herself in a circle capable of appreciating her, and in which she might display all her rich stores of mind and all the charms of her conversation. She was so full of anecdote, and related so agreeably, that one day, at a great dinner given in her own house, a servant whispered to her, "A story, Madame; there is a roast wanting to-day."

And no one perceived the absence of the dish. Good, gentle, and pious, Madame Scarron soothed the best hours of her husband, who died blessing her, leaving her a widow and poor at twenty-six years of age. Her poverty being no secret, Madame de Richelieu offered her apartments in her hotel; but her natural independence of character would not allow of her accepting them; she preferred having again recourse to her needle, which, as she was a clever workwoman, furnished her with at least the necessities of life.

The widow of Scarron affords another proof that true talent can never remain wholly concealed. She was sought for in her humble asylum to bring up the children of Louis XIV., who, as some little recompense for her assiduous cares, settled upon her the Château de Maintenon, and the right to assume the title of Countess, by which he was himself the first to salute her.

The monarch knew how to appreciate the knowledge and the depth of tender feelings possessed by this charming woman. When he became a widower, not being able openly to offer her the title of Queen, or to share the throne of France with the widow of Scarron, he married her privately. She was then just entering her forty-third year.

Madame de Maintenon founded St. Cyr, that admirable institution for young girls, to which she retired on the death of the King, which took place the 1st of September, 1705, and where she remained happy and beloved to the close of her life. She died calmly and peacefully at the age of eighty-three, on the 17th of April, 1719.

Madame de Maintenon was one of the greatest examples of the vicissitude of human life. Twice was she reduced to support herself by the labor of her hands; and she owed her elevation to her talents and her virtues.



From the Athenæum.

## JOHN MARTIN, THE ARTIST.

FROM the lonely little island in St. George's Channel—where the folks of Manchester and Liverpool find their Ventnors and Shanklins, the Isle of Man—comes to us a sound of mourning—a voice which tells us that another distinguished English artist has followed Turner to the grave. In his day, Martin divided the suffrages of the many with the master of landscape, and agitated artistic circles not less constantly than Haydon himself. Bulwer was one of the most fervent of his admirers; and in a celebrated criticism he had declared his opinion that Martin is "more original, more self-dependent" than Raffaele and Michael Angelo. The *Edinburgh* damned him with faint praises, and after patting him on the shoulder, concluded an elaborate criticism on his style and treatment by a cool recommendation to begin the study of his art anew—copying the old masters—drawing from the life—and imitating nature! His merits were too great, too original, not to be freely canvassed, even when they were not fiercely denied. No doubt his art was theatrical. He addressed the eye rather than the mind. He produced his grand effects by illusion—perhaps by imposition; but it is not to be concealed that he did produce effects. Possibly it was scene-painting—sleight of hand; but it was also new. If easy, the style was his own. Nobody else had caught the trick by which he ravished the senses of the multitude, and sometimes dazzled the imagination of calmer men. Legitimate or illegitimate, there was a spell in Martin's art. It had power over the eye, and often led captive the judgment. This is no mean tribute; but it is a tribute that must be paid to the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast" and "Joshua."

From notes supplied by the artist himself—chiefly to our own columns in former years—we are able to trace the outline of his career. In a communication to a contemporary, correcting certain errors, Martin wrote:—"I was born at a house called the East-land Ends, Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, 19th

of July, 1789, and received the rudiments of my education at the well-known free school of that place. Having from my earliest years attempted to draw, and expressed a determination to 'be a painter,' the question arose, 'how to turn my desires to profitable account;' and it was ultimately decided to make me a herald painter—in consequence of which, upon the removal of my family to Newcastle, I was, when fourteen, apprenticed to Wilson, the coach-builder, of that town. I worked with him for a year, in no small degree disgusted at the drudgery which, as junior apprentice, I had to endure, and at not being allowed to practise the higher mysteries of the art; when just previously to the expiration of the year, (from which period I was to have an increase of pay,) one of the senior apprentices told me that my employer would evade the payment of the first quarter, on the ground that 'I went on trial,' and that 'it was not in the indentures.' As it had been foretold, so it turned out. Upon claiming the increase, I was referred to my articles, and the original sum was tendered. This I indignantly rejected, saying, 'What! you're soon beginning, then, and mean to serve me the same as you did such an one! but I won't submit;' and, turning on my heel, I hastened home. My father highly approved of my conduct—declared that I should not go back—and immediately furnished me with proper drawing materials, the most satisfactory reward I could receive. I worked away to my heart's content for some days; when at length, while so employed, the town sergeant came to take me off to the Guildhall to answer charges brought against me by my master. I was dreadfully frightened, the more so as none of my family were within call to accompany me; and at entering the court my heart sunk at the sight of the aldermen, and my master, with lowering face, and his witnesses. I was charged on oath with insolence—having run away—rebellious conduct—and threatening to do a private injury. In reply, I simply stated the facts as they occurred.

The witness produced against me proved the correctness of my statement in every particular; and the consequence was a decision in my favor. Turning, then, to my master, I said: 'You have stated your dissatisfaction with me, and apprehensions of my doing you a private injury; under these circumstances, you can have no objection to returning my indentures.' Mr. Wilson was not prepared for this, but the alderman immediately said, 'Yes, Mr. Wilson, you must give the boy his indentures.' They were accordingly handed over to me; and I was so overjoyed that, without waiting longer, I bowed and thanked the Court, and running off to the coach-factory, flourished the indentures over my head, crying, 'I have got my indentures, and your master has taken a false oath; and I don't know whether he is not in the pillory by this!' My family were delighted with the spirit I had displayed, and at my emancipation from an occupation they saw was uncongenial; and my father at once took measures to place me under an Italian master of great merit and some reputation in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Musso or Muss. I remained under his instructions about a year, when Mr. C. Muss, who was settled in London, wished his father to come and reside with him, and M. Musso urged upon my parents the advantage of my accompanying him. After much cogitation, many misgivings on my mother's part, and solemn charges to our friend, it was ultimately agreed that I should join him in London within a few months. I accordingly arrived in London at the beginning of September, 1806."

Martin did not remain long with the Mussos. Allowing him to tell his own story—as it has already appeared, *à propos* of quite another matter, in our own columns:—"I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London, where I was to be under the protection of Boniface Muss, or Musso, a clever master, the father of Charles Muss, the celebrated enamel painter. My first resolve on leaving my parents was, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam Street West, Cumberland Place, and it was there that, by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspec-

tive and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-color drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life when I married, which I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the Bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible delight my wife and I experienced at the time. My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spong for seventy guineas, and 'The Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the President, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the urbane manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honor on their respective countries.' To this gossip we may add—that 'Sadak'—Martin's first picture—was hung in the Royal Academy; and was sold, it is believed, in consequence of a notice in one of the journals. The 'Expulsion' was sent to the British Institution, the 'Paradise' to the Academy, where it obtained a place in the Great Room. This circumstance seemed to Martin the winning of his spurs; and the next year, when the 'Clytie' here mentioned was hung in one of the ante-rooms, he resented the act as an insult to his fame. His next picture was 'Joshua'; this was also put into the ante-room, though, when it was afterwards exhibited in Pall Mall, it attracted much attention, and carried off the prize of the year. The picture, however, hung in the painter's studio for years; and was not sold until his fame was well established and widely spread. It then found a purchaser as a companion piece to the 'Belshazzar's Feast.'

To return to Mr. Martin's own notes of his life: "Down to this period I had supported myself and family by pursuing almost every branch of my profession—teaching—painting

small oil-pictures, glass enamel paintings, water-color drawings, in fact, the usual tale of a struggling artist's life. I had been so successful with my sepia drawings, that the Bishop of Salisbury, the tutor of the Princess Charlotte, advised me not to risk my reputation by attempting the large picture of 'Joshua.' As is generally the case in such matters, these well-meant recommendations had no effect; but, at all events, the confidence I had in my powers was justified, for the success of my 'Joshua' opened a new era to me. In 1818 I removed to a superior house, and had to devote my time mainly to executing some immediately profitable works; but in 1819 I produced the 'Fall of Babylon,' which was second only to the 'Belshazzar' in the attention it excited. The following year came 'Macbeth,' one of my most successful landscapes. Then, in 1821, 'Belshazzar's Feast,' an elaborate picture, which occupied a year in executing, and which received the premium of 200*l.* from the British Institution."

In another letter Mr. Martin tells how he came to paint his most celebrated—if not his best—work. "My picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,'" he says, "originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others, Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment, that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning in the vain endeavor of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture." In the succeeding year Martin produced his 'Destruction of Herculaneum,'—in 1823 appeared 'The Seventh Plague,' and the 'Paphian Bower,'—in 1824 the 'Creation,'—in 1826 the 'Deluge'—and in 1828 the 'Fall of Nineveh.' This completed the cycle of his greater works. The artist's illustrations of Milton—for which he received 2,000 guineas—were drawn by him on the plates. His principal pictures are—or were—in the galleries of Mr. Hope, Lord De Tabley, the Dukes of Buckingham and Sutherland, Prince Albert, Mr. Searisbrick, and Earl Grey.

Of late Mr. Martin's name has been much and very honorably before the public in connection with various plans for the improvement of London; his genius dealing with the ample spaces and actual facts of the modern Babylon, as it had previously done with those of the imagination. Other schemes also occupied his mind. As he himself reports of all these multiplied activities,—“My attention was first occupied in endeavoring to procure an improved supply of pure water to London, diverting the sewage from the river, and rendering it available as manure; and in 1827 and 1828 I published plans for the purpose. In 1829 I published further plans for accomplishing the same objects by different means, namely, a weir across the Thames, and for draining the marshy lands, &c. In 1832, 1834, 1836, 1838, 1842, 1843, 1845, and 1847, I published and republished additional particulars—being so bent upon my object that I was determined never to abandon it; and though I have reaped no other advantage, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the agitation thus kept up constantly, solely by myself, has resulted in a vast alteration in the quantity and quality of water supplied by the companies, and in the establishment of a Board of Health, which will, in all probability, eventually carry out most of the objects I have been so long urging. Amongst the other proposals which I have advanced is my railway connecting the river and docks with all the railways that diverge from London, and apparently approved by the Railway Termini Commissioners, as the line they intimate coincides with that submitted by me, and published in their report—the principle of rail adopted by the Great Western line—the lighthouse for the sands appropriated by Mr. Walker in his Maplin Sand lighthouse—the flat anchor and wire cable—mode of ventilating coal-mines—floating harbor and pier—iron ship, and various other inventions of comparatively minor importance, but all conducing to the great ends of improving the health of the country, increasing the produce of the land, and furnishing employment for the people in remunerative works.”

Into the grounds of Mr. Martin's long quarrel with the Royal Academy it is not our purpose now to enter. More than once we have quoted the exclusion of the painter of 'Belshazzar's Feast' as one of those facts which impeach the present constitution of that body. We may state, however, that the quarrel between the One and the Forty—as in the case of Haydon—was of ancient

date; and that the permanent exclusion of Martin from the Academy was the result of his independence rather than of their blindness or jealousy. When the world was at the popular painter's feet, the Forty would have been glad enough to admit an illustration into their number. Martin, from the heights of popular favor, chose to look down on the honors to be gained in Somerset House or Trafalgar Square. He withdrew his name from the books, and the Academicians, however willing to elect him, had lost the power.

The painter was seized with the illness which has terminated his career on the 12th of November. While engaged in painting—being apparently in the enjoyment of good health—he was suddenly attacked with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of speech and of his right hand. His family was assured that recovery from the attack was improbable, but hope was held out that he would not soon be taken away. About a fortnight after the seizure he ceased to take food, except in the very smallest quantities,—giving to his attendants the impression that in so doing he was acting on some principle which he had accepted in his own mind, though he had no longer the power

to explain the why and wherefore. Nothing would induce him to change this system of rigid abstinence,—and the consequence was, that nature received an inefficient sustenance from without, and he gradually sank in strength and spirits until the 17th inst., when he ceased to breathe about six in the evening. Up to within an hour of his death he was conscious, and he appeared to suffer no pain.

The mind of the artist kept its tone and his hand its power to the last. He was working on pictures illustrative of the Last Judgment within a few weeks of his death—the 'Judgment,' the 'Day of Wrath,' and the 'Plains of Heaven.' On these large works he had been employed for the last four years—on them he may be said to have spent the last efforts of his genius. He was painting on the 'Plains of Heaven' within an hour of starting for the little island where he breathed his last. Of course these works are left unfinished.

Within a fortnight of his death, he sat to his son, Mr. Charles Martin, for a sketch of his head; and he then pointed out, in his son's sketch, the artistic faults with a perfect understanding of their nature. Mr. Martin has left several children—all of them grown up.

A CUNNING TRICK.—Dr. Walcot, the celebrated Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his contemporaries of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him by letter a life annuity of £200. The Doctor, learning that the publisher was very anxious to purchase, demanded £300. In reply, the latter appointed a day on which he would call on the Doctor, and talk the matter over.

On the day assigned, the cunning Doctor received him in entire deshabille, even to the night-cap; and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for

some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this, the crafty author assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff's officer, and make a rich man's heir crazy with joy. The publisher, however, refused giving more than £200, till suddenly the Doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of £250. This the Doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized almost instantly with another even more frightful and longer-protracted attack, that nearly suffocated him—when the publisher, thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer, and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards!



From Hogg's Instructor.

## LA BRUYERE.

FRENCH literature is rich in satire; it is a weapon which comparatively few of its writers have not handled, and the only one which many of its greatest have employed. It would, perhaps, be invidious to search out the cause too closely; whether it be that there is a national propensity to aim at a mark, and a national dexterity in hitting it, or whether, rather, there are inherit qualities in the people themselves which peculiarly tempt to this mode of flagellation.

We are very far from meaning to imply, by the last remark, that the distinguished French satirists are merely the satirists of their own nation. If it were so, they would hold a far inferior place than they in fact occupy—a place which Montaigne, Rochefoucault, and La Bruyère have attained, not by their acute discernment and skilful exposure of the follies and vices of French society, but by the profounder insight which penetrates into and dissects the heart of human nature in the abstract; which is moved everywhere by the same springs and motives of action. Nevertheless, though we grant that these authors spoke truth of mankind in general, and not what was mainly applicable to Frenchmen, yet we find in their writings a certain tone and style which will not let us forget that their observatory was fixed at Paris or Versailles, and that civilized society at large was viewed to a certain extent through a strong national medium.

The object of La Bruyère, the celebrated author of the "Characters," was professedly to hold up to condemnation and ridicule the manners and morals of his countrymen and women during the reign of Louis XIV.; so that in his case the reader would have no right to complain, should he find himself called upon to view mankind under a peculiar rather than a universal aspect. But he need not fear; La Bruyère, acute philosopher and thoughtful moralist that he was, was not likely to stop short in his observations on the threshold of a palace, or even at the gates of a city; but, looking beyond and deeper, described man as he is to be found at all times,

in all places, while he only undertook to delineate his compatriots.

A few words suffice for his history; for perhaps the life of no other literary man is so completely barren of incident and interest as that of La Bruyère. The instinctive desire that we all feel to know something of the man whose works profit or please us, is at fault here. His biographers have exhausted their materials in the following statements:

"Jean de la Bruyère was born at Dourdon, (in Normandy,) in 1639; some say 1644. He held the office of Treasurer of France, at Caen, until he was summoned to Paris as teacher of history to the Duc de Bourbon, under the direction of Bossuet. At Paris he remained until the end of his life, attached to the Prince in the quality of *homme de lettres*, with a thousand crowns' pension. He published his 'Characters' in 1687; was received into the French Academy in 1693; and died three years afterwards."

If the meagreness of these facts disappoints his admirers, it leaves them open to draw a flattering inference as regards his character. "He lived in the house of a prince," as a French writer remarks. "He excited against himself a crowd of vicious and ridiculous men, whom he portrayed in his book, or who believed that they were portrayed therein; he had all the enemies which satire provokes and success creates." And, undoubtedly, the fact that there is nothing on record against his conduct and character, when the malignity which he had aroused would have been so eager to have preserved and exaggerated every error and inconsistency, goes almost to prove that both must have been unimpeachable.

"They have described him to me," says the Abbé d'Olivet, "as a philosopher who only cared to live tranquilly with his friends and books, making an excellent choice of both; neither shunning nor seeking pleasure; always disposed for temperate enjoyment, and ingenious in promoting it; polished in his manners, and wise in his conversation; fearing every kind of ambition, even that of showing

his wit and talents." The last pleasing trait, however, is directly contradicted by Boileau, who, writing of La Bruyère to Racine, says, "He would want nothing, if nature had made him as agreeable as he desires to be." It is, of course, impossible for us to decide whose testimony is to be rejected, but I think we should take into account that there is a possibility of class jealousy in the one case, and that Boileau would scarcely be able to let the opportunity of saying a smart thing escape him.

The publication of the "Characters" made what we now hear called "an intense sensation in the literary and reading world" of Paris and Versailles. The book consists of different subjects, divided into chapters, and discussed in paragraphs having no relation one to the other. It is absurd to say that the author wrote thus, in order that he might avoid the difficulties of transition. To write his book in fragments, and as detached thoughts, suited his plan; and, moreover, in avoiding monotony, which is the stumbling-stone of works of this class, he overcame a far greater difficulty. Sometimes he expresses himself with epigrammatic brevity; but for the most part the work is made up, as the title implies, of the delineations of such characters as then moved around him, and still move around us, and which he satirizes at his ease under some antique or fantastic name. The acuteness, nicety of discernment, and occasional depth of observation which these sketches display, added to the wit that flavors them, and the exquisite style in which they are written, raise La Bruyère to the highest place among satirical moralists. In short, his portraits are elaborated to perfection; every stroke tells; and the delicacy of each successive stroke is inimitable, while, at the same time, he is consummate master of all the arts of composition. "There is not," says M. Suard, "perhaps a single beauty of style peculiar to our idiom, examples and models of which may not be found in this writer." Foreigners inevitably miss some of those subtle excellences on which the above-mentioned critic expatiates with prolonged enthusiasm. And it is precisely these merits in La Bruyère which render him one of the most difficult authors to translate; and that to such an extent, that, in spite of the world-wide celebrity of his name, comparatively few translations have ever been attempted. In the extracts we are about to make, we shall content ourselves with rendering, in intelligible English, our author's meaning, without any vain attempt to do justice to his

style. Before we proceed, take these two portraits as a specimen of the skill of La Bruyère:

"*Giton's* complexion is fresh; he has a full face, hanging cheeks, a fixed and confident eye, square shoulders, high stomach, and a firm and deliberate gait; he talks with decision; he makes those who converse with him repeat what they say; and all that they do say he finds but indifferently good; he displays an ample pocket-handkerchief, and blows his nose like a trumpet; he spits far, and sneezes loud; he sleeps during the day as well as during the night, and that profoundly; he snores in company; he takes up more room at table and on the promenade than any one else; he takes the middle place when he walks with his equals; he stops, and they stop—goes on, and they go on; all take their cue from him; he interrupts; he puts those right who are speaking; they interrupt not, but listen as long as he thinks proper to speak; they are of his opinion, and believe the news he tells. If he sit down, you see him bury himself in an easy-chair, cross one leg over the other, knit his brow, pull down his hat, that he may see no one, or push it back, and display the pride and effrontery of his expression. He is jocular; a great laugh; impatient, presumptuous, and cholerick; he is both libertine and politician, and mysterious about affairs of state; he believes he has talents and is a wit. He is rich."

M. Suard, in his critical notice of La Bruyère, speaking of this passage, remarks, that the words, "*he is rich*," thrown in at the end of the portrait, strike the reader like a flash of lightning, which, reflected back upon the preceding details, give them new brilliancy, and produce an extraordinary effect." But what sagacious reader has not anticipated his author, and recognized the original of the portrait ere the last touch is given?

The converse sketch, which is, perhaps, superior, and hath a deep touch of pathos in it, we feel it our duty to add:

"*Phedon* has hollow eyes, his complexion is flushed, his frame sapless, and his face lean; he sleeps little, and his sleep is very light; he is abstracted, dreamy, and, though a man of talent, has the air of a fool; he forgets to say what he knows, and to speak of events with which he is acquainted; or, if he sometimes does it, he acquits himself but ill; he believes he bores those to whom he speaks, and tells his story briefly and coldly; he does not succeed in gaining attention; he never raises a laugh; he applauds, he smiles

at what others tell him, he is of their opinion; he runs, he flies to render them the smallest services; he is polite, obsequious, zealous; he is mysterious about his own affairs, sometimes, indeed, he lies; he is superstitious, scrupulous, timid; he walks with a soft and light step, he seems to be afraid of treading the earth under foot; he walks with down-cast eyes, and he dares not raise them upon the passers-by; he is never of the number of those who form a social circle to converse; he stands behind the one who is speaking, receives furtively what he says, and retires, if any one looks at him. He occupies no place, he takes up no room; he goes about with shoulders compressed, and his hat over his eyes, that he may not be seen; he wraps himself in his cloak, and shrinks within the folds; there are no streets and galleries so encumbered and crowded with people, that he cannot find means of passing without effort, and of slipping away without being perceived; if he is asked to sit down, he barely touches the edge of his chair; he speaks low in conversation, and articulates badly. A free-thinker as to public affairs, discontented with his age, indifferently satisfied with the ministers and the ministry, yet he never opens his lips but to reply; he coughs, he blows his nose behind his hat; he spits almost upon himself, and he waits to be alone before he sneezes, or, if that happen to him, the company never know it; he costs none amongst them either greeting or compliment. He is poor."

When such was the minuteness and dexterity of his portraits, and when not a fashionable vice nor reigning folly was suffered to escape, but was held up to reprobation in this mode of delineation, there is nothing surprising in the outcry raised against the author. Servile courtiers, consequential coxcombs and fools, faithless priests, pretentious "parvenus," and every woman who recognized her own individuality in the page of La Bruyère, exclaimed long and loudly against the personalities of the "Characters." They went so far as to demand a list of the names of the persons satirized; and, on the author's indignant denial of the charge brought against him, such lists were absolutely made out by the complainants themselves!

There is no doubt that, in sketching his portraits, La Bruyère had frequently in view the personages of his time; but, though this was inevitable, far from drawing from life, as the sun paints likenesses, and as his enemies asserted, he made only such use of

his experience as does the skilful painter who, in presenting the personification of passion or sentiment on his canvas, falls unconsciously back upon some individual expression of it which is stamped upon his memory.

Passing over the portraits, the delicacy and wit of which can be but ill conveyed by translation, we shall present to our readers some of the detached thoughts and observations which are, perhaps, of more general interest, and rich in subtle wisdom.

Human nature cannot reject the following profound but melancholy satire as a calumny:

"A great man said of Timagène, your friend, that he is a fool; and he is wrong. I do not require you to reply that he is a man of talent: it is enough if you dare to think that he is not a fool."

Is this also not as true as it is severe?—

"It was agreed, said Ariste, that I should read my works to Zoïle. I have done so. They delighted him at first, and before he had had leisure to find out their faults, he praised them modestly in my presence. He has not praised them since to any one; I excuse him, and I require nothing more from an author; I pity him even for having listened to fine things which he had not written."

Again, for La Bruyère has much to say about the jealousy of authors:

"I read by chance my work to Théocrène. He listened. When it was read, he spoke to me of his own. But yours, you ask me, what thought he of yours? I have already told you, he spoke to me of his own."

"Fools read a book, and do not understand it; ordinary minds believe they understand it perfectly; superior minds sometimes do not understand it altogether; they find that obscure which is obscure, as they find that clear which is clear. Wits desire to find that obscure which is not, and will not understand what is perfectly intelligible."

In his chapter on "Women," La Bruyère has many observations which both sexes will agree are profound; others, no doubt, on the truth of which they would divide. We begin with a sentiment:

"There is no sight so beautiful as a beautiful face; and the sweetest of all harmony is the voice of her whom we love."

"An insensible woman is one who has not yet seen him whom she will love."

"From a young woman a thousand little things escape, which persuade much, and flatter sensibly, him on whom they are be-

stowed ; nothing scarcely escapes from men ; their caresses are voluntary ; they speak, act, are importunate, but persuade less."

"A woman so far forgets the man she no longer loves, as not even to remember the favors that he has received from her."

In his section on "Man" we find the following :

"To say of an angry, quarrelsome, ill-tempered, capricious, or punctilious man, It is his natural disposition, is not to excuse him, as people fancy, but to avow, unconsciously, that these great defects are irremediable."

"There is nothing that men are so anxious to preserve, and that they take less care of, than their own life."

"There is nothing that so refreshes the blood as the consciousness that we have just escaped committing a folly."

"There are but three events for man : to be born, to live, and to die : he feels not when he is born, he suffers when he dies, and he forgets to live."

A few more aphorisms, gathered at random, and we will dismiss our author :

"To speak and to offend is one and the same thing with some people."

"The same cause which makes a man of merit neglected, procures admiration for a fool."

"The same thing which in the mouth of a wit is a naïveté or a bon-mot, would often be a folly in the mouth of a fool."

We are about to close our paper, but we should scarcely do justice to La Bruyère, if we omitted all notice of his strictures on "the Pulpit ;" strictures which, with very slight modifications, are as applicable, unfortunately, now, and to us, as they were then, and to the Parisians. Altogether, La Bruyère seems to have been of a serious turn of

mind, speaking with due respect of religion, and anxiously discriminating between his condemnation of false and his reverence for true devotion. Often we are called upon to admire, not merely the discrimination and wisdom of the philosopher, but the enlightened and elevated views of the moralist.

"The preaching of the gospel," says La Bruyère, "is become a spectacle. That evangelical contrition which is the soul of it is no longer to be remarked. It is supplied by the advantages of mind, by the inflection of the voice, by the regularity of gesture, choice of words, and skill in enumeration. The sacred Word is no longer seriously listened to ; it is become one amusement among a thousand others : it is a game where there are emulation and grades of success. They who listen establish themselves judges of him who preaches, to condemn or to applaud, and are no more converted by the discourse they approve, than by that which they disapprove. The orator pleases some, displeases others, and is of the same mind with all on one point—that, as he never sought to make them better, they also never think of becoming so. An apprentice is docile, he hearkens to his master, profits from his lessons, and becomes himself master. Indocile man criticises the discourse of the preacher as if it were a book of philosophy, and he becomes neither Christian nor reasonable. Until there reappear a man who, with a style learned from the holy Scriptures, shall explain to the people the divine Word familiarly and with singleness of heart, the orators and declaimers will be followed."

Inasmuch as we are happy in having such men amongst us, is our condemnation the greater if we listen to them in the spirit so justly reprobated by La Bruyère, and to a great extent still so prevalent amongst us.

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DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS HOUSE.—One evening Clerk had been dipping rather too deeply into the convivial bowl, with a friend in Queen street. Upon emerging into the open air, his intellects became in a considerable degree confused ; and not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of minuteness or certainty, he thought himself in a fair way of losing the road to his own

house in Picardy Place. In this perplexity he espied some one coming towards him, whom he stopped with this query :

"D'ye ken whaur John Clerk bides ?"

"What's the use o' you speerin' that question?" said the man ; "you're John Clerk himsel'."

"I ken that," answered John ; "but it's no himsel' that's wanted, it's his house."



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE EPIDEMICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.\*

THIS extremely interesting work of Dr. Hecker's consists of three several treatises, or historical sketches, published at different times, and here collected in a single volume. They are translated and published under the direction of the Sydenham Society—a Society which has been the means of introducing to the medical profession, and to the English reader, some of the most eminent works of German physicians and physiologists. It is seldom, indeed, that their publications are of the popular and amusing description of the one we have selected for notice; but, speaking of them as a series, they are of that high philosophic character which must render them acceptable to every man of liberal education. How far they are accessible to the public at large we have not the means of knowing, nor whether the purchase of any single volume is a practicable matter to a non-subscriber; but, at all events, means, we think, ought to be taken to place the whole series on the shelves of every public library.

The great plague of the fourteenth century, called in Germany *The Black Death*, from the dark spots of fatal omen which appeared on the bodies of its victims; the *Dancing Mania*, which afterwards broke out both in Germany and Italy; and the *Sweating Sickness*, which had its origin in England, but extended itself also widely upon the Continent—these form the three subjects of Dr. Hecker's book. The dancing mania, known in Germany as St. John's or St. Vitus's Dance, and in Italy as the poison of the Tarantula or Tarantism, will be most likely to present us with novel and curious facts, and we shall be tempted to linger longest upon this topic. Readers of all kinds, whether of Thucydides, or Boccaccio, or Defoe, are familiar with the phenomena and events which characterize a plague, and which bear a great resemblance to each other in all periods of history. We shall, therefore, refrain from dwelling at any length

upon the well-known terrors of the Great Mortality or the Black Death.

Yet the subject is one of undying interest. The Great Plague is, in this respect, like the Great Revolution of France; you may read fifty histories of it, and pronounce it to be a topic thoroughly worn out and exhausted; and yet, when the fifty-first history is put into your hands, the chance is that you will be led on, and will read to the very last page with almost undiminished interest. The charm is alike in both cases. It is that our humanity is seen in its moments of great, if not glorious excitement—of *plenary inspiration* of some kind, though it be of an evil spirit—seen in moments when all its passions, good and bad, and the bad chiefly, stand out revealed in full unfettered strength. And the history, in both cases, is of perpetual value and significance to us. Plagues, as our own generation can testify, are no more eradicated or banished from the cities of mankind than political revolutions. They read us a lesson which, terrible as it is, we are still slow in learning.

We are often haunted with the dread of over-population. This fear may perhaps be encountered by another of quite opposite description, when we read that in the fourteenth century one quarter at least of the population of the Old World was swept away in the short space of four years! Such is the calculation which Dr. Hecker makes, on the best sources of information within his reach. If such devastating plagues arise, as our author thinks, from great physical causes over which man has no control, from an atmospheric poison not traceable to his ignorance or vice, and which no advancement in science can prevent or expel, there is indeed room for an undefined dread of periodical depopulations, putting to the rout all human calculations and all human forethought. But on this point we have our doubts.

"An inquiry into the causes of the Black Death," says our author, "will not be without important results in the study of the plagues which have visited the world, although it cannot advance beyond generaliza-

\* *The Epidemics of the Middle Ages.* From the German of J. F. C. HECKER, M.D. Translated by B. G. BABINGTON, M.D., F.R.S.

tion without entering upon a field hitherto uncultivated, and, to this hour, entirely unknown. Mighty revolutions in the organism of the earth, of which we have credible information, had preceded it. From China to the Atlantic, the foundations of the earth were shaken; throughout Asia and Europe the atmosphere was in commotion, and endangered, by its baneful influence, both vegetable and animal life." When, however, Dr. Hecker proceeds to specify the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and other terrific events which shook the foundations of the earth from China to the Atlantic, we do not find that the enumeration at all bears out this general description. A large proportion of such disastrous phenomena as he has been able to collect relate to China; and although the plague should be proved to have travelled from the East, it is not traced, as an identical disease, so far eastward as to China, and therefore is but vaguely connected with the great droughts and violent rains which afflicted that region of the earth. Nearer at home, in Europe, we have mention made of "frequent thunder-storms," and an eruption of *Ætna*; but thunder-storms and a volcanic eruption have not, on other occasions, given rise to a plague; not to add, that if the atmosphere of Europe was tainted from causes of this kind, springing from its own soil and its own climate, it would be quite superfluous to trace the disease to the East at all. We should merely say that a similar disease broke out in different countries at the same time, demonstrating some quite cosmical or universal cause. The most important fact which is mentioned here, as proving some wide atmospheric derangement, is the "thick stinking mist seen to advance from the East and spread itself over Italy." But Dr. Hecker himself adds, that at such a time natural occurrences would be transformed or exaggerated into miracles; and we are quite sure that any really extraordinary event, occurring simultaneously with the plague, would, without further inquiry, be described as the cause of it. An unusual mist, just as a comet or any unusual meteor, appearing at the time, would be charged with the calamity.

On so obscure a subject we have no desire to advance any dogmatic opinion. There are facts connected with this and other great epidemics which, to men of cautious research, have seemed to point to some wide-spreading poison, some subtle, deleterious matter diffused through the air, or some abnormal condition of the atmosphere itself. Such there may be, acting either as immediate or pre-

disposing cause of the disease. But to our apprehension, all plagues and pestilences have been bred from two well-known and sufficient causes—famine and filth. Scanty and unwholesome diet first disorders and debilitates the frame; fevers ensue; the foul atmosphere of crowded, unventilated dwellings becomes impregnated by breathings that have passed through putrid lungs; and thus the disease, especially in a hot climate, attains to that malignity that the stricken wretch, move him where you will, becomes the centre of infection to all around him, and from his pestiferous dwelling there creeps a poison which invades even the most salubrious portion of the town; which, stealing through the garden gate and over the flower-beds, enters even into the very palace itself. Doubtless other causes may coöperate, as unusual rains and fogs: the fact that a murrain amongst cattle sometimes accompanies or precedes a plague, indicates local causes of this description; but the true source of the disease lies in the city man has built, in his improvidence or injustice, his ignorance or his sloth.

It is thus that Dr. Hecker speaks of the manner in which the disease may be propagated, so far as the agency of man is concerned: we do not seem to want any quite cosmical influence:

Thus much from authentic sources of the nature of the Black Death. The descriptions which have been communicated contain, with a few unimportant exceptions, all the symptoms of the Oriental plague which have been observed in modern times. No doubt can obtain on this point. The facts are placed clearly before our eyes. We must, however, bear in mind that this violent disease does not always appear in the same form; and that, while the essence of the poison which it produces, and which is separated so abundantly from the body of the patient, remains unchanged, it is proteoform in its varieties, from the almost imperceptible vesicle, unaccompanied by fever, which exists for some time before it extends its poison inwardly, and then excites fevers and buboes, to the fatal form in which carbuncular inflammations fall upon the most important viscera.

Such was the form which the plague assumed in the fourteenth century; for the accompanying chest affection, which appeared in all the countries whereof we have received any account, cannot, on a comparison with similar and familiar symptoms, be considered as any other than the inflammation in the lungs of modern medicine, a disease which at present only appears sporadically, and, owing to a putrid decomposition of the fluids, is probably combined with hemorrhages from the vessels of the lungs. Now, as every carbuncle, whether it be cutaneous or internal, generates in abundance the matter of contagion which has given rise to it, so therefore must the breaths of the affected

have been poisonous in this plague, and on this account its power of contagion wonderfully increased; wherefore the opinion appears incontrovertible, that, owing to the accumulated numbers of the diseased, not only individual chambers and houses, but whole cities, were infected; which, moreover, in the middle ages, were, with few exceptions, *narrowly built, kept in a filthy state, and surrounded with stagnant ditches.* Flight was in consequence of no avail to the timid; for some, though they had sedulously avoided all communication with the diseased and the suspected, yet their clothes were saturated with the pestiferous atmosphere, and every inspiration imparted to them the seeds of the destructive malady which, in the greater number of cases, germinated with but too much fertility. Add to which the usual propagation of the plague through clothes, beds, and a thousand other things to which the pestilential poison adheres,—a propagation which, from want of caution, must have been infinitely multiplied; and since articles of this kind, removed from the access of air, not only retain the matter of contagion for an indefinite period, but also increase its activity, and engender it like a living being, frightful ill consequences followed for many years after the first fury of the pestilence was passed.

It may be worth noticing that Dr. Hecker, or his translator, uses the terms contagion and infection indiscriminately; nor is the question entered into whether the disease is capable of being propagated by mere contact, without inhaling the morbid matter, or becoming inoculated with it through some puncture in the skin. Dr. Hecker nowhere gives countenance to such a supposition. The poison would hardly penetrate by mere touch through a sound and healthy skin. Such a belief, however, was likely enough to prevail at a time when we are told that "even the eyes of the patient were considered as sources of contagion, which had the power of acting at a distance, whether on account of their unwonted lustre or the distortion which they always suffer in plague, or whether in conformity with an ancient notion, according to which the sight was considered as the bearer of a demoniacal enchantment."

Avignon is here mentioned as the first city in which the plague broke out in Europe. We have a report of it from a contemporary physician, Guy de Chauliac, a courageous man, it seems, who "vindicated the honor of medicine by bidding defiance to danger, boldly and constantly assisting the affected, and disdaining the excuse of his colleagues, who held the Arabian notion, that medical aid was unavailing, and that the contagion justified flight." The plague appeared twice in Avignon, first in the year 1348, and twelve years later, in 1360, "when it returned from Germany." On the first occasion it raged chief-

ly amongst the poor; on the second, more amongst the higher classes, destroying a great many children, whom it had formerly spared, and but few women. We presume that on the second occasion the plague was reintroduced at once amongst the merchant class of the city, and this would account for fewer women falling victims to it, because men of this class could take precautions for the safety of their wives and daughters. But why a greater number of children should have died when the women were comparatively spared, is what we will make no attempt to explain.

How fatal it proved at Florence, Boccaccio has recorded. It is from him we learn with certainty that other animals besides man were capable of being infected by the disease—a fact of no little interest in the history of the plague. He mentions that he himself saw two hogs, on the rags of a person who had died of plague, after staggering about for a short time, fall down dead as if they had taken poison. A multitude of dogs, cats, fowls, and other domesticated animals, were, he tells us, fellow-sufferers with man.

In Germany the mortality was not so great as in Italy, but the disease assumed the same character. In France, it is said, many were struck as if by lightning, and died on the spot—and this more frequently among the young and strong than the old. Throughout England the disease spread with great rapidity, men dying in some cases immediately, in others within twelve hours, or at latest in two days. Here, as elsewhere, the inflammatory boils and buboes were recognized at once as prognosticating a fatal issue. It first broke out in the county of Dorset. Few places seem to have escaped; and the mortality was so great that contemporary annalists have reported (with what degree of accuracy we cannot say) that throughout the whole land not more than a tenth part of the inhabitants had survived.

The north of Europe did not escape, nor did all the snows of Russia protect her from this invasion. In Norway the disease broke out in a frightful manner. Nor was the sea a refuge; sailors found no safety in their ships; vessels were seen driving about on the ocean and drifting on the shore, whose crews had perished to the last man.

It is a terrible history, this of a plague. Nevertheless, if we were capable of surveying such events from an elevated position, where past and future were revealed to our view, and the whole scheme of creation unfolded to our knowledge, we should doubt-

less discover that even plagues and pestilences play their parts for the welfare and advancement of the human race. Nor are we without some glimpses of their utility. Viewing the matter, in the first place, in a quite physiological light, let us suppose that disease has been generated in a great city; that debilitated parents give birth to feeble offspring; that the fever, or whatever it may be, is wasting the strength of whole classes of the population; is it not better that such disease should attain a power and virulence that will enable it to sweep off at once a whole infected generation, men, women, and children, leaving the population to be replaced by the healthier who would survive? would not this be better than to allow the disease to perpetuate itself indefinitely, and thus to continue to multiply from an infected stock? The poison passes on, and searches out other neighborhoods where the like terrible remedy is needed. Ay, but it passes, you say, into cities and districts where no such curative process, no such restoration of the breed, was called for. But it is always thus with the great laws of nature, or of Providence. Thus far, and no farther! is said to the pestilence as well as to the ocean; but the line along the beach is not kept or measured with that petty precision which a land-surveyor would assuredly have suggested. Man's greatness arises in part from this struggle with an external nature, which threatens from time to time to overwhelm him. There is, according to this measurement of things, a dreadful surplus of power and activity, both in the organic and the inorganic world. Nowhere are the forces of nature exactly graduated to suit his taste or convenience. Happily not. Man would sink into the tameness and insipidity of an Arcadian shepherd, or the sheep he feeds and fondles, if every wind that blew were exactly tempered to his own susceptibility.

But the moral effects of plague and pestilence—what good thing can be said of them? A general dissoluteness, an unblushing villany, for the most part prevails: a few instances of heroic virtue brighten out above the corrupted mass. Well, is it nothing, then, that from time to time our nature should be fully revealed to us in its utmost strength for good or for evil? A very hideous revelation it may sometimes be, but not the less salutary on this account. The mask of hypocrisy is torn off a whole city; in one moment is revealed to a whole people what its morality, what its piety is worth. Of the island of Cyprus we are told, that an earth-

quake shook its foundations, and was accompanied by so frightful a hurricane that the inhabitants, *who had slain their Mohammedan slaves* in order that they might not themselves be subjected by them, fled in dismay in all directions. Who had slain their Mohammedan slaves! Their Christianity had brought them thus far on the road of moral culture! At Lübeck, the Venice of the North, the wealthy merchants were not, in this extremity, unmindful of the safety of their souls; they spent their last strength in carrying their treasures to monasteries and churches. Useless for all other purposes, their gold would now purchase heaven. To such intelligent views of Christianity had they attained! But the treasure had no longer any charm for the monks; it might be infected; and even with them the thirst for gold was in abeyance. They shut their gates upon it; yet still it was cast to them over the convent walls. "People would not brook an impediment to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair."

Did all desert their post, or belie their profession? No; far from it. Amongst other instances, take that of the Sisters of Charity at the *Hotel Dieu*. "Though they lost their lives evidently from contagion, and their numbers were several times renewed, there was still no want of fresh candidates, who, strangers to the unchristian fear of death, piously devoted themselves to their holy calling."

But how cruel had their fears made the base multitude of Christendom! They rose against the Jews. They sought an enemy. The wells were poisoned; the Jews had poisoned them. Sordid natures invariably strive to lose the sense of their own calamity in a vindictive passion against some supposed author of it. For this reason it is, that, whatever the nature of the public distress may be, they always fasten it upon some human antagonist, whom they can have the luxury of hating and reviling. If they cannot cure, they can at least revenge themselves.

The noble and the mean fearlessly bound themselves by an oath to extirpate the Jews by fire and sword, and to snatch them from their protectors, of whom the number was so small, that throughout all Germany but few places can be mentioned where these unfortunate people were not regarded as outlaws, and martyred and burnt. Solemn summonses were issued from Berne to the towns of Basle, Freyburg, and Strasburg, to pursue the Jews as prisoners. The burgomasters and senators, indeed, opposed this requisition; but in Basle the population obliged them to bind themselves by an oath to burn the Jews, and to forbid



persons of that community from entering their city for the space of two hundred years. Upon this all the Jews in Basle, whose number could not be inconsiderable, *were enclosed in a wooden building, constructed for the purpose, and burnt together with it*, upon the mere outcry of the people, without sentence or trial, which indeed would have availed them nothing. *Soon after, the same thing took place at Freyburg.* A regular diet was held at Bennefeld, in Alsace, where the bishops, lords, and barons, as also deputies of the counties and towns, consulted how they should proceed with regard to the Jews: and when the deputies of Strasburg—not, indeed, the bishop of this town, who proved himself a violent fanatic—spoke in favor of the persecuted, as nothing criminal was substantiated against them, a great outcry was raised, and it was vehemently asked why, if so, they had covered their wells and removed their buckets? [The wells were not used, in the mere suspicion that they were poisoned, and then the covering of them up became a proof with these reasoners that they *had* been poisoned.] A sanguinary decree was resolved upon, of which the populace, who obeyed here the call of the nobles and superior clergy, became but the too willing executioners. Wherever the Jews were not burnt they were at least banished; and so being compelled to wander about, they fell into the hands of the country-people, who without humanity, and regardless of all laws, persecuted them with fire and sword. At Spire, the Jews, driven to despair, assembled in their own habitations, which they set on fire, and thus consumed themselves with their families.

The atrocities, in short, that were committed against this unhappy people were innumerable. At Strasburg two thousand men were burned in their own burial-ground. At Mayence, twelve thousand are said to have been put to a cruel death. At Eslingen the whole Jewish community burned themselves in their own synagogue. Those whom the Christians saved they insisted upon baptizing! And, as fanaticism begets fanaticism, Jewish mothers were seen throwing their children on the pile, *to prevent their being baptized*, and then precipitating themselves into the flames. From many of the accused the rack extorted a confession of guilt; and as some Christians also were sentenced to death for poisoning the wells, Dr. Hecker suggests that it is not improbable the very belief in the prevalence of the crime had induced some men of morbid imagination really to commit it. When a faith in witchcraft, he observes, was prevalent, many an old woman was tempted to mutter spells against her neighbor. The false accusation had ended in producing, if not the crime itself, yet the criminal intention.

When we remember what took place in England under the reign of one Titus Oates,

we shall not conclude that these terrible hallucinations of the public mind are proofs of any very peculiar condition of barbarism. Then, as at the later epoch to which we have alluded, a very marvellous plot was devised and thoroughly credited. All the Jews throughout Christendom were under the control and government of certain superiors at Toledo—a secret and mysterious council of Rabbis—from whom they received their commands. These prepared the poison with their own hands, from spiders, owls, and other venomous animals, and distributed it in little bags, with injunctions where it was to be thrown. Dr. Hecker gives us, in an appendix, an official account of the “Confessions made on the 15th September, in the year of our Lord 1348, in the castle of Chillon, by the Jews arrested in Neustadt on the charge of poisoning the wells, springs, and other places, also food, &c., with the design of destroying and extirpating all Christians.” These confessions were, of course, produced by the rack, or by the threat of torture, and the manifest inutility of any defence or denial. Nor must it be forgotten, that the official report was drawn up *after* the whole of the Jews at Neustadt had been burnt on this very charge. Amongst these confessions is one of Balavignus, a Jewish physician, arrested at Chillon “in consequence of being found in the neighborhood.” He was put for a short time upon the rack, and, after being taken down, “confessed, after much hesitation, that, about ten weeks before, the Rabbi Jacob of Toledo sent him, by a Jewish boy, *some poison in the mummy of an egg*: it was a powder sewed up in a thin leathern pouch, accompanied by a letter, commanding him, on penalty of excommunication, and by his required obedience to the law, to throw the poison into the larger and more frequented wells of Thonon.” Similar letters had been sent to other Jews. All Jews, indeed, were under the necessity of obeying these injunctions. He, Balavignus, had done so; he had thrown the poison into several wells. It was a powder half red and half black. Red and black spots were produced by the plague; it was right that this poison should partake of these two colors.

Conveyed over the lake from Chillon to Clarens to point out the well into which he had thrown the powder, Balavignus, “on being conducted to the spot, and having seen the well, acknowledged that to be the place, saying, ‘This is the well into which I put the poison.’ The well was examined in his presence, and the linen cloth in which the poison had been wrapped was found. He acknow-

ledged this to be the linen which had contained the poison; he described it as being of two colors—red and black.” We follow in imagination this Jewish physician. Taken from the rack of his cell, he repeats whatever absurdity his unrelenting persecutors put into his mouth. Rabbi Jacob of Toledo—mummy of an egg—what you will. Conducted to the well—yes, this was the well; shown the very rag—yes, this was the rag;—and the powder? yes, it was red and black. What scorn and bitterness must have mingled with the agony of the Jewish physician!

Amidst all this we hear the scourge and miserable chant of the Flagellants, stirring up the people to fresh persecutions, and infecting their minds with a superstition as terrible as the vice it pretended to expiate. This was not, indeed, their first appearance in Europe; nor did the Flagellants do more, at the commencement, than exaggerate the sort of piety their own Church had taught them. Happily, as their fanaticism rose, they put themselves in opposition to the hierarchy, and were thus the sooner dispersed. In their spiritual exultation they presumed to reform or to dispense with the priesthood. They found themselves, therefore, in their turn, subjected to grave denunciations, and pronounced to be one cause of the wrath of Heaven.

All this time what were the physicians doing? In the history of the plague, written by a physician, the topic, we may be sure, is not forgotten. But the information we glean is of a very scanty, unsatisfactory character. As to the origin of the plague—“A grand conjunction of the three superior planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of Aquarius, which took place, according to Guy de Chauliac, on the 24th March, 1345, was generally received as its principal cause. In fixing the day, this physician, who was deeply versed in astrology, did not agree with others; wherefore there arose various disputations of weight in that age, but of none in ours.” The medical faculty of Paris pronounced the same opinion. Being commissioned to report on the causes and the remedies of this Great Mortality, they commence thus: “It is known that in India, and the vicinity of the Great Sea, the constellations which emulated the rays of the sun and the warmth of the heavenly fire, exerted their power, especially against that sea, and struggled violently with its waters.” Hence vapors and corrupted fogs; hence no wholesome rain, or hail, or snow, or dew, could refresh the earth. But notwithstanding this learning, quite peculiar to

the age, they were not more at fault than other learned bodies have been in later times, in the practical remedies they suggested against the disease. They were not entirely occupied in fixing the day when Jupiter, Mars and Saturn had combated the sun over the great Indian Ocean. “They did,” as Dr. Hecker says, “what human intellect could do in the actual condition of the healing art; and their knowledge of the disease was by no means despicable.” When fevers have attained to that malignancy that they take the name of plagues, they have escaped, we suspect, from the control of the physician; just as, when fires take the name of conflagrations, you must devote all your efforts to the saving of what is yet unconsumed, and checking the extension of the flames.

Amongst the consequences of the plague, Dr. Hecker notices that the church acquired treasures and large properties in land, even to a greater extent than after the Crusades; and that on the subsidence of the calamity, many entered the priesthood, or flocked to the monasteries, who had no other motive than to participate in this wealth. He adds, also, that—

After the cessation of the Black Plague, a greater fecundity in women was everywhere remarkable—a grand phenomenon, which, from its occurrence after every destructive pestilence, proves to conviction, if any occurrence can do so, the prevalence of a higher power in the direction of general organic life. Marriages were, almost without exception, prolific, and double and treble births were more frequent than at other times; under which head we should remember the strange remark, that after the “great mortality” the children were said to have got fewer teeth than before; at which contemporaries were mightily shocked, and even later writers have felt surprise.

If we examine the grounds of this oft-repeated assertion, we shall find that they were astonished to see children cut twenty, or at most twenty-two teeth, under the supposition that a greater number had formerly fallen to their share. Some writers of authority, as, for example, the physician Savonarola, at Ferrara, who probably looked for twenty-eight teeth in children, published their opinions on this subject. Others copied from them without seeing for themselves, as often happens in other matters which are equally evident; and thus the world believed in a miracle of an imperfection in the human body, which had been caused by the Black Plague.

That a fresh impetus would be given to population seems to us quite sufficiently accounted for, without calling into aid any “higher power in the direction of general organic life.” Men and women would marry early; and the very fact of their having sur-

vived the plague would, in general, prove that they were healthy subjects, or had been well and temperately brought up. There would be the same impetus to population that an extensive emigration would cause, and an emigration that had carried away most of the sick and the feeble. The belief that double and treble births were more frequent than at other times, may perhaps be explained in the same manner as the belief that there were fewer teeth than before in the human head. No accurate observations had been at all made upon the subject.

We come next in order to *The Dancing Mania*—an epidemic of a quite different character. Not, indeed, as the name might imply, that the convulsive dance was a very slight affliction—it was felt to be quite otherwise; but because it belongs to that class of nervous maladies in which there is great room for mental or psychological influence. Such disorders spring up in a certain condition of the body, but the form they assume will depend on social circumstances, or the ideas current at the time. And thus Dr. Hecker finds no difficulty in arranging the *Convulsionnaires* of France, or the early Methodists of England and Wales, in the same category as the maniacal dancers of Germany. It was in all the cases a physical tendency of a similar character, brought out under the influence of different ideas.

Dr. Hecker mentions a case which, from the simplicity of the facts, would form a good introduction to others of a more complicated character. In the year 1787, at a cotton manufactory at Hodden Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl, who had a great dread of mice. It threw her into a fit, and the fit continued, with the most violent convulsions, for twenty-four hours. On the following day three other girls were seized the same way; on the day after, six more. A report was now spread that a strange disease had been introduced into the factory by a bag of cotton opened in the house. Others who had not even seen the infected, but only heard of their convulsions, were seized with the same fits. In three days, the number of the sufferers had reached to twenty-four. The symptoms were, a sense of great anxiety, strangulation, and very strong convulsions, which lasted from one to twenty-four hours, and of so violent a nature that it required four or five persons to prevent the patients from tearing their hair, and dashing their heads against the floor and walls. Dr. St. Clare was sent for from Preston. Dr. St.

Clare deserves to have his name remembered. The ingenious man took with him a portable electrical machine. The electric shock cured all his patients without an exception. When this was known, and the belief could no longer hold its ground that the plague had been brought in by the cotton bag, no fresh person was affected.

If we substitute for the cotton bag a belief in some demoniacal influence, compelling people to dance against their will, we have the dancing mania of Germany. Unhappily there was no St. Clare at hand, with his electrical machine, to give a favorable shock to body and mind at once, and thus disperse the malady before it gathered an overpowering strength by the very numbers of the infected.

"The effects of the Black Death," writes Dr. Hecker, (whose account of the disorder we cannot do better than give, with some abridgments,) "had not yet subsided, when a strange delusion arose in Germany. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame, and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries, since which time it has never reappeared. It was called the Dance of St. John, or of St. Vitus, on account of the Bacchantic leaps by which it was characterized, and which gave to those affected, whilst performing their wild dance, and screaming and foaming with fury, all the appearance of persons possessed. It did not remain confined to particular localities, but was propagated by the sight of the sufferers, like a demoniacal epidemic, over the whole of Germany and the neighboring countries to the north-west, which were already prepared for its reception by the prevailing opinions of the times.

"So early as the year 1374, assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle: They formed circles hand in hand, and, appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in clothes bound tightly round their waists, upon which they again recovered, and remained free from complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings; but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner, by thumping or trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing, they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they shrieked out;

and some of them afterwards asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high. Others, during the paroxysm, saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary, according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations."

The disease spread itself in two directions. It extended from Aix-la-Chapelle through the towns of the Netherlands, and also through the Rhenish towns. In Liege, Utrecht, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists already girt with a cloth or bandage, that they might receive immediate relief in the attack of the tympany. It seems that the crowd around were often more ready to administer relief by kicks and blows than by drawing this bandage tight. The most opposite feelings seem to have been excited in the multitude by these exhibitions. Sometimes an idle and vicious mob would take advantage of them, and they became the occasion of much riot and debauchery. More frequently, however, the demoniacal origin of the disease, of which few men doubted, led to its being regarded with astonishment and horror. Religious processions were instituted on its account, masses and hymns were sung, and the whole power of the priesthood was called in to exorcise the evil spirit. The malady rose to its greatest height in some of the towns on the Rhine. At Cologne the number of the possessed amounted to more than five hundred, whilst at Metz the streets are said to have been filled (numbering women and children together) with eleven hundred dancers. Even those idle vagabonds who, for their own purposes, imitated their convulsive movements, assisted to spread the disorder; for in these maladies the susceptible are infected quite as easily by the imitation as by the reality.

The physicians stood aloof. Acknowledged as a demoniacal possession, they left the treatment of the disease entirely to the priesthood; and their exorcisms were not without avail. But it was necessary to this species of remedy that the patients should have faith in the Church and its holy ministers. Without faith there would certainly, in such a case, be no cure; and, unhappily, the report had been spread by some irreverent schismatics that the disorder itself was owing—to what will our readers suppose?—to an imperfect baptism; to the baptism of children by the hands of unchaste priests.

Where this notion prevailed, the exorcism, we need not say, was unavailing.

The malady first bore the name of St. John's Dance, afterwards that of St. Vitus's. This second name it took from the mere circumstance that St. Vitus was the saint appealed to for its cure. A legend had been framed with a curious disregard—even for a legend—of all history and chronology, in which St. Vitus, who suffered martyrdom, as the Church records, under the Emperor Domitian, is described as praying, just before he bent his neck to the sword, that he might protect from the Dancing Mania all those *who should solemnize the day of his commemoration*, and fast upon its eve. The prayer was granted; a voice from heaven was heard saying, "Vitus, thy prayer is accepted." He became, of course, the patron saint of those afflicted with the dancing plague. But the name under which it first appeared, of St. John's Dance, receives from Dr. Hecker an explanation which points out to us a probable origin of the disease itself, or of the peculiar form which it assumed.

"The connection," he says, "which John the Baptist had with the dancing mania of the fourteenth century, was of a totally different character. He was originally far from being a protecting saint to those who were attacked, or one who would be likely to give them relief from a malady considered as the work of the Devil. On the contrary, the manner in which he was worshipped afforded an important and very evident cause for its development. From the remotest period, perhaps even so far back as the fourth century, St. John's day was solemnized with all sorts of strange and rude customs, of which the original mystical meaning was variously disfigured among different nations by superadded relics of heathenism. Thus the Germans transferred to the festival of St. John's day an ancient heathen usage—the kindling of the 'hodfyr,' which was forbidden them by St. Boniface; and the belief subsists even to the present day, that people and animals that have leaped through these flames, or their smoke, are protected for a whole year from fevers and other diseases, as if by a kind of baptism by fire. Bacchanalian dances, which have originated from similar causes among all the rude nations of the earth, and the wild extravagances of a heated imagination, were the constant accompaniments of this half-heathen, half-christian festival.

In a note at a subsequent page, Dr. Hecker cites some curious passages to show what in the middle ages took place at "St. John's fires." Bones, horns, and other rubbish were heaped together to be consumed in smoke, while persons of all ages danced round the flames as if they had been possessed. Others seized burning flambeaus, and made a circuit



of the fields, in the supposition that they thereby screened them from danger; while others again turned a cart-wheel, to represent the retrograde movement of the sun. The last circumstance takes back the imagination to the old primitive worship of the sun; and perhaps the very fire of St. John might date their history from those kindled in honor of Baal or Moloch. Dr. Hecker suggests that mingling with these heathen traditions or customs a remembrance of the history of St. John's death—that dance which occasioned his decapitation—might also have had its share in determining the peculiar manner in which the saint's day should be observed. However that may be, as we find that the first dancers in Aix-la-Chapelle appeared with St. John's name in their mouths, the conjecture is very probable that the wild revels of St. John's day had given rise, if not to the disease, yet to the type or form in which it appeared.

At a subsequent period, indeed, when the disorder had assumed, if we may so speak, a more settled aspect, the name of St. John was no otherwise associated with it than the name of St. Vitus. People danced upon his festival to obtain a cure. And these periodical dances, while they relieved the patients, assisted also to perpetuate the malady. Throughout the whole of June, we are told, prior to the festival of St. John, many men felt a disquietude and recklessness which they were unable to overcome. They were dejected, timid, and anxious; wandered about in an unsettled state, being tormented with twitching pains, which seized them suddenly in different parts; they eagerly expected the eve of St. John's day, in the confident hope that, by dancing at the altars of this saint, they would be freed from all their sufferings. Nor were they disappointed. By dancing and raving for three hours to the utmost scope of their desires, they obtained peace for the rest of the year. For a long time, however, we hear of cases which assumed the most terrific form. Speaking of a period which embraced the close of the fifteenth century, Dr. Hecker says:

The St. Vitus's dance attacked people of all stations, *especially those who led a sedentary life*, such as shoemakers and tailors; but even the most robust peasants abandoned their labors in the fields, as if they were possessed by evil spirits; and thus those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately, from time to time, at certain appointed places, and, unless prevented by the lookers-on, continuing to dance without intermission, until their very last breath was expended. Their fury and extravagance of demeanor so completely

deprived them of their senses, that many of them dashed their brains out against the walls and corners of buildings, or rushed headlong into rapid rivers, where they found a watery grave. Roaring and foaming as they were, the bystanders could only succeed in restraining them by placing benches and chairs in their way, so that, by the high leaps they were tempted to take, their strength might be exhausted.

Music, however, was a still better resource. It excited, but it hastened forward the paroxysm, and doubtless reduced it to some measure and rhythm. The magistrates even hired musicians for the purpose of carrying the dancers the more rapidly through the attack, and directed that athletic men should be sent among them, in order to complete their exhaustion. A marvellous story is related on the authority of one Felix Platier: Several powerful men being commissioned to dance with a girl who had the dancing mania till she had recovered from her disorder, they successively relieved each other, and danced on for the space of four weeks! at the end of which time the patient fell down exhausted, was carried to an hospital, and there recovered. She had never once undressed, was entirely regardless of the pain of her lacerated feet, and had merely sat down occasionally to take some nourishment or to slumber, and even then "the hopping movement of her body continued."

Happily, however, this mania grew more rare every year, so that in the beginning of the seventeenth century we may be said to be losing sight of it in Germany. Nor shall we follow out its history further in that country, because the same disorder, under a different form, made its appearance in Italy, and we must by no means neglect to notice the dancing mania which was so universally attributed to the bite of the tarantula. Whatever part the festival of St. John the Baptist performed in Germany, as an exciter of the disease, that part was still more clearly performed in Italy by the popular belief in the venom of a spider.

We shall not go back with Dr. Hecker into the fears or superstitions of classical times as to the bites of certain spiders or lizards; we must keep more strictly to our text; we must start from the period when men's minds were still open to pain and alarm on account of the frequent return of the plague.

The bite of venomous spiders, or rather the unreasonable fear of its consequences, excited at such a juncture, though it could not have done so at an earlier period, a violent nervous disorder, which, like St. Vitus's dance in Germany, spread by sympathy, increasing in severity as it took a

wider range, and still further extending its ravages from its long continuance. Thus, from the middle of the fourteenth century, the furies of *The Dance* brandished their scourge over afflicted mortals; and music, for which the inhabitants of Italy now probably for the first time manifested susceptibility and talent, became capable of exciting ecstatic attacks in those affected, and thus furnished the magic means of exorcising their melancholy.

Does the learned doctor insinuate that the Italians owed their natural taste for music to this invasion of Tarantism?

At the close of the fifteenth century we find that Tarantism had spread beyond the boundaries of Apulia, and that the fear of being bitten by venomous spiders had increased. Nothing short of death itself was expected from the wound which these insects inflicted; and if those who were bitten escaped with their lives, they were said to be pining away in a desponding state of lassitude. Many became weak-sighted or hard of hearing; some lost the power of speech; and all were insensible to ordinary causes of excitement. Nothing but the flute or the cithern afforded them relief. At the sound of these instruments they awoke as if by enchantment, opened their eyes, and moving slowly at first, according to the measure of the music, were, as the time quickened, gradually hurried on to the most passionate dance. It was generally observable that country people, *who were rude and ignorant of music, evinced on these occasions an unusual degree of grace*, as if they had been well practised in elegant movements of the body; for it is a peculiarity in nervous disorders of this kind, that the organs of motion are in an altered condition, and are completely under the control of the overstrained spirits.

This increased agility and grace of movement is by no means to be discredited by the reader. It is a symptom which distinguishes one class of epileptic patients. Some have attributed it to an over-excitement of the cerebellum. However that may be, there are greater wonders than this contained in our most sober and trustworthy books on the disorders of the nervous system. We continue the account:

Cities and villages alike resounded throughout the summer season with the notes of fifes, clarinets, and Turkish drums; and patients were everywhere to be met with who looked to dancing as their only remedy. Alexander ab Alexandro, who gives this account, saw a young man in a remote village who was seized with a violent attack of Tarantism. He listened with eagerness and a fixed stare to the sound of a drum, and his graceful movements gradually became more and more violent, until his dancing was converted into a succession of frantic leaps, which required the utmost exertion of his whole strength. In the midst of this overstrained exertion of *mind and body* the music suddenly ceased, and he immediately

fell powerless to the ground, where he lay senseless and motionless until its magical effect again aroused him to a renewal of his impassioned performances.

We have put the expression "mind and body" in italics, because we may as well take this opportunity to observe, that although convulsions of this kind are excited, and assume a certain form on account of the predominance of some idea, yet, when once called forth, they are almost entirely mechanical in their nature. Mere animal excitability—what is called the reflex action, or other automatic movements quite as little associated with the immediate operation of "mind"—carry on the rest of the process. And it is some consolation to think that the appearance of pain and distress which marks convulsive disorders of all descriptions, is, for the most part, illusory. The premonitory symptoms may be very distressing, but the condition of the patient, when the fit is on, is that of insensibility to pain.

The general conviction was, that by music and dancing the poison of the tarantula was distributed over the whole body, and expelled through the skin; but, unfortunately, it was also believed that if the slightest vestige of it remained behind, the disorder would break out again. Thus there was no confidence excited in a certain cure. Men who had danced themselves well one summer watched the next summer for the returning symptoms, and found in themselves what they looked for. Thus—

The number of those affected by it increased beyond belief; for whoever had actually been, or even fancied that he had been once bitten by a poisonous spider or scorpion, made his appearance annually whenever the merry notes of the Tarantella resounded. Inquisitive females joined the throng and caught the disease—not indeed from the poison of the spider, but from the mental poison which they eagerly received through the eye; and thus the cure of the *Tarantati* gradually became established as a regular festival of the populace.

It was customary for whole bands of musicians to traverse Italy during the summer months, and the cure of the disordered was undertaken on a grand scale. This season of dancing and music was called "The women's little carnival," for it was women more especially who conducted the arrangements. It was they too, it seems, who paid the musicians their fee. The music itself received its due share of study and attention. There were different kinds of the Tarantella, (as the curative melody was called,) suited to every variety of the ailment.

One very curious circumstance connected with this disease must not pass unnoticed—the passion excited by certain colors. Amongst the Germans, those afflicted by St. Vitus's dance were enraged by any garment of the color of red. Amongst the Italians, on the contrary, red colors were generally liked. Some preferred one color, some another; but the devotion to the chosen color was one of the most extraordinary symptoms which the disease manifested in Italy. The color that pleased the patient, he was enamored of; the color that displeased excited his utmost fury.

Some preferred yellow, others were enraptured with green; and eyewitnesses describe this rage for colors as so extraordinary that they can scarcely find words with which to express their astonishment. No sooner did the patients obtain a sight of their favorite color than they rushed like infuriated animals towards the object, devoured it with their eager looks, kissed and caressed it in every possible way, and gradually resigning themselves to softer sensations, adopted the languishing expression of enamored lovers, and embraced the handkerchief, or whatever article it might be which was presented to them, with the most intense ardor, while the tears streamed from their eyes as if they were completely overwhelmed by the incriminating impression on their senses.

The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarentum excited so much curiosity that Cardinal Cajetani proceeded to the monastery that he might see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the midst of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures endeavored to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his scarlet robe, and to allay his intense longing by its odor. The interference of the spectators, and his own respect, prevented his touching it, and thus the irritation of his senses not being appeased, he fell into a state of such anguish and disquietude that he presently sunk down in a swoon, from which he did not recover until the cardinal compassionately gave him his cape. This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstasy, and pressed, now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance as if in the frenzy of a love fit.

Another curious symptom, which was probably connected with this passion for color, was an ardent longing for the sea. These over-susceptible people were attracted irresistibly to the boundless expanse of the blue ocean, and lost themselves in its contemplation. Some were carried so far by this vague passionate longing as to cast themselves into the waves.

The persuasion of the inevitable and fatal consequences of being bitten by the tarantula was so general that it exercised a dominion

over the strongest minds. Men who in their sober moments considered the disorder as a species of nervous affection depending on the imagination, were themselves brought under the influence of this imagination, and suffered from the disorder at the approach of the dreaded tarantula. A very striking anecdote of this kind is told of the Bishop of Foligno. Quite sceptical as to the venom of the insect, he allowed himself to be bitten by a tarantula. But he had not measured the strength of his own imagination, however well he had estimated the real malignancy of the spider. The bishop fell ill, nor was there any cure for him but the music and the dance. Many reverend old gentlemen, it is said, to whom this remedy appeared highly derogatory, only exaggerated their symptoms by delaying to have recourse to what, after all, was found to be the true and sole specific.

But even popular errors are not eternal. This of Tarantism continued, our author tells us, throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, but gradually declined till it became limited to single cases. "It may therefore be not unreasonably maintained," he concludes, "that the Tarantism of modern times bears nearly the same relation to the original malady as the St. Vitus's dance which still exists, and certainly has all along existed, bears, in certain cases, to the original dancing mania of the dancers of St. John."

In a subsequent chapter, our author informs us that a disease of a similar character existed in Abyssinia, or still exists, for the authority he quotes is that of an English surgeon who resided nine years in Abyssinia, from 1810 to the year 1819. We cannot pretend to say that we have ever seen the book, which the learned German has, however, not permitted to escape him—we have never seen the *Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce*, written by himself; but, judging by the extract here given, Nathaniel Pearce must be a person worth knowing, he writes with so much candor and simplicity. The disease is called in Abyssinia the Tigretier, because it occurs most frequently in the Tigre country. The first remedy resorted to is the introduction of a learned Dofter, "who reads the Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily." If this does not answer, then the relations hire a band of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; all the young men and women of the place assemble at the patient's house, and she, (for it is generally a woman,) arrayed in all the finery and trinkets that can be borrowed from the neighbors, is excited by the music to dance,

day after day, if necessary, till she drops down from utter exhaustion. The disease is attended with a great emaciation; and the Doctor says "he was almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength." He then proceeds to recount his own domestic calamity in a strain of the most commendable candor:

I could not have ventured to write this from hearsay, nor could I conceive it possible until I was obliged to put this remedy in practice upon my own wife, who was seized with the same disorder. I at first thought that a whip would be of some service, and one day attempted a few strokes when unnoticed by any person, *we being by ourselves*, and I having a strong suspicion that this ailment sprang from the weak minds of women, who were encouraged in it for the sake of the grandeur, rich dress, and music which accompany the cure. But how much was I surprised, the moment I struck a light blow, thinking to do good, to find that she became like a corpse; and even the joints of her fingers became so stiff that I could not straighten them. Indeed, I really thought that she was dead, and immediately made it known to the people in the house that she had fainted, but did not tell them the cause; upon which they immediately brought music, which I had for many days denied them, and which soon revived her; and I then left the house to her relations, to cure her at my expense. One day I went privately with a companion to see my wife dance, and I kept at a short distance, as I was ashamed to go near the crowd. In looking steadfastly upon her, while dancing or jumping, more like a deer than a human being, I said that it certainly was not my wife; at which my companion burst into a fit of laughter, from which he could scarcely refrain all the way home.

The capability of sustaining the most violent exercise for a long time together, and on very little food, is not one of the least perplexities attendant upon these nervous or epileptic diseases. The partial suspension of sensation and volition, by sparing the brain, may have something to do with it. But into scientific perplexities of this kind we cannot now enter. One plain and homely caution is derivable from all these histories. Good sense is a great preservative of health. Do not voluntarily make a fool of yourself, or your folly may become in turn the master of your reason. Epilepsy has been brought on by the simulation of epilepsy. We doubt not that a man might dance to his own shadow, and talk to it, as it danced before him on the wall, till he drove himself into a complete frenzy. A sect in America thought fit to introduce certain grimaces, laughing, weeping, and the like, into their public service. It was not long before their grimaces, in some

of their numbers, became involuntary; the muscles of the face had escaped the control of the will. A decided *tongue-mania* was exhibited a short time amongst the Irvingites. Happily, in the present state of society, men's minds are called off into so many directions, that a predominant idea of this kind has little chance of establishing itself in that tyrannous manner which we have seen possible in the middle ages. But it is better not to play with edged tools. If people will stand round a table, fixing their minds on one idea—that a certain mysterious influence will pass through their fingers to move the table—they will lose, for a time, the voluntary command over their own fingers, which will exert themselves without any volition or consciousness on their part. They are entering, in fact, into that state which, in the olden time, was considered a demoniacal possession; so that, speaking from this point of view, one may truly say that "Satan does turn the table," but it is by entering into the table-turner. When we have been asked whether there is *any thing* in mesmerism, we have always answered, A great deal more than you ought, without medical advice, to make trial of. Nor do we at all admire the performance of the so-called electro-biologists. Experiments in the interest of science are permissible; but is it fit that any one should practise the art of inducing a temporary state of idiocy in persons of weak or susceptible nerves, for the purpose of collecting a crowd, and passing round the hat?

The subject for the third treatise of Dr. Hecker is the *Sweating Sickness*. This third part is more miscellaneous than its predecessors, and we have no space to do justice to its varied and sometimes disputable matter. Dr. Hecker describes the sweating sickness as a legacy left us by the civil wars of York and Lancaster. It first developed itself in Richmond's army, which had been collected from abroad, over-fatigued by long marches in a very damp season, and probably ill supplied with rations. Its rapid extension through the cities he attributes to the intemperance of the English, to their over-feeding, and want of cleanliness in their houses. Gluttony and the filth of the rush-covered floors, he detects even amongst the wealthiest of the land. For a minute description of the disease, and the Doctor's investigation into the nature of it, we must refer to the book itself.

On the physicians, and the manner in which they addressed themselves to the encounter of this strange calamity, there is a



passage which it may be instructive to peruse :

The physicians could do little or nothing for the people in this extremity. They are nowhere alluded to throughout this epidemic, and even those who might have come forward to succor their fellow-citizens had fallen into the errors of Galen, and their dialectic minds sank under this appalling phenomenon. This holds good even of the famous Thomas Linacre, subsequently physician in ordinary to two monarchs, and founder of the College of Physicians in 1518. In the prime of his youth he had been an eyewitness of the events at Oxford, and survived even the second and third eruption of the sweating sickness ; but in none of his writings do we find a single word respecting this disease, which is of such permanent importance. In fact, the restorers of the medical science of ancient Greece, who were followed by all the most enlightened men in Europe, with the single exception of Linacre, occupied themselves rather with the ancient terms of art than with actual observation, and in their critical researches overlooked the important events that were passing before their eyes. This reminds us of the later Greek physicians, who for four hundred years paid no attention to the small-pox, because they could find no description of it in the immortal works of Galen !

Who shall say, in reading such passages, that the *New Philosophy* of Bacon, which reads now like old common sense, was not sadly wanted, if the learned physician, while feeling his patient's pulse, could see only with the eyes of Galen ? In the fourteenth

century we see the physician busied with his astrology, and laboriously fixing the day when Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars did battle with the sun over the great Indian Ocean ; in the sixteenth we find him, with quiet dialectic mind, absorbed in the study of his classical authorities ; at the present time we may truly say that there are no inquiries conducted with a more philosophical spirit, or with greater zeal and energy, than those which relate to the human frame, its functions, and its diseases. The extreme complexity of the subject renders our progress slow. And yet progress can hardly be said to have been slow. Let any one take up that admirable little manual on *The Nervous System*, by Dr. Herbert Mayo, and compare it with any work of a hundred years old : it is a new science ; and that not only from the new facts which a Robert Bell and a Marshall Hall, and other distinguished men in France and Germany, have added to our knowledge, but from the fine spirit of philosophical inquiry which presides over the whole. We have not only left astrology behind, we have not only left behind the undue reverence to classical authority, but we have thrown aside that dislike and depreciation of physiology which the metaphysician had done his part to encourage, and have entered, as with a fresh eye and a beating heart, upon the study of the wonders of the human frame.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE CAFES AND RESTAURANTS OF PARIS.

DR. VERON AND BILBOQUET.\*

SINCE the publication of the first volume of the "*Memoirs of a Bourgeois of Paris*," by Dr. Véron, a bourgeois of the opposition has published the memoirs of one Bilboquet, wherein the means by which wealth and station among the redoubtable Bourgeoisie of Paris are to be obtained are amusingly un-

folded, and the steps to fame and repute actually cut from the feet of some imaginary pretender.

Who am I ? You know, O Athenians of the Rue Saint Martin and the Boulevard de Gand ! Twenty times, seeing me pass by, my paunch in front and my neck buried in its kerchief, you have turned round to contemplate me.

It is Bilboquet, you said to yourselves, the great Bilboquet, our Bilboquet, who has carried off all the rings in the great tilting-match of life. He

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\* I. *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*. Par Le Docteur L. Véron. Tome Deuxième. II. *Mémoires de Bilboquet recueillis par un Bourgeois de Paris*.

has fathomed all depths, solved all problems, answered all questions, broken all the great drums. The "Behind-Scenes" of all things are familiar to him; the behind-scenes of science and literature, of the stock-exchange, of the Bréda and politics, of the Funambules and pharmacy.

Daring, seeking, inventing, conquering, he has with unnerved hand torn away the veil that hid the statue of Isis. Witty as Voltaire, learned as D'Alembert, handsome as Helvetius, encyclopedic as Diderot, eloquent as Lamartine, lyrical as Hugo, skilful as Bosco, he has had a finger in every pie, and has conjured away all the best tricks.

What has he not done, this man who has ridden through all the storms of existence upright on the top of a wave like the giant Adamastor? Since for now some forty long years we have seen him driving the car of fortune over the Olympic arena, he has certainly run against more than one obstacle, and has experienced some tremendous falls, but with what wonderful agility has he not risen to his feet again!

Fallen as a clown, he rose up again as a doctor; disgusted with Hippocrates, he threw himself into the arms of Terpsichore, to be again thrown between the legs of corpulent Plutus! and—long live life!—one defeat has ever led him on to two victories. If he fails with *water to make razors cut*, he finds in a *Pectoral Paste* hundreds of bank-notes, and the esteem of apothecaries. (S'il échoue avec l'eau pour faire couper les rasoirs, il trouve dans une *pâte pectorale* des billets de mille et l'estime des apothicaires.)

Formerly director of an open-air exhibition, chief performer on the great drum, with an accompaniment of cymbals, founder of the *Casquette de Paris*, editor of the conservative paper, the *Monumental*, and officer of the order of the Golden Spur, he has directed all things, founded all things, administered all things, edited and manipulated all things.

As the *habitué*, according to his own account, of all the leading cafés and restaurants of Paris, as collecting there the news of the day, seeking for new and original acquaintances, studying literature, art, and politics in their more accessible moods, and finally as himself proprietor, among his innumerable schemes and projects, of the Café Véron, and interested in consequence in the prosperity and success of one of the greatest *spécialités*—one of, unquestionably, the most distinctive features of the French capital—Dr. Véron gives in his second volume a very interesting account of the origin of the chief of these establishments, of the circumstances which brought them into repute or notoriety, of the leading characters who frequented them, and of the partisanship—for in Paris every thing is political, or literary, or artistic partisanship—by which they were distinguished.

The cafés and restaurants are, indeed, as the Bourgeois Proteus avers of them, essentially a *spécialité Parisienne*. None of the other capitals of Europe are provided with such sumptuous establishments, or in which so many luxuries are to be obtained. Authors, princes, artists, magistrates, ministers, statesmen, soldiers, strangers from all parts of the globe, crowd to these symposiums. There is not even a bourgeois of Paris who does not on certain festive occasions dine at the Café de Paris, the Frères Provençaux, the Café Anglais; at Riche's, Véry's, or Véfours's.

In 1786, three young men from Provence, Messrs. Barthelemy, Manneilles, and Simon, started a modest eating-house in the Palais Royal. They were so intimately united in the bonds of friendship and of a common interest, that they were called the three brothers. The salt-cellars were of wood, and the tables were covered with wax-cloth, but the dishes had the true Provençal flavor, and the wine was unexceptionable. Such was the origin of the Trois Frères Provençaux. General Bonaparte and Barras used to dine at the Provençaux before going to the theatre of Mademoiselle Montansier, close by. The house attained a zenith of fame in the time of the Peninsular war, when the receipts amounted to from twelve to fifteen thousand francs a day. After conducting the establishment for fifty years, the *brothers* sold their interest to the Bellengers, who again ceded the same to M. Collet, who has for now fifteen years upheld the reputation of the house.

Véry began in the garden of the Tuileries, where he superintended the great dinners given by the military school in the first year of the Empire. Marshal Duroc got a license for the rising artist to open what was called the *Tente des Tuileries*. The kitchen was exquisite, the wines excellent, and the fine eyes, the grace, and the engaging manners of the *dame du comptoir*—Madame Véry—were much extolled.

In 1808 Véry founded the establishment in the Palais Royal, which still exists. This successful artist came to Paris in wooden shoes; he withdrew from business in 1817, possessor of a large fortune. M. Neuhaus is the actual head of the establishment, which is considered to be one of the first restaurants of Paris.

To a stranger in the French capital, one of the first things that strikes him amid the number of cafés and restaurants, many of them of European renown, others too repulsive to enter, are the numerous elegant, well-

lit cafés, often occupying the whole length of a first or second story—and we do not allude here solely to the cafés so circumstanced in the Palais Royal, where open windows, brilliant lights, music, gambling, and a variety of devices, are brought into play to entice the stranger—we allude to most luxurious, gentlemanly, quiet-looking cafés, of which the stranger naturally asks himself: By whom are they frequented; and why go out of your way when here, in the midst of the Place de la Bourse, you have a cool and clear marble slab, a cup of coffee, and a *petit ver* at your service in the cool fresh air; or at the corner of the street you have an apartment all windows and lights, with *journals* and *feuilletons* scattered about like their leafy namesakes? There is a history in this which is not always to be arrived at without some previous initiation in Parisian chit-chat.

The Café de Foy, for example, was founded by a retired officer on the first floor of the Rue Richelieu. The beauty of the *dame du comptoir* became a subject of conversation. The Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, took so much interest in this lady, that he granted her permission to dispense ices in the garden of the Palais Royal, and the Café de Foy soon followed the fair dispenser of ices, and was the first of its kind that was opened in the Palais Royal. It was particularly frequented by artists. A bird with expanded wings is still to be seen on the ceiling of the ground-floor, painted by Carle Vernet.

Far more frequently, however, political, literary, or artistic associations give success and repute to a café. A certain Perrou had occupied for some dozen years a café of third or fourth-rate character, when one of the *garçons* of La Rotonde, Lemblin by name—every one knows the rotunda at the bottom of the garden—took the place, and transformed it into a brilliant saloon. The chocolate was concocted by the famous Judicelli; the coffee was prepared by Viente, a Piedmontese, who had studied under the *chef* of the Vatican; and in the morning, academicians, magistrates, and other distinguished personages, savored the exquisite fluids; while in the evening, the uniforms of field-officers gave additional brilliancy to the flood of light that emanated from the crystal chandeliers.

Among the *garçons* of the Café Lemblin was one named Dupont, first cousin of M. Dupont, (de l'Eure,) at that time Deputy and since President of two Provisional Governments. One evening, in 1817, M. Dupont, (de l'Eure,) coming out of

the Frères Provençaux, where he had dined in company with several deputies, entered with them the Café Lemblin. The coffee demanded by M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was presented to him by Dupont, *garçon limonadier*. The latter recognized his illustrious cousin, blushed, trembled, and very nearly let the salver fall from his hands. The deputy, on his side, recognized his relative. M. Dupont (de l'Eure) got up, and holding out his hands to the astonished young man: "Eh! how are you, cousin?" he exclaimed; "I am delighted to see you, and to be able to tell you that all are well at Neubourg."

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was always ready to assist his poor relatives. In 1848 he got this very *garçon* of the Café Lemblin appointed porter to the Hotel de Ville, and he still occupied that place in 1850, although nearly blind.

It was at the Café Lemblin that the first Russian and Prussian officers who entered Paris in 1815 showed themselves. It was evening, and the café was filled with officers who had returned from Waterloo, with their arms in scarfs, and their helmets and *shakos* riddled with bullets. The four strange officers were allowed to take their place at a table; but immediately every one rose up, as if seized by the same sudden electric impulse, and a formidable shout of "Vive l'Empereur" made the very window-frames shake. Twenty officers rushed towards the four strangers; a captain of the National Guard, a perfect Hercules, threw himself before them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have defended Paris without, it belongs to us to make it respected within." And then, turning towards the foreign officers, he continued: "Gentlemen, it is the bourgeois of Paris whom your premature appearance here offends, and it is a bourgeois of Paris who calls you to account." Lemblin, who held the rank of sergeant in the National Guard, then interposed, and, under the pretext of demanding explanations more tranquilly, he ushered the Russians and Prussians into his laboratory, and so got them away.

Although the Café Lemblin was the rendezvous of the officers of the Empire, members of the King's body-guard were often seen there, and musketeers came, with their mustaches turned up and their lips contemptuously curled, to seek for adventures.

One evening the *gardes du corps* arrived in a mass, and announced that they should come the next morning to inaugurate the bust of Louis XVIII. over the *comptoir*. The next morning nearly three hundred officers of the Empire were there to defend the threatened position; but the authorities had been duly put on their guard, and the assailants did not make their appearance.

At the time of the Restoration, the Café Valois flourished in the Palais Royal as a political café, antagonistic to the Café Lemblin. It was the club of the old royalist emigrants, who were called the light infantry (*voltigeurs*) of Louis XIV. This café no longer exists.

The Café de la Rotonde and the Café du Caveau were opened in 1805 or 1806 by M. Angilbert, who in 1822 founded the Café de Paris. The Café de la Rotonde realized 467,000 francs by the entrance of the allies; the Café de Paris was founded upon this sudden overflow of profits—it should have been called the Café des Alliés.

Of all the cafés situated on the first floor of the Palais Royal, the Café des Milles Colonnes was, alike under the Empire and the Restoration, the most frequented. It was entirely indebted for its success to the beauty of the mistress of the house, Madame Romain, whose husband, by way of compensation, was little, thin, and maimed.

The late lamented James Simpson, in his account of Paris after Waterloo, gives the following interesting description of the Café des Milles Colonnes at that eventful period:

We had heard much of the taste and grandeur of the Café des Milles Colonnes, and its beautiful matron, who, it is said, was a favorite of Bonaparte's—a specimen of a very artful part of his *matériel*, which he occasionally played off upon ambassadors, whose state secrets it was desired to worm out, and even upon their masters. We entered the coffee-house, which is on the first floor up-stairs. Very few ball-rooms present the showy *coup-d'œil* of this singular place. It is very splendidly mirrored all round, the plates being divided by fluted Corinthian pillars, which, as well as the company, seem innumerable multiplied. Waiters, in great numbers and activity, are serving coffee, ices, fruit, &c., to the different tables, which are all of marble, having a very cool and clean appearance, and encircled, one by English officers, another by plumed Highland bonnets, a third by Prussian hussars, a fourth by Brunswickers in their mourning; many, by parties of French ladies with their beaux; and enthroned in the middle of the hall, close to the wall, with a marble table before and a mirror behind her, dressed in crimson velvet, and covered with jewels, sits *la belle Limonadière*, serenely looking down on the hundreds who are looking up to her, and only recalling to mind the fact that she is *not* an empress, by occasionally giving change when wanted by the waiters, and, as is the case in all French coffee-houses, having spread out before her some dozens of small allotments of broken sugar, of five or six pieces each, on a little silver saucer like a wine-funnel stand; a remnant of the respect for sugar with which Napoleon impressed his subjects when he closed Europe against English commerce, and which has banished that profuse thing called a sugar-basin from the economy and vocabulary of Paris. *La belle Limonadière* is rather large, and *un peu passé*; but she is no doubt a most brilliant personage. A complexion like Parian marble, and black eyes and hair in striking contrast with it. The usual aids of color to the cheeks were not forgotten, but quite what the

French call *au naturel*—a word merely meaning something less artificial than the last stage of artifice. I soon found it necessary so far to qualify language in choosing my dinner, when attracted by *bœuf au naturel*, &c., dishes which I only found somewhat less artificial than the others in the *carte des entrées*. *La belle* (once more, and then I have done with her) has an air and expression of great good-nature; and, what most amused me, a most solemn attitude of correctest propriety. Nobody presumes to address her without previous formal presentation, and it is found impossible to give coffee orders to her majesty except through the medium of a gentleman-in-waiting! To my great amusement, I saw sitting at the right hand of “the throne,” eating ice, and now and then conversing with the lady, Mr. Walter Scott, and with him several of his travelling companions, friends of my own. On joining myself to their party, I was delighted to hear Mr. Scott's remarks on the truly French scene in which we sat, and his commentaries on the singular personage who solemnly, brilliantly, and correctly presided—sparkling with diamonds, multiplied, front, back, and profile, in mirrors, and entrenched in arondissements of sugar, peaches, and nosegays. We learned that the King of Prussia had been there the night before, and had said some handsome things; a circumstance which made it hopeless for us to be listened to beyond common civility, till the royal impression should wear off.

Many a sonnet was indited in honor of *la belle Limonadière*,

et son nom par la ville  
Court ajusté sur l'air d'un vaudeville.

But suddenly the glory of the café faded away, as do all other glories! In 1824, Romain, the maimed, died from injuries received from a fall from his horse, and two years afterwards his beautiful wife, the admiration of all Paris, retired to a convent.

The most frequented of all the cafés on the first floor of the Palais Royal, after that of the thousand pillars, was the Café Montansier. This was a *café chantant*, and on the 20th of March, 1815, it was taken possession of by a body of Imperialists, who amused themselves by insulting the Bourbons from six o'clock to midnight every evening. A fierce-looking captain would begin at the top of his voice:

Croyez-vous qu'un Bourbon puisse être  
Roi d'une grande nation!

To which a chorus of voices would answer:

Non, non, non, non, non, non, non.



## THE CAPTAIN.

Mais il pourrait fort bien peut-être  
Gouverner un petit canton !

## CHORUS.

Non, non, non, non, non, non, non.

## THE CAPTAIN.

Alors que le diable l'entraîne  
Au sombre palais de Pluton !

## CHORUS.

Bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon.

## THE CAPTAIN.

Et chantons tous à perdre haleine ;  
Vive le grand Napoleon !

## CHORUS.

Bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon.

At the Restoration, the *gardes du corps* and musketeers invaded the café, broke the glasses, and threw the furniture out of the windows. The Café Montansier became, in 1831, the Theatre of the Palais Royal.

The Café de Chartres, now Café Vefour, enjoys a first-rate reputation, and is, for certain reasons, the resort chiefly of *riches financiers* and distinguished strangers. The Café de la Régence was the rendezvous of chess-players, and had once a great name.

Among the most renowned cafés of the Boulevards, were the Café Hardi—now the Maison Dorée—the Café Riche, and the Café Anglais. M. Hardi must, we suspect, have been Hardy gallicised. He had a capacious fireplace, with a handsome chimney-piece of white marble and a silver gridiron, to please the eyes of his customers, the chops or steaks being cooked in English fashion in the presence of the consumer.

One of the most original of the *habitués* of the Café Hardi is described, as usual, as being an Englishman of the name of Schmitt, (Smith ?) who rose daily at five, took his customary place at Hardi's at six, and finished his repast by ten. He then began a course of Bordeaux, which, with the help of a salt herring at midnight, always reached a dozen bottles by break of day !

The Café Tortoni originated with a Neapolitan confectioner of ices, by name Velloni. The celebrity of one Spolar as a billiard-player brought it subsequently into notoriety :

In the time of the Empire and under the Restoration, Prevost, one of the *garçons* of the Café Tortoni, obtained quite an historical renown. He wore powder, and was a perfect model of unceas-

ing and respectful obsequiousness. He always addressed a customer with, "I beg your pardon ! Has monsieur had the kindness to wish for any thing ?" When any strangers began to laugh, Prevost, out of respect, used to stuff his napkin into his mouth, so that he might not be guilty of a similar *inconvenance*. Prevost used to indemnify himself for his extreme humility. Morning and evening he was always taxing the frequenters of Tortoni's. When he had any change to give, he used to give pieces of fifteen sous for twenty ; and as he made up his account he went on, "I beg your pardon ! I really beg pardon ! a thousand times !" It was impossible to complain of being cheated so civilly, but Prevost's career terminated badly.

Frenchmen have a most extraordinary idea of the riches of extravagant foreigners. Millionaire milords are not so abundant as formerly, but they are still believed in, even by those who should be better informed. But a Russian prince, with an imaginary hundred miles of exhaustless mines, particularly pleases the fancy of a Parisian badaud :

In 1816 and 1817 the citizens of Paris used to fall into ecstasies before certain vast and sumptuous appartements situated on the ground-floor of the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue Taitbout. These appartements were occupied by M. Demidoff, a Russian millionaire, who was indebted for his immense riches to mines of coal, copper, iron, and malachite.

He had two sons, Messrs. Paul and Anatole Demidoff. M. Anatole Demidoff is the only one now alive. M. Demidoff lived alternately at Paris and Florence ; he kept a whole troop of actors in his pay ; they were called the *Troupe Demidoff* ; he used to have comedies, vaudevilles, and comic operas performed in his palace at Florence. A whole hotel was retained for the accommodation of the artists. There was nothing going on at M. Demidoff's, especially in Florence, but theatrical representations, sumptuous balls, and brilliant concerts.

Worn out, aged before his time, and a martyr to gout, M. Demidoff was introduced to his own festivities in a rolling chair, from which he never moved ; if he withdrew at an early hour, the amusements continued all the same ; sometimes he fainted away, but the orchestra and the dancers lost none of their vivacity. M. Demidoff was carried away senseless, that was all.

Cut off from all enjoyments, he sought excitement in listening to the pleasures of others. He had one intimate friend, a clever Russian, who slept in an apartment near to his own. When this miserable rich man, worn out by gouty pains, like Laocœon by the serpents, could not sleep, which was frequently the case, he would send for his friend at any hour of the night. "Look," he would say, "here are two or three rolls of a thousand francs for your gambling expenses ; now, in return, amuse me by telling me what you did yesterday, and what you intend to do to-morrow."

M. Demidoff was a martyr to opulence: he would willingly have given for a good round sum his valuable paintings by masters, his rare and marvellous curiosities, his admirable works of art, even the treasures accumulated at Florence, where, in the midst of his saloons, with no protection but the windows, he had collected bracelets, collars of brilliants, rings, torques, sapphires, diamonds, emeralds, rubies—in one word, riches that would have saved an empire.

The house of this opulent Russian is now the Café de Paris, "known," says M. Véron, "to all Europe. The English officer who is fighting against the Birmans, the Russian officer who is combating in Khiva, beyond the sea of Aral, on the banks of the Oxus, dream at their bivouacks of the pleasures of a good dinner at the Café de Paris."

The Café Desmares, at the corner of the Rue de l'Université and the Rue de Bal, enjoyed at one time considerable political celebrity. M. Desmares was brother to a fair actress of the Théâtre Vaudeville. "I can't bear a dealer in hot water," the actress used to say of her brother; "I can't endure a woman who treads the boards," retorted the restaurateur. A nobleman and a philosopher, not abundantly gifted with the good things of the world, used to say he had made Desmares' reputation. "This poor Desmares has had very little education; I doubt even if he can read or write. One morning I came into his café; it was crowded, all the tables were occupied; so the moment I perceived Desmares I called out, 'Good-morning, old college chum!'"

This nobleman used to write verses, but never of greater length than eight syllables. "I write," he used to say, "upon my knees, and in my poverty my flesh has so wasted away, that the table is not wide enough for more than four feet."

There were, in 1825, upwards of nine hundred restaurateurs; those above-mentioned are the most celebrated, and their reputation has survived all revolutions. The Lointiers, Beauvilliers, Grignon, the Rocher de Cancale, all enjoyed great celebrity under the Empire and the Restoration, but they are no longer in existence.

"The daily habit of dining at the Restaurateurs," says M. Véron, "was to me an exhaustless source of surprises, discoveries, and revelations of humanity."

I wandered [says Bilboquet] in solitude under the arcades of the Palais Royal, little burdened with money, but heavily laden with thoughts and reflections.

I have always been by nature an observer; there

is in me a little of La Bruyère mixed up with a good deal of La Rochefoucauld, and I do not know how much of Vauvenargues, epicurean and slow, as my friend M. Sainte Beuve would say.

The place lent itself pretty well to observation. The Restoration, so severe at the opera, had not thought of shortening the petticoats of the Palais Royal.

The great wooden gallery walked about with naked shoulders, displaying its legs to the passer-by, and twisting its hips in the strangest fashion.

The other galleries smoked, sang, drank from morning to evening. The traditions of the Empire were not entirely extinct by the time that the Restoration had already run half its course.

There were still some *riboyeurs*, of whom our *viveurs* have only been pale copies.

Suppers were rare, but breakfasts abounded. Suppers do not date further back than the Revolution of July, which restored so many customs of the old *régime*: jars and vases of old china, lacquer-work from Japan, madrigals called sonnets, masked balls and suppers.

In 1823, a breakfast was laid that the Duke of Angoulême would not enter into Spain, and bets were made to devour twelve little pies and swallow twelve tumblers of Bordeaux whilst twelve was striking by the timepiece of the Café de Foy.

The *mirliflores* breakfasted with their mistresses in private cabinets. Breakfasts were the great seductive means of the epoch.

How often has it happened to me to perambulate at four o'clock in the evening in the gallery in which are the establishments of Vefour, Véry, and the Frères Provençaux, to observe the breakfasters as they came forth, and to guess by their physiological aspects what wine they had been imbibing! The man who has drunk Bordeaux has no point of resemblance with he who has indulged in Burgundy or quaffed tumblers of Champagne.

All three walk, look, and express themselves in a different manner.

The one whistles as he walks, the other hums, the third sings.

Bordeaux relaxes the mind, Burgundy enlivens, Champagne fills one with transports.

No one before me has made these observations. I sketch them off for the first time in these *Mémoires*, leaving to myself to treat of them more fully in a work of *haute physiologie culinaire*, which will be the labor of my old age.

One of my favorite relaxations was to dive into the souterranean *Café des Aveugles*. I used to ask for a glass of punch; grog only came with the democracy. My elbows on the table, I passed many hours listening to the great drum, the clarinet, and the cymbals of the establishment, whose harmonious sound reminded me of my youth and my first loves.

Sometimes I might be seen in the smoky saloons of No. 113, throwing to the croupier's rake a hopeful two-franc piece. The night previous, Atala had appeared to me in a gauze robe, a crown of laurel on her forehead, a pair of red buskins on her feet, the complete costume of a muse.

That was a dream, I said to myself as I continued my walk, which may bring me good luck;

the ancients took care not to despise dreams; let us imitate the ancients; and since Atala's buskins were red, let us go and risk one forty-sous piece on that color.

It would be difficult to say if the experiences actually collected by the great representative of the bourgeois class of Paris in the cafés and restaurants in that city of strange *silhouettes*, really do present any thing much more than the sarcastic writer of the *Mémoires de Bilboquet* has imagined for him.

By the side of fools [says the bourgeois physiologist] there are in this world quarter fools, third part fools, and half fools, who live with one another, seeking one another's society, and carefully eschewing that of less or greater fools, considering themselves particularly happy in the possession of a moiety of human reason, by the side of others who have only a third or a fourth part. They are like those poor afflicted patients who complacently comfort one another at Eaux Bonnes: those who have only one lung and a half looking with pity not unmingled with contempt upon those who have only one, and sometimes even the half of one.

I have dined assiduously every day [we are at a loss to discover whether the epithet assiduously applies to the eating or the attendance] for more than two years at Vêry's. I used to arrive at the same hour and to take my place at the same table. I had for neighbor for some months an Englishman, who was as punctual and as regular as I was. One day my neighbor bade me good-bye. "I am going," he said, "to embark, to make a little tour round the world." At the expiration of eighteen months, on his return to Paris, he found me, as if by appointment, at the same hour at the same table. He had been around the world, whilst I had scarcely moved from the same place.

Nevertheless, by dining for long periods at a time at different restaurants, I have been able to make the grand tour of human intelligence, and especially of those four thousand opulent and idle men of whom Byron speaks, who pass the whole of their lives in running after pleasures of five minutes' duration, and for whom the world is made.

The Parisian sometimes boasts of his native eccentricities, but it will infallibly be found that when he wants to depict an excessive case he selects an Englishman for his type. The above is by no means the only instance of Dr. Véron's national failing that way.

I was introduced [he relates] at the Count Torreno's, former Minister of Queen Christina's, and who died of carbuncle at Paris, to an Englishman and his wife, who were immensely wealthy, and only resided a few days in Paris, travelling the remainder of the time in France; they loved nothing but the bottle, and never left the table till they had lost their senses. In their travels, their only object was to seek for rich slopes and hill-sides, and their

sojourn in a place was regulated by the quality and the renown of the growths of the vine.

The bourgeois physiologist distinguishes between what he calls *ivrognes* (sots?) and *souards* (drunkards?). This amiable couple, who disdained even Paris for the slopes of the Dordogne, were *souards*, not *ivrognes*. But he says he has known many *souards*, chiefly *jeunes grand seigneurs* ("his friends," says the memorialist of Bilboquet, "are always the most distinguished men and women of his time,") who got brutalized upon brandy or absinthe. Those who get drunk upon absinthe attain a pitch of folly so singularly developed, that it is known as the folly of the *Absinthiers*. One of these unfortunates used to say: "I never taste what I eat, I only taste what I drink." "During my directorship of the Opera," says Dr. Véron, "I was intimate with one of these drunken young lords. He used to give the same orders to seven or eight hackney carriages, so that he should be accompanied by seven or eight vehicles to a pot-house outside the barrière, where he would pass the night in drinking brandy and brutalizing himself amidst drunken companions."

The Doctor goes on to remark, that drunkenness is not merely a vice, it is also a disease; and a change of habits cannot be suddenly brought about without danger. A certain prelate had arrived by slow and imperceptible degrees at the point of drunkenness every night, and that by himself and at his studies. In order to effect a cure which should be as agreeable as the slow stumbling into the vicious habit had been, he adopted a very ingenious plan. He changed his glass for a silver-gilt cup, and every night he dropped into it one drop of wax, thus gradually diminishing the capacity of the cup and the quantity of wine consumed. The difficulty still presented itself of not making up for the deficiency of size in the cup by filling it up more frequently, but such critical inquiries would manifestly spoil the effect of the drop-of-wax story.

I exchanged [M. Véron relates] little acts of politeness with an Englishman who appeared to me worthy of study. He sent me his card; his name was surrounded by bottles, opera-dancers with outstretched calves, flowers and birds, all delicately engraved. He lived at the Hotel Meurice, and he often gave dinners to Englishmen, his friends, which began at eight o'clock at night, and finished at eight in the morning.

His father, the possessor of one of the largest fortunes in England, had also one of the finest collection of birds in the country. The son had,

like the father, only two passions—wine and ornithology. He asked me one day to breakfast; nothing was put on the table but hard-boiled eggs of the rarest birds, from the egg of a partridge to that of a swan. I breakfasted as one ought to breakfast, for I did not breakfast at all.

This story had probably no better foundation than that the Englishman, wishing to present his visitor with a rarity, had some plovers' eggs served up, (the artist being responsible for their being hard-boiled,) and which the inventor of the *pâte pectorale*, not being familiar with, at once pronounced to be the eggs of all the rarest birds that are known.

I was acquainted [he adds farther on] for a long time, having met him at a restaurateur's, with a half-idiot, whose repartees were often very original and witty. One day he came into the Café Anglais. "I am very tired," he said to me; "I have been walking ever since eight o'clock this morning." And taking a bottle of Bordeaux from his pocket, he added: "Here is some excellent wine which you must taste; all the world knows that wine improves by travel, and I have been carrying it about ever since eight o'clock this morning."

It was the same semi-idiot who interrupted the performers, in the midst of a first representation at the Théâtre Français, by rising up in his box and saying to the public: "You must agree with me, gentlemen, that it is very unfortunate that the author of this new piece has not an income of fifty thousand francs; he might then, perhaps, be induced not to write such pitiable productions."

Here is another highly-colored portrait of an imaginary Englishman:

His fortune was immense; he had no family or connections; he was a bachelor. Life weighed heavily upon him; he had no vices, no tastes to pander to. This man sought my confidence, and I trembled for the moment lest it was to disclose a projected suicide; but it was not so. "I have found," he said, "a means of supporting existence; I have conceived a plan, to accomplish which will carry me to the confines of old age. I have had three travelling-carriages built, the arrangements of which I myself have planned. I have set myself the task of collecting, in labelled bottles, the waters of all the streams and rivers in the world; but I shall have, unfortunately, the pain of dying before my collection is complete." Was not this a very intelligent and felicitous mode of disposing of a large fortune?

As intelligent and as felicitous, we will venture to say, as it is true! Like the falls

from which Bilboquet rose up with only an increase of fame in early life, so this utterly incredible story is followed by two others still more extravagant: one of an Englishman who travelled in search of pipes and cigars; another, of a rich, generous, handsome, and intellectual (!) wanderer, also from *outré manche*, who studied the *petites affiches*, to place all advertisers for situations, as *dames de compagnie*, *dames de confiances*, and even *cuisinières*, into so many *appartements de petit bourgeois*. What a collection he must have made! These are capped by a third monstrosity—he, however, a rich French financier. He could not get himself to admire any but *horlogères*—the feminine for watch or clockmakers. And to such an extent did he carry this perverse passion, that his watch, like his brain, being out of order, he could never get it repaired, as he was afraid of visiting the establishment of an *horloger*—the masculine for *horlogère*—for fear of summary chastisement for his many interferences with the works within—the internal domestic arrangements!

Well may the Doctor say, "A truce to these pictures of the rich, the idle, and the luxurious, who are but a disgrace to humanity." If Dr. Véron had any title to be the Juvenal, the Martial, or the Petronius of his day, there might be some excuse for such portraits depicted as belonging to actual society; but there is neither wit nor fancy, neither point nor satire, in the extravagances thus presented to us. They are simply foolish and licentious; and, what is more, we feel morally certain they have no better foundation than half an hour's idle talk; foolish projects bronched at a café or a restaurant, never intended even to be put into practice, and yet recorded in these veracious Memoirs as things that have actually taken place! "Formerly," says the author of the Memoirs of Bilboquet, "the poet addressed himself to Apollo, to Mercury, to Jupiter, to Vesta, or to any other mythological fetish; I shall address myself to the farmer-general of the Place de la Bourse: thou only, O great man, shall I invoke! Prepare your placards, write out your most miraculous advertisements; and if that colossal gudgeon which is called the public does not bite at the hook of thy eloquence, we shall for ever despair of the stock-exchange and of civilization."



From the Westminster Review.

## LIFE AND DOCTRINE OF GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE.\*

A NOBLE life, and a doctrine large in its conception, fruitful in its results, invite our attention to Geoffroy St. Hilaire, whose name is familiar to every zoölogist, but whose works have fallen into a neglect only to be accounted for when we remember how little the world at large cares for abstract speculations, how little the majority of men of science care for more than scientific details. Compared with the renown which his great rival, Cuvier, gained so rapidly, so extensively, and held so long undisputed, the fame of Geoffroy is curiously insignificant; and although the vast capacity, the brilliant literature, and effective services of Cuvier, will always deserve historical recognition, yet to one who estimates great conceptions at their true value, Geoffroy will always be considered as a thinker in the science of which Cuvier was little more than an expositor. In saying this, we are far from desiring to say any thing in depreciation of Cuvier, for the petty purpose of exalting his rival. No admirer of Geoffroy would under-rate the man Geoffroy so highly prized. The two men were essentially different; each admirable in his sphere; but the sphere of the one was more readily appreciable, because on a lower level.† Lest our estimate be thought unjust, we refer to De Blainville, who, in his "Histoire des Sciences de l'Organization," with all his admiration for Cuvier's capacity, refuses him a first place in the history of the development of science,—refuses to acknowledge him as the representative of an epoch:

Le service qu'il a rendu, c'est de résumer tous les travaux des savants de l'Europe, en y joignant ses propres observations; mais il n'a introduit aucun principe dans la science; toutes ses théories sont fausses, et même assez généralement abandonnées par les hommes qui font marcher la science, pour n'être même plus jamais cités dans les ouvrages faits par eux.—*Tom. iii., p. 405.*

\* *Eloge Historique d'Etienne Geoffroy St. Hilaire.* Par M. Flourens. Paris: 1852.

† See the characteristics of the two intellects, *Westminster Review*, October, 1852; Art. "Goethe as a Man of Science."

It is otherwise with Geoffroy: he introduced new and great conceptions, which guided the successive labors of inquirers, who verified, modified, and extended them, working under the impulsion given by him, even when not conscious of his influence. In a future article we may have occasion to show some of the fruits of Geoffroy's influence; for the present we confine ourselves to a narrative of his life, and a brief exposition of his doctrine, the materials being furnished us in his own works, and in the beautiful monument of filial piety which a remarkable son has raised to an illustrious father: "Vic, Tra-vaux, et Doctrine scientifique d'Etienne Geoffroy St. Hilaire."\*

Etienne Geoffroy St. Hilaire was born at Etampes, 15th April, 1772, "d'une famille honorable, mais peu fortunée." From another branch of this family, the Académie des Sciences, in the eighteenth century, possessed three members, the most celebrated of them being also an Etienne Geoffroy, born exactly a century earlier, 1672. He also was professor at the Jardin des Plantes, and, to complete the coincidences, was the author of the "Table of Chemical Affinities," in which the relations of different bodies were conceived very much in the spirit, and sometimes even in the very terms, of the celebrated "Théorie des Analogues." These affinities alarmed the orthodox, somewhat as Geoffroy's views alarmed the orthodox of a later day: the chemists thought these affinities were "des attractions déguisées;" the zoölogists thought the theory of analogues "led to pantheism." Innovations always "lead" to something—generally Atheism.

In spite of the scientific glory of his race, he was destined for the Church. But during the long winter nights and soft summer evenings, Geoffroy was wont to listen to his grandmother's recitals of "the days when she was young;" and in these stories the names of the St. Hilaires who had been illustrious were

\* The "Eloge," by Flourens, though founded on this work, is occasionally inaccurate, but worth reading for its charming style.

emphasized with family pride, in a way to rouse the ambition of the listening child, who one day exclaimed, "I too will become famous; but how?" The old lady told him there was but one way, "il faut vouloir fortement: you must undertake it with resolute will;" and she placed in his hands that Bible of heroes, "Plutarch's Lives." He read that book as almost all remarkable men of modern times have read it; but the scaffolding of imaginary castles it raised was rudely shaken by pecuniary necessities, which obliged his father to procure for him a purse at the College of Navarre, whence he beheld the prospect of a clerical career. Truly has it been said, "Character is destiny;" the young student learned nothing at college but experimental philosophy, taught by Brisson. On quitting college he refused all inducements to enter the Church. Science was the vocation which claimed him; and he entreated to be allowed to enter the Jardin des Plantes as a pupil. But at that epoch science was no profession for a young man without fortune; and Geoffroy's father only permitted him to follow scientific lectures on condition of his embracing law as a profession. He accepted; before the close of the year, 1790, he was *bachelier en droit*. This was his first and last step in that career. He changed from law to medicine, whence the passage to pure science was but a slight transition. He had entered the college of the Cardinal Lemoine as parlor-boarder, (*pensionnaire en chambre*), and there he became the pupil and the friend of Haüy, the crystallographer. Although he was but a boy, and Haüy was a "don" at the college, yet these two simple and affectionate natures, first brought into contact by mutual regard for Brisson, of whom they loved to speak, and finally brought into intimacy by mutual love of science, became more like father and son than like teacher and pupil. This intimacy was further sweetened by the participation of a third, the venerable and honored Principal of the college. And the three discussed physics, mineralogy, zoölogy, botany, with a serenity of mind and eagerness for truth, as charming to the boy as to the two venerable priests. Under such influences Geoffroy became daily more devoted to science, and was seen less at the Ecole de Médecine, more at the Jardin des Plantes and Collège de France. He was the assiduous pupil of Fourcroy and Daubenton. The latter, one day, talking with him about crystals, exclaimed with astonishment, "Young man, all I can say is, that you know a great deal more about it than I do." "I am but the echo of M. Haüy," replied

Geoffroy: and there was so much grateful modesty in his tone, that Daubenton at once took a liking for him—a liking soon to ripen into an affection.

This was in 1792. The date is enough to call up before our minds a vivid picture of the epoch. Strangely contrasted amid this feverish tumult of falling thrones and new-births of freedom, stands the little episode we have been narrating, an episode of philosophic endeavor ennobling quiet lives: but the political tumult was now to break in upon the sanctuary of science, and to show in the broad light of energetic actions the true nobility of this youthful nature, hitherto so calm. The 10th of August had separated the nation into two camps. Geoffroy was too obscure for danger; but those with whom he lived were priests who had refused the oath. Haüy, as the most illustrious, was among the earliest arrested. Geoffroy saw him dragged to prison—to be followed by the other priests of the college of Lemoine and Navarre. All that Geoffroy knew he owed to the priests; and in spite of the odium then attached to the class, in spite of the obvious danger of taking their part, he devoted himself to their rescue. He flew to Daubenton, and to all the savants in whom a generous spark was likely to be kindled; and such was the impetuous earnestness and activity of this youth, that Haüy's liberation was solicited by several eminent men in the name of the Academy. It was granted. The 14th of August, at ten o'clock in the evening, Geoffroy threw himself into the arms of his friend, exclaiming, "You are free!" But Haüy, with an ignorance of danger, and a scientific preoccupation, intelligible to every collector, was too busy arranging his dear minerals (which had been thrown into disorder by the police, and which he had had brought to his prison) to think of leaving them as they were, and he declared he would not quit until the morrow. Even when the morrow saw Geoffroy there again, Haüy insisted on a further delay, in order that he might attend mass. After some hours he followed his young liberator, and was once more in the college beside Lhomond, who had been rescued by one of his old pupils, Tallien.

Geoffroy's anxieties now centred in the other professors still in prison. He made various attempts, but in vain. The terrible days of September were approaching, and Danton had uttered his famous phrase, *Il faut faire peur aux royalistes*. Geoffroy felt that entreaties were idle. A plan of evasion was prepared. He disguised himself as a

*commissaire de prison*, and on the 2d of September, while the tocsin sounded for the butchery to commence, this noble youth penetrated the prison, and communicated to his dear old masters the plan he had contrived. But here we meet with one of those traits of heroism which that fearful epoch so abundantly called forth, as if in protest against its atrocities: the venerable priests refused to follow him: "No," said the Abbé Keraran, "we will not desert our brothers; our deliverance would render their fate inevitable." In vain did Geoffroy supplicate. He was forced to leave them; only one priest—a stranger—following.

The massacres of that day were too horrible for Geoffroy to remain quiet in sterile regrets. Save his friends he would. All day, and throughout the evening, he awaited some chance. When night darkened the bloody scene, he brought a ladder to the prison of Saint Firmin, and placed it against an angle of the wall, which he had in the morning indicated to the Abbé Keraran. Eight terrible hours did he remain on that wall before any one appeared. At length a priest was visible, and in another minute free. Several others succeeded. One of them, in getting over the wall, fell and sprained his foot. Geoffroy took him in his arms, and carried him to a timber-yard close by. He then returned to his post, and aided some others to escape. Twelve ecclesiastics were thus rescued by him from massacre, when a shot was fired at him, and tore his coat. He was at that moment on the wall, and so absorbed in his generous efforts that he did not perceive the sun had risen!

Two days after, he was with his family at Etampes. The anxieties and excitement of the scenes he had just passed through prostrated him with a low nervous fever. He recovered, and in his old age was fond of recounting how the aspect of nature, the peaceful spectacles of village occupations, and the quiet of botanical studies, gradually drove from his mind the sombre pictures and the bloody scenes with which his memory was oppressed. He returned to Paris in the winter. There he was received by Haüy and Lhomond as his noble conduct deserved. Daubenton, to whom Haüy said, "Love, aid, and adopt my young liberator," did so to the fullest extent; and, in March, 1793, when Lacépède resigned his place at the Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle, Daubenton claimed and obtained it for his protégé. This step was soon to be followed by another. The Jardin des Plantes was reorganized, and twelve pro-

fessors appointed. Of the twelve, two were to be zoologists. One was given to the illustrious Lamarck.\* For the other, the celebrated northern naturalist, Pallas, was proposed. Daubenton declared for Geoffroy. By the law of the 10th of June, Geoffroy was appointed. On hearing it, Fourcroy, subsequently one of his best friends, spoke with vehemence against such a proceeding as that of making a youth of one-and-twenty professor; but Daubenton prevailed. The young professor himself was scrupulous, and thinking, with Fourcroy, that he was too young, wished to resign, whereupon Daubenton exclaimed: "You will do nothing of the kind; I have the authority of a father over you, and I take on myself the responsibility. No one has yet taught zoology in Paris; there are a few materials for a science, but every thing has yet to be created; have the courage to undertake it, and do so in such a manner that in twenty years it may be said—zoology is a French science."

Behold him, then, professor at one-and-twenty, and professor of a science which had not yet been taught in public, which had indeed to be created. His colleague was the great Lamarck, who, although then aged forty-nine, and already celebrated for his botanical works, was quite as young as Geoffroy in that science to which both were destined to give an imperishable direction by their conceptions. A botanist and a mineralogist suddenly called to fill chairs of zoology, when the collections at their disposal were wretchedly poor, when there were no funds to increase the collections or to purchase books, and when Europe could not supply their wants! But genius plays with difficulties, finds in them invigorating stimulus, makes stepping-stones of obstacles; and these two men of genius commenced in July, 1793, those labors which were to create a science and a vast collection of Natural History. Geoffroy's opening course was delivered in May, 1794, and among his audience it is pleasant for us to picture, as it must have made him proud to see, his venerable father taking faithful reports of what fell from the young professor's lips.

Among the services he rendered to the Museum of Natural History was that of realizing a wish of the prescient Bacon—the establishment of a menagerie. Chance favored him, and he boldly seized the chance.

\* It is by an error that the date of 1795 is given in De Blainville's "*Histoire des Sciences de l'Organization*," iii. p. 348, as that of Lamarck's appointment.

The Revolutionary Government had forbidden the public exhibition of animals in the caravans of migratory Wombwells; one day Geoffroy was surprised with the announcement that a panther, a leopard, a white bear, several mandrills, a tiger-cat, and two eagles, with several other *fera natura*, were at his door. They had been seized by a peremptory police. Carried to the Museum for a home, and for an indemnity, Geoffroy, who had no funds, but immense desires, took upon himself the responsibility, accepted them, found room for them, engaged the proprietors as keepers, thus obviating their destitution, and, by dint of his eloquent earnestness, persuaded the Government to ratify his deed, and to allow the funds necessary for the continuation and improvement of this improvised menagerie.

Remember that the period is 1793-4, and it will be obvious that these scientific exertions were continued amid terrible excitements, both personal and political. Geoffroy once more was called upon to peril his head in the rescue of his friends: Roucher, Daubenton, and Lacépède were indebted to his energy and devotion; but we need not tarry to narrate these episodes, which only show him as we have seen him before, courageous as he was generous. How truly generous and noble was his nature, may be seen, among other examples, in his conduct to Cuvier, then a young man of five-and-twenty, living as tutor in a Norman family. There M. Tessier discovered his nascent genius, and wrote to Geoffroy announcing the discovery. There are men whose delight it is to practise the *τεχνη μαιευτική* to genius, to act as midwives in the birth of struggling excellence; and few greater delights can be given them, than to see their efforts successful. M. Tessier was one of these, and he rightly counted on the sympathy of Geoffroy, who, having read some of Cuvier's manuscripts, was filled with such enthusiasm, that he wrote to him, "Come and fill the place of a Linnæus here; come and be another legislator of natural history." *On ne pouvait caractériser Cuvier plus heureusement*, adds M. Flourens. *Le nouveau Linné à peine arrivé, Geoffroy s'oublie pour le faire valoir.*

Goethe has remarked the curious coincidence of the three great zoölogists successively opening to their rivals the path of distinction: Buffon called Daubenton to aid him; Daubenton called Geoffroy; and Geoffroy called Cuvier. Goethe further remarks, that there was the same radical opposition in the tendencies of Buffon and Daubenton, as in those

of Geoffroy and Cuvier—the opposition, namely, of the synthetical and analytical spirit.\* At that time their characteristic tendencies were not sufficiently developed to prevent Geoffroy and Cuvier forming a deep and lasting regard for each other. They had in common, youth, love of science, ambition, and the freshness of ignorance; the last clause will be readily understood by all who can remember companionship in the early stages of inquiry, before convictions have become crystallized enough to present their sharp angles of opposition, before love of science is obscured by jealous personality. Geoffroy and Cuvier knew no jealousy. Geoffroy had a position, he shared it with his friend; he had books and collections, they were open to his rival; he had a lodging in the Museum, it was shared by his new brother. Daubenton in vain warned him against the zeal with which he fostered a formidable rivalry, placing before him one day at dinner a copy of Lafontaine, open at the page containing the fable of "The Bitch and her Neighbor." Geoffroy at three-and-twenty was not to be chilled by an ignoble prudence; probably also he felt strong enough to create a name for himself by the side of Cuvier. And so the two happy active youths pursued their studies together, wrote memoirs together, speculated, debated, and "never sat down to breakfast without having made a fresh discovery," as Cuvier said, truly enough, for in those days every step taken was a discovery, and they might reckon as such every point of knowledge which they gained. Geoffroy remained firm to his friend; and in later years Cuvier spoke with unfeigned admiration of his generous persistence. Lamarck also—who was afterwards to find in Cuvier so stringent an adversary—was among the first to aid Geoffroy in his generous efforts. The radical opposition of the intellectual tendencies of the two friends became more marked as years rolled on, and this opposition manifested itself in discussions which for a time obscured the memory of that happy past; but when the heats of argument subsided, or when either of them was unhappy, the old affection forced its way over all barriers of opinion, and the friendship of 1795 revived.

It was an age illustrated by great deeds and great men: in the friendship of such men, as in their labors, we have a right to expect the grand proportions of the heroic

\* See his interesting review (the last thing Goethe ever wrote) of "Les Principes de Philos. Zoologique." Werke, xl.



mould. As the pen traces the glorious names of that age, a certain pride in our race is irresistible; and that pride becomes justified when the light of history falls on pictures which show the moral nature no less elevated than the intellectual. Among the most charming episodes of science we place the friendship of Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire.

Success was creating a position for Geoffroy, when, in 1798, Berthollet called on him and said, "Come with Monge and me: we shall be your comrades; Bonaparte will be our general." Whither were they going? He knew not. In the mystery there was seduction. Geoffroy consented: it was the Expedition to Egypt he had joined! Arago may well say that few scientific men would quit a comfortable position and a growing renown for the perils of such an expedition and the certainty of war; but those were adventurous days, and the adventurous spirit animated its leaders. The voyage was pregnant with results. Geoffroy explored Egypt—its ruins, its tombs, its natural history. He returned laden with materials, and endeared to Napoleon, who had admitted him into the small circle of intimates chosen as the companions of his excursions. The great work on Egypt contains many of the results of Geoffroy's researches; all his subsequent writings contain traces of this visit. We must refer the reader to Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire for detail. We need only add in passing, that many of the so-called "fables" of Herodotus were shown by Geoffroy to be simple facts.

It has been a standing subject of declamatory reproach, that Goethe, during the campaign in France, occupied himself with his scientific researches, and amid the whistling of cannon-balls preserved his scientific sagacity and curiosity. We are told this was a proof of his heartlessness, and we are told so by men who, innocent of scientific preoccupation, and intolerant of any ideas but their own, implicitly declare that politics, and politics alone, shall be considered worthy of respect. Archimedes, in the besieged city of Syracuse, regretted his want of books more than his want of food, and continued his studies amid the tumult of war; whether he also was heartless, we have no means of knowing; but we do know that Geoffroy certainly was *not*; yet he too studied amid the flying bomb-shells and burning houses of Alexandria; amid the surprises of besiegers and the plaintive wail of the victims, amid all the horrors of a siege, he was absorbed in the study of electric fishes! "Malgré ce

qu'avait d'étourdissant ce spectacle et d'inquiétant sa pénible éventualité, je restai sous l'impression, et je crois pouvoir ajouter sous le charme des scènes d'électricité dont je devins assidument l'expérimentateur."\*

A danger more pressing, and scarcely less terrible to him than bomb-shells, arose on the capitulation of the French army in Alexandria. Imagine his consternation on reading among the articles of the capitulation, that all the collections made so laboriously by him and his brother *savants* were to be considered public property, and, as such, placed at the disposition of the conqueror! It was an article which only affected a few, but them it affected profoundly: the labor of three years and a half was to be handed over to the English to swell their trophies. The Commission indignantly protested, but General Hutchinson was inflexible. Geoffroy, threatened in his dearest affections, passionately exclaimed, "We will not obey. Your army enters the city in two days from this: before then the sacrifice will be made. We will burn our treasures with our own hands! You may then dispose of our persons as you please. Ah! you aim at celebrity, do you? You shall have it. History will remember you, for you also will have burnt an Alexandrian library!" This threat of being made a second Omar seems to have deterred the English general, and the article was effaced.

In our day, enriched with such abundant spoils, we cannot easily understand the effect produced on France by the treasures brought from Egypt. For the first time Europe saw the mummies and animals of ancient and modern Egypt, its sacred animals from Apis downwards, preserved as in life with all the parts discernible. To naturalists the effect was startling; they saw there animals which, although between two and three thousand years old, in no respect differed from their descendants; and all the partisans of Cuvier pointed, as they still point, to this fact, in proof of the doctrine that *species is immutable*. Nor was the answer then ready which subsequent inquiries, greatly aided by those of Geoffroy, have enabled science to make—viz., that the Egyptian animals have not appreciably varied in three thousand years, and nevertheless there is reason for believing that species is variable.

After a period so agitated as that of 1792 to 1802, Geoffroy must have greatly enjoyed the serenity of scientific pursuit which now filled his soul. He returned to the Museum

\* "Etudes progressives d'un Naturaliste."

to continue his zoological labors, which, varied and important as they were, we need only refer to as containing vague tentatives to conceive clearly the doctrine of Unity of Composition. The history of that conception is told by his son with great skill, and will be read with interest; enough if we fix the date of 1806 as that when the definite basis was laid, and the doctrine clearly seen in its general outlines. In 1804 he made a happy marriage with a daughter of M. Brière de Montédour, a *receveur-général* under Louis XVI.

In 1807, he was elected member of the Institute. Cuvier, congratulating him, said: "I am the more pleased, because I always reproached myself with occupying a seat in the Institute before you." Geoffroy was fond of recounting this, adding with simplicity, "It surprised me, because I never thought I could have such an honor before him." These great men may quarrel, but have no room in their souls for envy!

That honesty is the best policy, and that generous self-sacrifice will call forth the generosity of others, are homely truths, much disowned in practice, illustrated strikingly in Geoffroy's mission to Spain and Portugal. The Emperor, master of Portugal, had organized a scientific commission for the purpose of ascertaining what Portugal contained worthy of being transported to Paris. He offered it to Geoffroy, who accepted, and took with him as his secretary Delalande. According to the terms of his mission, he had simply to visit the various collections of natural history, and carry off what he deemed useful. But Geoffroy extended the idea to the Arts and Letters. He departed with unconditional powers. And here the character of the man shows itself: although he had power to despoil Portugal, he refused to do more than to make *exchanges*. He carried with him from Paris huge cases of objects destined to replace those he might choose. He went as a friend where he might have gone as a despoiler. As he was about to depart, the war began in Spain, and his mission became so perilous that his family and friends implored him to relinquish it. "I accepted it," was his reply, "when it was an object of envy to all; I will not flinch, now that no one would willingly accept it." Brave, conscientious Geoffroy! What a loss he would have been, had he perished on his mission, as he nearly did! The abdication of Ferdinand roused the populace, and "Death to the French!" resounded through Spain. A band of insurgents seized Geoffroy and his

companion, who, by some unexplained circumstance, were not massacred on the spot, but were thrown into prison, from whence, after great peril, they were rescued by the niece of the Governor of Estramadura, whom they had a few days before generously assisted.

The effect of Geoffroy's system of taking nothing but as a free gift, or in exchange for some equally valuable object, was to predispose every one in his favor. Instead of hiding their treasures from him, people were assiduous in showing him every civility. He enriched France through Portugal, and Portugal through France. The happy consequences of this conduct are now to be seen: Wellington had driven the French from the Peninsula; the conquerors became in turn the conquered; and once more Geoffroy saw his precious collections threatened as at Alexandria. But this time he could not dare the English general. He negotiated. He made a statement of the manner in which he had acquired his collections, never once using the right of might: would that right be used against him? Many notable Portuguese, even the Lisbon Academy itself, interceded for him. The English decided on sharing the spoils with him, granting him a third, but insisting on his accepting it in his own person, and not as the representative of France. Having by this concession got the legitimacy of his claim acknowledged, he negotiated again, and, after considerable discussion, it was decided that he should give up four cases, at his own choice, and retain the rest. He succeeded in bringing his treasures to Paris, and in 1814, while France was suffering from foreign invasion, Portugal sent through the venerable prior of Our Lady of Jesus an official recognition of the services Geoffroy had rendered her, for which he "bore the esteem and respect of the Portuguese nation." In 1815, France, the despoiler, was herself despoiled; the pictures and statues she had plundered were reclaimed by the various cities—Portugal alone was silent! The Portuguese minister declared that as Geoffroy had *taken* nothing, Portugal reclaimed nothing.

Let us return to 1808. The *Faculté des Sciences* was created, and the chair of zoölogy in the University was offered to Geoffroy as a "testimony of satisfaction for his conduct in Portugal." No place could better suit him, but his sense of justice made him, as in 1793 with regard to Lacépède, refuse the place in favor of Lamarck, who was not only his colleague at the Museum, and his senior

in science, but who had a large family with a small fortune: to him, therefore, the chair seemed due, and Geoffroy pressed him to accept it. But Lamarck was too truthful and conscientious not to feel that the chair offered him would force him to fresh studies of comparative anatomy, and that at sixty-five he was too old to begin them. He refused. Geoffroy was thus without a reason for declining the chair, and accordingly towards the end of 1809 he commenced his duties.

Troublous times were again to tear him from his science, and in 1815, during the heat of conflict, we find him one of the deputies at the *Chambre des Représentants*. By a phrase which escaped from Bory de Saint-Vincent, we see that even during the sittings of the Chamber, the two naturalists talked of the Unity of Composition. In the time of danger he was always at the post of danger; but peace restored found him in his study, calmly pursuing the great object of his life.

The period of 1816-1824 was occupied with the elaboration of his "*Philosophie Anatomique*;" that of 1825-27, with the completion of his views on "*Teratology*," or, the Science of Monstrosities, a science he may be said to have created, by placing it on a *positive* basis; from 1827 to 1840, he was variously employed on the great questions of descriptive and philosophic zoology. We shall have to speak of these labors in the second part of our article; for the present the outlines of Geoffroy's biography demand exclusive attention. And first of the celebrated discussion between him and Cuvier in the Academy of Sciences, a discussion which, even on the eve of the Revolution of 1830, withdrew for a moment the attention of politicians from politics, and which completely overshadowed, in Goethe's mind, the importance of the Revolution itself; "for he knew that a whole revolution in thought, far deeper and far more important to humanity than twenty July days in France, was germinating there."<sup>\*</sup>

This celebrated discussion was the definitive separation of the two thinkers, a separation which had been indicated as early as 1806, when it first showed itself on a question of classification, and which subsequent years only brought into more distinct relief. From the moment when Geoffroy placed synthesis above analysis, the scission was in-

evitable. He commenced the elaboration of a new doctrine; and his friend could only become his disciple or his adversary. Cuvier could be the disciple of no man, and the tendency of his genius inevitably forced him into opposition with that of Geoffroy; hence it surprised no one to find him, in 1828, combating in the "*Histoire des Poissons*" the doctrine of Unity of Composition, which to the day of his death he opposed, without ever understanding it. He combated it with arguments often pitiable, frequently unfair, but victoriously specious. He had even, in 1828, the singular bad taste to declare that the doctrine had no reality except in the imagination of certain naturalists who were poets rather than observers,\* which, as addressed to Geoffroy, was simply an impertinence, but an impertinence one must regret to find him repeating in the public discussion, when he asked Geoffroy questions of natural history the veriest tyro could answer, as if the man who had distinguished himself for so many years as an observer and discoverer was to be treated like one of the public! Whatever may be the views entertained on the question in dispute, few, we think, will follow the discussion without being struck with the disingenuous and small-minded attitude assumed by Cuvier, who was irritated into uttering opinions one can hardly suppose him to have really held. The irritation is intelligible. His glory as a legislator was menaced; and the *amour propre* of a philosopher is not to be ruffled with impunity. Nevertheless, there is a noble style of quarrelling, and Cuvier, we regret to say, did not adopt that style, but adopted one of arrogant assertion, damaging insinuation, and unphilosophic appeal to theological prejudices. Lest this judgment should be supposed to emanate from agreement with Geoffroy's views, let us say at once that we think Cuvier's position was right, as he understood the question."<sup>†</sup>

\* "*Plus poètes qu'observateurs.*"—"*Hist. des Poissons*," i. p. 551. Geoffroy: "*Cours des Mammifères*," Disc. Prelim., p. 20. It is one of the pretensions of the Cuvier school to restrict science to "*facts*"—*des faits positifs*—as if relations were not facts in the true sense, as if laws were not materials of science.

† Even Owen, with all reverence for his great predecessor, but with greater reverence for truth, is forced to say: "It is with pain and a reluctance which only the cause of truth has overcome, that I am compelled to notice the inconsistencies into which the great Cuvier fell, when his judgment became warped by prejudices against a theory extravagantly, and perhaps irritatingly, contended for by a contemporary and rival anatomist."—"*Homologies*," p. 149. He is alluding to Oken; but the phrase is

\* *Westminster Review*, October, 1852; Article, "Goethe as a Man of Science," where the passage from Eckermann is given.

On the 22d February, 1830, Geoffroy read a report to the Academy, in the name of a "commission," on a memoir by Meyranx and Laurencet, on the organization of the cephalopoda, in which the authors brought forward arguments in favor of the Theory of Analogues. Cuvier replied, and in his reply maintained, as the only legitimate method in zoology, that method of which the basis had been "irrevocably fixed by Aristotle."

This unphilosophic subservience to Aristotle, and on a point on which, of all others, Aristotle, from the infancy of the science when he wrote, was least entitled to be held as an authority, was, we believe, only a mask worn more or less consciously by Cuvier, who dreaded the encroachments of the new doctrine, less because it threatened Aristotle, than because it openly discredited those principles of classification which Cuvier had made the basis of his own labors. The doctrine attempted to show that the cephalopoda formed the passage from invertebrate to vertebrate animals; and Cuvier had always declared such a passage impossible, chimerical. It attempted to show that a cephalopod could be assimilated to the vertebrate type, by supposing a vertebrate animal bent backwards and walking on its hands and feet in the way mountebanks sometimes exhibit themselves. It attempted to show that one principle of composition prevailed throughout the animal kingdom, and that the Theory of Analogues was the method by which such unity could be demonstrated. The dispute, it will be observed, is less the combat of two thinkers, than the antagonism of the two methods which have, from the earliest efforts of philosophy, divided the world into two opposing camps.

For six weeks the discussion was prolonged. The sensation it produced in Europe was immense; but to those who looked down from the heights of doctrine to the persons of the combatants, it must have appeared sad then, as it does now, to see the two rivals separated thus at the close of a career which in the beginning had so lovingly united them! It is not the first friendship which has suffered thus; it will not be the last. Opinion is a terrible anarchist, setting father against son, brother against brother, friend against friend, class against class, nation against nation. Very touching it is to follow this quarrel be-

tween Cuvier and Geoffroy, thinking of their early days of sympathy and labor; touching to see how the dispute *pains* Geoffroy, and how he suffers in his affections from this open contest with his oldest friend; and if no traces of that feeling are visible in Cuvier's replies, yet in justice to him be it noted, that when, in the following May, Geoffroy had to bear the affliction of losing a daughter, in her twentieth year, among the first of those who came to weep with him and console him was this old friend and recent adversary. Their friendship was never afterwards interrupted.

Geoffroy was called from his domestic grief to public sympathies: the Revolution once more overthrew the Bourbon dynasty; national liberty was once more regained. He of whom it was said that he had "the sacred enthusiasm of humanity," gloried in the Revolution, but, because he gloried in it, wished above all things that it should be glorious, and free from all excess. On the 29th July, he saved M. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, from the fury of the people, giving him an asylum in his house. The archbishop was totally unknown to him; but the man who had already in a short life saved fifteen of his fellow-creatures, was not likely to be wanting to the sixteenth. On the 14th of August, the archbishop quitted the Jardin des Plantes, a date already sacred to Geoffroy, as that on which, thirty-eight years before, he had carried to Haüy the order of deliverance!

No sooner did public tranquillity bring domestic tranquillity in its rear, than Geoffroy was once more at his science, carrying his views into paleontology, and thus again coming into collision with Cuvier. By the side of the question of Analogies, now rose the questions of Variability of Species, and the succession of the forms of life upon our globe. Cuvier replied, but he replied where he could not be answered—in his lecture-room. On the 8th of May, 1832, he took a survey of zoological science, and concluded with an attack on Unity of Composition: five days afterwards, he was no more. Curiously enough, the same year,\* and at a brief interval, saw Europe deploring the loss of two of its greatest ornaments, Goethe and Cuvier, and the Doctrine of Unity of Composition, maintained by the one, rejected by the other, occupied their last scientific solicitude: the last lecture of Cuvier replies to the last page of Goethe!

Cuvier was dead. The man whom Geoff-

as applicable to the dispute with Geoffroy. We think, however, that Cuvier, in both instances, was less warped by prejudices than by native incapacity for philosophic anatomy, to which the whole tendencies of his genius were opposed.

\* Also the year of Sir Walter Scott's death.



froy had called to Paris, predicting for him the first place among naturalists, the man who had realized this prediction, and whom he, over the tomb, proclaimed the greatest of them all: the early friend and fellow-laborer, the illustrious rival, was gone: nothing now remained but to deplore his loss and honor his memory. Geoffroy proposed that a statue should be erected to Cuvier opposite to that of Buffon; and he was zealously seconded. "The tomb of Cuvier, so recently closed," says Isidore St. Hilaire, "Geoffroy had only one thought, that of honoring his memory; and it was with indignation he refused to accept a proffered occasion to reply to the vehement attacks of Cuvier's last lecture. It was the same feeling which made him suddenly change the direction of his labors in philosophic anatomy and paleontology. He returned to the anatomy and physiology of reproduction and lactation in the marsupials, monotremata, and cetacæ. There another contest awaited him with Cuvier's illustrious successor, M. de Blainville."

But Isidore St. Hilaire forgets to mention another dispute with an antagonist still more illustrious than de Blainville—our own Professor Owen, then a young zoölogist, who had already given promise of his future fame. The zoölogical world concurred in the main with Geoffroy in assigning to the monotremata of New Holland a distinct place between mammalia and birds, and to the marsupials an approximation towards the lower classes in virtue of their possessing the "peritoneal canals" discovered by Geoffroy in the crocodile,\* and also in virtue of their obscure generation. It should be remembered that these curious animals had been little studied. Geoffroy was almost the only anatomist who then was entitled to be heard on the subject. Owen began his investigations, and opened the controversy by proving that the peritoneum in the kangaroo was, as in other mammals, altogether divested of "canals."† This discovery he followed up, next year, by demonstrating the existence of mammary glands in the ornithorhynchus‡ and *Echidna Hystrix*, as well as the muscular apparatus which rendered a teat unnecessary: thus restoring the monotremata to their place among mammalia.‡ The point was placed beyond dispute by the arrival of information from Australia that the secretion from these glands, designated as mammary, was milk; when

we said placed beyond dispute, we spoke from our present standing-point. Geoffroy was up in arms to dispute it. Arguing for its "impossibility," (the organ being absent, the function must also be absent,) Geoffroy surmised that the secretion was "mucus" and not milk. And, in an elaborate memoir, published in 1834, he proposed to make a new species for these glands, demonstrated by Owen, and to call them *glandes monotremiques*. The decisive blow was then struck by Owen, who, having got a very young ornithorhynchus, showed the remarkable modification of its mouth for receiving lactæal nutriment, and showed also the microscopical characters of milk in the coagulated contents of the stomach. We need not pursue these details. They will be found in the "Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society;" and Geoffroy himself ended by giving up his opinion in favor of the new.

An injustice the motive of which is hidden from us, was perpetrated early in 1838, when the direction of the Menagerie of the Museum which he had created in 1793-4, and which he had held ever since, was taken from Geoffroy and given to Frédéric Cuvier, whom he had chosen as assistant. The injustice was severely felt. Only in such a country as France could it have been perpetrated. Let us add that, on the death of Frédéric Cuvier, six months afterwards, Geoffroy was restored to his old post. Another, and a far greater calamity, awaited him. In July, 1840, he paid the penalty which science so often exacts—he lost his eyesight. When in Egypt, he had suffered from ophthalmia; and later in life he was wont to say, "I shall be blind when I grow old." He tasked his eyes beyond endurance. Not content with working all day long, he used to write during half the night. Foreseeing the consequences, he braved them in his ardor of pursuit, as all men will brave consequences when animated by convictions. Loss of eyesight could not stop him. Unable to see, he could meditate, dictate, and sometimes even write a few lines he was never to read. "I am blind, but I am happy," he used to say. Thus the months rolled on. His life was ebbing; but to quote the poetical language of Edgar Quinet over his grave, "Il s'approche, en souriant, de la vérité sans voile; à la fin il descend, sans rien craindre, dans l'éternelle science." On the 19th of June, 1844, there was a smile upon his lips, but that noble heart ceased to beat.

During his illness, several students and

\* See "Cours des Mammifères," and Owen in "Proceedings of Zoölogical Society," 1831.

† "Zool. Proceed.," 1831, p. 160.

‡ Ibid., 1832, p. 180.

young doctors, unacquainted with the family, came to beg as a favor and a mark of their gratitude that they might sit up with him through the long nights; and those whose offer was accepted waited at the bedside and retired in the morning, without the dying man once being made aware of their presence. Two thousand persons followed the funeral; among them were the employés of the Jardin des Plantes, who took the coffin from the hearse and carried it in their arms to the grave. Dumeril, Chevreul, Dumas, Parissot, Serres, the octogenarian Lakanal, and the youthful Edgar Quinet, pronounced orations, according to the custom in France; and a bronze statue for Geoffroy's birth-place was instantly proposed and commissioned. But Geoffroy's real monument is his doctrine, and to that we now address ourselves.

And first, what is his doctrine? What is the *idée mère* from which all the investigations proceed, to which they all recur? It is the *demonstration* of what had from the earliest times been a persistent *sentiment*, namely, that throughout the infinite variety of organic forms there runs one principle of composition: that there is one type underlying all diversities. This "Unity of Organic Composition" which he devoted himself to establish is, we believe, the greatest idea contributed by zoölogy to philosophy. In the brief space at our disposal we must expound it, with reference to Geoffroy's labors, in the way in which it presents itself to the mind after systematic study, and not in the truer and more philosophical way of historical evolution. Hence, regarding it as a doctrine, we will first expound its method, next its verification in the sphere of organic "anomalies," and finally, having indicated these two aspects, we may hope to see the way cleared for an appreciation of the doctrine itself.

Geoffroy's method may be summed up in the two celebrated formulas: the Theory of Analogues and the Principle of Connections; its verification is in the Laws of Arrest of Development and Balance of Organs. By the former he created Philosophical Anatomy, (subsequently styled Transcendental Anatomy;) by the latter he created Teratology, or the science of Monstrosities.\* Pro-

perly to understand the Theory of Analogues, we must regard it as the introduction of the truly *scientific* spirit into zoölogy, hitherto almost exclusively *descriptive*: it brought reason to the aid of observation. "Those who conceive science as consisting of a simple accumulation of observed facts, have only to consider Astronomy with some attention to feel how narrow and superficial is their notion. In it the facts are so simple and of so little interest, that one cannot possibly fail to observe that only the connection of them and the exact knowledge of their laws constitute the science. What in reality is an astronomical fact? Nothing else ordinarily than this: a star has been seen at a particular instant and under a correctly-measured angle; a circumstance, doubtless, of little importance in itself. The continual combination of these observations and the more or less profound mathematical elaboration of them characterize the science, even in its most imperfect state. In reality, astronomy did not begin when the priests of Egypt and Chaldea made a series of empirical observations on the heavens, but only when the first Greek philosophers began to connect the general phenomenon of the diurnal movement with certain geometrical laws."\* In the same way Zoölogy was not a science so long as men merely observed, described, and classified according to obviously apparent characteristics, but when they classified according to *constant relations of structure*—not when they classed whales with fishes, because whales swam like fishes; bats with birds, because they flew like birds; but when, piercing beneath the obvious external characteristic, they detected the internal and more essential conditions of structure: and following out this method, it becomes evident that, to carry the science forward, we must more and more disregard "differences," more and more attend to the obscured but essential conditions which are revealed in "resemblances," or constant relations of structure. This is the avowed method of Philosophic Anatomy; it is the intellectual investigation which "interprets" the facts of observation. There is danger, it is true, of being led astray by will-o'-wisp of thought proceeding from a "heat-oppressed brain;" there is danger of assigning

\* To lighten this exposition of endless qualifications and digressions, we here may, once for all, declare that Geoffroy is here considered without reference to predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. When we say he created these sciences, we do not ignore the fact of Goethe, Oken, Meckel, having before him expounded the ideas and applied

them. For the history of opinion on this subject, see Carus, "Anatomie Transcendante," (vol. iii. of the "Anat. Comp., Intro.,") Isidore St. Hilaire, "Essais de Zoölogie Générale," and "Hist. des Anomalies."

\* Comptes "Philosophy of the Sciences," p. 81.

to the intellectual processes a larger share than is due; in short, there is danger of metaphysics being substituted for science; and it is well that observers should be ever ready with their "stubborn facts" to control this tendency, and keep speculation within bounds. But—it is almost a truism, and yet how far from an accepted truth!—science is science not in virtue of facts, nor any accumulation of facts, but in virtue of ideas giving to facts their signification.

This being premised, let us see what was the scientific innovation, the method employed by Geoffroy. It is enough to name Cuvier, his rival, and the legislator of zoölogy in those days, to indicate the position of the science. To observe, describe, and classify, were the constantly-iterated principles of his method. He prided himself on keeping strictly to facts; he had a dread of speculation, was alarmed at every mention of the "German School," and, with a complacency characteristic of his own school, smiled upon all thinkers, and called them dreamers. Geoffroy's multiform labors attest his love of facts, and his minute researches; but above facts he placed ideas; from erudition he passed to science.

The search after resemblances is the characteristic trait of Geoffroy's labors: in the *Philosophie Anatomique* this is erected into a method. In all times the obvious resemblances had guided men. Every one perceived the analogies between the hand of man, of monkeys, and the paws of other animals; and no one could mistake the analogy of the viscera in the animal kingdom. But although these analogies had led to a vague idea of the unity of composition, they were too few and too unconnected to give scientific value to that idea. Geoffroy had to pass on from these obvious analogies to those which were not obvious, yet real. His anatomy was philosophic, or transcendent, because, transcending the vision of the eye, it had the vision of the mind, seeing what the eye alone could never see.

"The evidences of the unity of plan," says Professor Owen, "in the construction of the scapular limb, whether it be an arm with a prehensile hand, a hoofed foreleg, a wing or a fin, are admitted by all;\* the same scapula, humerus, antibrachial, carpal, metacarpal, and phalangeal bones are readily recognized by the tyro in comparative osteology, in the ape, the horse, the whale, the bird, the tortoise, and the crocodile. But the higher law governing the existence of these spe-

cial homologies has attracted little attention in this country. Yet the inquiry into that more general principle of conformity to type . . . is one that by no means transcends the scope of the comparative anatomist."<sup>\*</sup>

Not so thought Cuvier. He rigidly confined himself to what he, with question-begging phraseology, termed "*des analogies réelles*," that is to say, special homologies; but one may well ask with Owen, "If the special homology of each part of the diverging appendage and its supporting arch are recognizable from man to the fish, shall we close the mind's eye to the evidence of that higher law of archetypal conformity, on which the very power of tracing the lower and more special correspondences depends?"<sup>†</sup> It is this use of the mind, as well as of the eyes, this addition of reason to observation, which characterizes philosophic anatomy. To the eye, carried away by details, led astray by its observation of multiplied "differences," the wing of a bat is not the same as the leg of a horse; but to the mind, (noting all the facts the eye observes, and, after classifying, interpreting them,) the wing of a bat is essentially the same as the leg of a horse, the differences being merely variations of the one theme played by Nature.<sup>‡</sup> Embryology comes to our aid, and shows us that the hand and the foot do not sensibly differ; the embryo of a man, of a dog, of a rodent, &c., show but one form of limb; and the researches of Agassiz and Paul Gervais on the embryo of the bat, confirm Müller's statement that the primitive form of the limbs is almost identical, whether the limb is subsequently to serve the function of swimming, climbing, walking, or flying. The successive developments realize the various modifications through which the different groups of the same typical form are distinguished.<sup>§</sup>

But now, granting that the search after resemblances is the legitimate province of philosophic anatomy, the question arises: How are we to seek them? What is to be our guide? One thing is clear: if some analogies are so evident that the eye can de-

\* "Homologies," p. 127.

† "Homologies," p. 133.

‡ "Il semble," says Buffon, "que l'Etre Suprême n'a voulu employer qu'une idée, et la varier en même temps des toutes les manières possibles, afin que l'homme pût admirer également et la magnificence de l'exécution et la simplicité du dessein."

§ Gervais: "Comparaison des Membres chez les Animaux Vertébrés."—"Ann. des Sc. Nat.," vol. xx. p. 35.

\* Admitted, however, only since Vicq d'Azir opened this question of transcendental anatomy.

test them, it must be because there is *resemblance between all, or almost all, the conditions of existence* of the organs compared; if there are other analogies not so evident, it must be because the organs resembling each other in some of these fundamental conditions, differ also in others less important. This established, it became necessary to settle what should be the mode of determining the relative importance. The function could not guide him, for the same function is served by very different organs; not the *form*, nor the *structure*, for each varies with the function; not *size*, nor *color*—nothing, in short, which had been suggested would suffice Geoffroy, who had therefore to suggest the guide himself. Only the relative position and mutual dependence of organs remained for him to choose: he selected it, and the theory of *le Principe des Connexions* emerged. "An organ is sooner destroyed than transposed:"\* that was his maxim.

By the light of this principle of connection he was enabled to interpret those *rudimentary organs* which puzzled anatomists, and which still suggest fanciful explanations;† small and without functions, these organs have nevertheless their invariable relation of position; and in studying these organs, Geoffroy found that even where rudimentary organs were absent, their anatomic elements were often discernible, variously grouped according to their "elective affinities." He was thus led to his law of the Balance of Organs, according to which the over-development of one part is always at the expense of another: so that accompanying a rudimentary organ, we usually find some other organ over-developed; hypertrophy and atrophy play into each other's hands.

The *principe des connexions* which was Geoffroy's guide and pride, is unquestionably a most valuable instrument. Is it of *universal* application? Milne Edwardes is disposed to doubt it,‡ although willing to admit its astonishing value as a guide in the search of homologies. He objects to its universality on the ground, that in the Vertebrata and Mollusca, the three principal organs—brain, heart, and intestinal canal—have not the same position. But this may be answered from teratological indications. In monstrosities we sometimes find *inversions* of the whole

position of organs, but never a violation of their *relative* connection. He further adduces the varieties of attachment of the thoracic members in reptiles and fishes: in the Saurians the scapula is connected with the external surface of the sides, whereas in the tortoise it is lodged in the interior of the thorax; while in fishes it has no costal connection, but is united with the bones of the cranium. Geoffroy would have admitted these and other variations of connection,\* but would have seen no argument in them against his principle; and indeed we are surprised at a man of the eminence of Milne Edwardes seriously propounding such an objection.

Passing now to the second part of the *Philosophie Anatomique*, which contains the most striking application of the method, we see before us the great subject of Teratology. Up to the time when Meckel and Geoffroy began to reduce the chaos of observation, hypothesis, and fiction relating to monstrosities into something like a science, the strange anomalies which were frequently presenting themselves, both in human beings and in animals, were considered—1st, as inexplicable "freaks of nature;" 2d, as the result of *pre-existent* deformities; 3d, as irregularities inexplicable and irreducible to law. The very term Monstrosity implied a contradiction to all known laws; and for a philosopher to have said to the world, "This monstrosity is the product of precisely the same laws as those which produce the normal being," would have been to draw upon himself something of the wonderment and scorn which rise in the mind when first men are told that social and historical phenomena, capricious and wayward as they appear, are serial products of laws absolute and ascertainable. What Comte has done for Sociology, Geoffroy did for Teratology. He considers monstrosities as *organic deviations*. They are not the products of hazard or caprice. They have their laws; these laws are the same as those which form all organisms; instead of escaping the general laws of organization, they only serve to prove the universality of those laws.†

The first and perhaps the most striking evidence of the truth of this, is the fact, that so far from monstrosities being wholly "irregular," irreducible to law, they have been actually classified with a precision rivalling

\* "Un organe est plutôt altéré, atrophié, anéanti, que transposé."—*Philos. Anat.*, vol. i. Disc. Prelim. xxx.

† The author of the "Vestiges" regards them as "harmless peculiarities of development."‡

‡ "Intro. à la Zoologie Générale," p. 150.

\* See his "Philos. Anat.," vol. i. p. 7, for a sketch of the variations of the visceral positions.

† Compare also Meckel: *Traité de l'Anat. Comparée*; French Trans. Preface, xxii.



the classifications of zoölogy! Science has reduced the numberless varieties of the animal world to a few simple orders, classes, and families. No sooner does a new animal make its appearance, than the zoölogist at once ranges it according to its genus and species. So also with monstrosities: their classification and nomenclature are known all over Europe. Geoffroy himself created thirty genera; and his successors have determined some fifty more. These are coördinated into twenty-three families and five orders. Such is the state of perfection to which this classification has arrived, that during the ten years, 1837-1847, in which a multitude of monstrosities were produced, and described with the accuracy which European science bestows on this great subject, only *one* new generic type was detected. Not only so, but a teratologist will from any one capital indication describe the whole of the anomalous organization, just as a zoölogist will describe the whole of an animal from a part.\*

If, however, monsters are formed according to the ordinary laws of organization, how is it they are produced? If they are *organic deviations*, what is it which causes the deviation? Meckel, who, according to Isidore St. Hilaire, held the now exploded doctrine of *præexistent germs*, believed that the ordinary laws of development were in monsters applied to germs *originally* deformed; they were not produced by organic deviation, but the organic deviation came from primitive malformation. This doctrine of *præexistence* is one of the great battles in philosophy; we can only allude to it in passing, for it was definitively settled when Geoffroy, by his celebrated experiment on eggs, showed that monsters could be produced at pleasure, merely by certain perturbations occurring during incubation. Placing a vast quantity of eggs in the incubating establishment at Auteuil, *all of them exactly in the same ordinary circumstances of incubation*, he troubled their development in various ways, shaking them, perforating them, setting them in a vertical position on either end, rendering half the surface of the shell impermeable by air, &c. He found the results corresponded with the

various types of monstrosity observed in man and animals. This was conclusive against *original monstrosity*: the embryo began its development through normal forms; troubled in its course, it *deviated* into abnormal forms.\*

From this point we not only see the error of the old doctrine, but begin to see emerging the true theory of *arrest of development*, for the single monsters, and of the *union of similar parts*, for the double monsters. Space forbids our entering into details; the works of Geoffroy, Meckel, Serres, and Isidor St. Hilaire, abound in facts of great interest, and in ideas of far-reaching application: to them we refer.

To the mind which has once fairly grasped the theory of Analogues, the law of Balance of Organs, and the principle of Organic Deviations, which constitutes what are called monsters, there can be little difficulty in the doctrine of Unity of Composition, which was at once Geoffroy's goal and impulse—the aim of all his labors, the light by which he worked. We have said already that Cuvier never understood this doctrine he was so vehement in combating; we must add that in Geoffroy's own mind there seems to have been some confusion on the subject, which prevented his expounding it with the rigor and clearness demanded by so great a conception. We will do our best to indicate the leading points of the doctrine, as they stand out in opposition to the doctrine taught by Cuvier. In the very formula, "Unity of Plan, Unity of Composition," there is shifty vagueness,† lending itself to various meanings. We will put the question in an intelligible form: Are animals all variations of one type, developed according to one organic process identical throughout

\* Geoffroy was able to tell a mother what were the circumstances and the epoch which determined the accident, the result of which was a monstrosity. One day, a physician told him he was about to present to the Academy an acephalous monster. "Will you at the same time present the twin first-born, and their common placenta?" asked Geoffroy. "Eh!" replied the astonished physician, "have you, then, seen it?" "I only know what you have just told me."

\* "Qu'une mère dans les premiers temps de la gestation, éprouve une violente secousse physique ou morale; que cet événement provoque une vive et subite contraction du système musculaire, et en même temps de l'utérus; que les membranes fœtales se trouvent ainsi tout à coup resserrées, et qu'il en résulte une légère dilacération, deux phénomènes pourront survenir, savoir: l'écoulement d'une partie des eaux de l'amnios; puis l'union des lèvres de la petite plaie des membranes avec le point correspondant du corps de l'embryon. De là des lames d'adhérence, ou *brides*, dont la présence, tantôt temporaire, tantôt durable, trouble plus ou moins gravement le développement de l'embryon, soit qu'elle retient les organes hors des cavités ou ils devaient prendre place, soit qu'elle s'oppose aux réunions qui devaient avoir lieu, soit encore qu'elle retarde ou même empêche la formation des parties qui devaient apparaître ultérieurement."—Isidor St. Hilaire: "Vie de Geoffroy St. Hilaire," p. 280.

† See Goethe's excellent remarks on these words, "Werke," I. 519. "Man glaubt in reiner Prosa zu reden, und man spricht schon tropisch."

the series? Or, are they variations of many types; and if so, of how many? M. Flourens says that Geoffroy's ideas on *mutability* of species, and on the filiation of present with antediluvian species, are to be "separated from that grand and beautiful series of laws which constitute his doctrine;" but, in saying this, M. Flourens appears to us to misconceive that doctrine, of which they are but the application.

Geoffroy maintained that there was one type, one plan, according to which the whole animal kingdom was constructed. Cuvier maintained there were four types, four plans. And as long as the question is debated in the terms and within the limits fixed by Cuvier, we cannot but regard his argument as victorious.\* It is indeed obvious, that the structure of a polype is not identical with that of a mollusc, or a man: form, organs, number of organs, materials, and functions—all not only differ, but differ so as to be irreducible to one and the same type. An animal possessing a complex skeleton is not uniform in its composition with an animal possessing no skeleton. Cuvier's argument therefore consists in a facile enumeration of characteristic differences which strike the minds of his audience as irresistible evidence. Geoffroy feels that he is not comprehended, therefore not answered; but in vain does he struggle to get his views into clear, conspicuous formulas. The nearest approach to it is where, sensible of the misconception of his phrase, "unity of plan," he explains that it does not mean unity of distribution and material, but "unity of system in the composition and arrangement of organic parts." Thus a palace is not a hut, is not composed of the *same* materials, nor constructed according to the *same* distribution of those materials; but hut and palace are both the products of the same *principle* of architecture, and are both fundamentally the same in form and function; before a palace could be built there must have been the hut-type from which to start; no palace, cottage, castle, or dwelling-house, will ever be intellectually separable from that primitive type.

The idea of Geoffroy appears to us to be this: Unity of composition is not to be sought

in the *form* of animals, nor in their assemblage of parts, but in the *progressive repetition and complication of parts issuing from a common centre*, and formed according to a common plan or process. Let the organic materials be represented by the letters of the alphabet, and we may say there is unity of composition in language; the laws of grammar are constant, amid all the varieties of phrase: speech has its types of verb, noun, adjective, and so on. Let our phrase be simple or complex, the plan is the same. Thus, "Hold!—Hold this book. Hold this excellent book. Hold in your jewelled hand this very complicated and world-influencing book." These sentences may stand as fanciful representatives of the progressive series of animals from the simple to the most complex; and in them we detect one plan amid various materials—one law of structure, varied only in its details. Or, as a truer analogy, take the serial development of the sciences. No positive thinker will doubt that the sciences are one, though various; they have a method which is one, an organization which is one, and they are developed in serial progression, from the most simple to the most complex, each being but a repetition, under more complex conditions, of the preceding. Biology is as widely separated from Physics as a mammal is from a mollusc; yet the historian of development knows that there is unity of composition in one as in the other.

This is an adumbration of the truth; but greater precision and the aid of another series of ideas are requisite before Unity of Composition can be definitively established; it is only by connecting this theory with another, viewing it as the statical law of which development is the dynamical law, that, in our opinion, it can be accepted.

In closing this brief exposition of the doctrine, we have only to remind the reader that the exposition was necessarily confined to generalities, and that with the space at disposal there could have been no attempt to set forth details, or to give any survey of Geoffroy's various contributions to special questions of comparative anatomy. Enough has been gained if the foregoing pages lead to a serious study of the works of a remarkable thinker, and if some definite idea has been given of the place occupied in the development of philosophy by ETIENNE GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE.

\* Hence the majority of zoölogists are with Cuvier: even Comte sides with him, in this following, as usual, de Blainville.

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## CHRISTIAN POPULATIONS OF TURKEY.\*

PART of European Turkey was subdued, and Adrianople made its capital, for nearly a hundred years before that memorable 1453, when Mahomet II. planted the crescent on the tower of Constantinople; and, during this long period, the Greek empire existed by a kind of sufferance, until it became the convenience of the conqueror to strike the decisive blow. By an emphatic retribution, the Turkish state is now in precisely similar circumstances; dying by inches, propped up by the pillows of diplomacy, until some relaxation in the vigilance of European powers, or some project of dismemberment accepted by them, or the impatience of his own Christian population, or the revived fanaticism of the Moslems, give the signal of his fall. Another great conquering empire is about to descend heavily into the metropolis of nations; the tenants of the grave may be summoned from beneath to meet her; the mighty dead—Pharaohs, Persian, Greek, and Roman—rise from their sepulchral chambers, and hail the last of the Ottomans: "Art thou also become weak as we are? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols. The worm is become thy couch, and the earth-worm thy coverlet." Our descendants will speak of the time when the Turks were in the south-east of Europe, as we do of the time when the Moors were in the south-west; but the parallel is so far inexact, that future travellers will not find in Constantinople those monuments of Mohammedan art and grandeur which we admire in Spain.

Assuming the fall or metamorphose of the Turkish empire to be but a question of time, it is naturally asked, What is to come after it? Unfortunately, we know, from the example of Spain, that the cross may succeed the crescent, without any perceptible

moral benefit to humanity. One Mohammedan expulsion on a grand scale cost Europe much blood and many cruelties, and was followed by no commensurate results; what will be the manner and the issue of the second? Without attempting any positive answer to this momentous question, let us, at least, try to form as correct an idea as possible of the numbers, religious and moral state, political tendencies and relations of the Christian populations which, on the European side of the Bosphorus at least, are preparing to supplant their masters. We shall first take the provinces separately, and then review the whole. It must be premised that, upon the important head of population, calculations are very uncertain in a country in which registers and a regular census are unknown. They now exist, indeed, in the Principalities of the Danube, but not in the provinces under the immediate sway of the Porte. We can only try to approximate to the truth by comparing authorities. The first volume of Wigger's *Kirchliche Statistik* exhibits, perhaps, the most exact view of the relative strength of the different religious communities; but their absolute strength appears to be somewhat understated.

Let us begin with Moldavia and Wallachia. They are inhabited by the mixed race called *Roumans*, consisting of the old Dacian stock, latinized by numerous Roman colonies, and mingled, at a later period, with Bulgarians and other Slavonic emigrants. They speak a dialect derived from Latin; and their religion is that of the Greek Church. Turkish Moldavia has 1,430,000 inhabitants; Wallachia, 2,420,000; a multitude of Gypsies are included in the census. Those provinces opening in rich broad plains to the north-east have been successively overrun by all the barbarians who have come from the steppes of Asia, and have been the constant theatre of their wars with the nations of the west and south, as they were more recently the battle-fields of the Turks and Russians. Their native princes were alternately allies and vassals of the Hungarians, the Poles,

\* *The Frontier-Lands of the Christian and Turk: comprising Travels in the Regions of the Lower Danube, in 1850-61. By a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1853.*

and the Turks. At the peace of Adrianople, in 1829, they were at last constituted distinct states, tributary to the Porte, and protected by the Czar; it being moreover agreed that, for the future, no Mohammedans should be allowed to settle north of the Danube. The tribute amounts to three millions of piastres, not quite £30,000. The *Hospodars* were to be chosen, at first for seven years, (but it has been since determined, for life,) by an electoral college of Boyards of two classes, of Bishops, and of Deputies of districts. The National Assembly consists, also, of Bishops, Boyards, and Deputies; but it cannot meddle with external organic change. The clergy, more especially the superior clergy, are docile instruments of Russia; and the Russian Consuls at Bucharest and Jassy are practically Lords-lieutenant, disposing of all favors, and, by mingled corruption and intimidation, holding in their hands the reins of government.

A considerable part of Moldavia, all that lay on the left bank of the Pruth, had been ceded to Russia in 1812. There are, also, more than two millions of Roumans living under the sceptre of Austria, in Transylvania; so that they present the melancholy spectacle of a people divided between three masters, and retained in barbarism by a very corrupt form of Christianity, and by ages of misgovernment. All the refinements of modern civilization exist among the nobles and wealthier class; while the priests are extremely ignorant and immoral, the people cowardly, indolent, and, in every sense, degraded. Yet trade is increasing; Galacz has been called the Alexandria of the Danube; a feeling of nationality is beginning to develop itself, and to spread across the political and conventional boundaries that separate the members of the same race; Transylvanian and Wallachian peasants learn to chant the same old national ballads, and new patriotic songs. The news of the French Revolution of 1848 fell upon the Turkish Roumans, upon the inhabitants of Bucharest and Jassy in particular, like a spark upon a train of gunpowder, showing that a desire of social progress and a dislike to Russia had been growing upon them. They did not immediately attempt to depose their respective *Hospodars*, but insisted upon a total change in the management of affairs, and proclaimed the enfranchisement of serfs, that first necessary step towards a more advanced civilization. This was in the course of that eventful year. Russia lost no time in occupying the Principalities with an overwhelming force.

Stout old Riza Pacha would have insisted upon their being evacuated, and, if needs be, fought it out: but the Porte felt itself unsustained by the other powers of Europe. Even England, its most natural ally under the circumstances, was in a fit of absence or shortsighted indifference; so Riza Pacha was dismissed from the ministry, the liberal movement in the Principalities crushed, and the parish priests ordered to pray for the Emperor Nicholas. The first occupation ceased after a few months; but, by the convention of Balta-Liman, the sword was kept suspended over those provinces, if they should prove refractory. Thus Russia availed herself of the distracted state of Europe in the years 1848 and 1849, to crush a suffering people, and retard their political and social progress; but she reigns by force, not sympathy; and her rough courtship can hardly win the affections of the Roumans. The present occupation bears a character of insult to the Porte, rather than of hostility to the inhabitants of the provinces themselves; and the first act of the Divan of Moldavia, upon its assembling at Jassy on the 27th of June, was to vote an address of devotion to the Czar. It is to be hoped this is a mere compliment. We do not profess to fathom the Emperor Nicholas's intentions: he may evacuate the provinces more readily and earlier than we dare to expect; but, in any case, this crossing and recrossing of the Pruth is a bad habit and a temptation: neither the Russians nor the Roumans should be allowed to accustom themselves to it. We cannot forget that the change of protection into appropriation is a long-established rule of Muscovite policy. The Crimea was declared independent of the Porte in 1774, and Catherine II. took possession of it in 1783.

Between the Balkan and the Danube are spread the fertile plains of Bulgaria. It is said the original stock of the Bulgarians came from the banks of the Volga, and it was supposed they were most nearly related to the Finnish race and to the Magyars; but it is to be inferred from their language that they are of Slavonic origin, their dialect remaining, however, very distinct from the Illyro-Servian dialects spoken on their west. They were once the terror of the degenerate Greek empire, but were subdued by the Turks in 1396, and are now distinguished by a character of mildness, if not servility. They may be roughly computed at four millions, of whom about 300,000 have become Mussulmen. The rest are Greek Christians, very low, indeed, in the scale of civilization, sunk in



ignorance and filth. The higher clergy, imprudently chosen by the Turks in the monasteries of Mount Athos and its dependencies, are the complaisant servants of the Russian court; yet the laity refused to take arms for Russia in the war of 1828, feeling instinctively that it would be but a change of masters. The Bulgarians are accused, by their neighbors, of having lost even the desire of liberty, during their long servitude; yet there was a stir among the Heidukes at the beginning of the Greek insurrection; and Marc Botzaris, the hero of Missolonghi, was one of them. Again in 1841, an outrage offered to a young woman produced an insurrection in the Balkan, which was not quelled without trouble and bloodshed. The influence of Greece is now very strongly felt in this province; and its importance increases with the increase of navigation in the Danube and Black Sea.

Travelling westward along the northern frontier of the empire, we come to Servia. This is a natural fortress,—one large valley surrounded by the highest mountains in European Turkey. Its 900,000 inhabitants belong to the Greek Church, except about 12,000 Mussulmen. They speak one of the most harmonious of the Slavonic dialects, are a spirited and chivalrous people, remarkable for their strong domestic affections and their love of liberty, more moral than any of their co-religionists, more active than any except the Greeks. Servia had independent princes for many ages; it then got involved in the long and bloody strife between Turkey and Hungary. The fatal battle lost in the plain of Corsovo, in 1389, is the great disaster in the annals of this people, and is as present to their remembrances as if it took place but yesterday; as is also the death of their good Prince Cazasus, and that of the victor Amurath too, killed upon the field of battle by a wounded and dying Servian. This has been the ever-recurring theme of popular song and lament, down to a very recent tragedy by Milutinowicz. After repeatedly changing masters, the Servians remained subjects of the Porte in 1739. Early in the present century, goaded by the exactions of the Janissaries, they took up arms, defended themselves with great valor under the famous Czerni George, and coöperated with the Russians in the campaigns of 1809–1812. The treaty of Bucharest secured them an amnesty. The last war which broke out between Russia and Turkey was the signal for a more successful struggle; and in 1830 their partial independence was recognized by

the Porte. The Servians have neither nobles nor serfs; they are all free, and are generally owners of the fields they cultivate. This is the only country in which circumstances have permitted the establishment of patriarchal democracy, which liberal Slavonians declare to be the ideal towards which tend the aspirations of their race, and the only form of democracy suited to propagate itself among them. All families are equal; but the head of the family only enjoys electoral rights. From the national representatives, chosen by this peculiar kind of suffrage, the Prince selects a ministry and a sort of privy council, in which all laws submitted to the Assembly are first discussed, the Assembly itself having the right of accepting or rejecting them, but not that of taking the initiative, or introducing laws without the approbation of the council. The Prince himself is elected for life. The Slavonic mind is given to hero-worship; it has great reverence for, and confidence in, superior energy and capacities; and writers of that race who wish for the development of native free institutions, rather than the importation of foreign ones, are accustomed to represent this system as happily combining the equality of all with practical government by the great and good, the self-respect of the freeman with the Slavonian's mystic reverence for his natural superiors.

The Porte has only reserved to itself the citadel of Belgrade, (the garrison of which it may, if necessary, increase to 9,000 men,) and a tribute to be levied by native officers. The Servians are connected with Austria by old historical associations, and by the fact that a considerable Servian population lives under the Austrian sceptre, in Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. They should, apparently, be still more connected with Russia by the ties of a common religion, a common origin, a kindred language, and the services they have received from that colossal power; but there exists a counterbalancing principle of antagonism, in the democratic tendencies of a hardy and energetic people. Even the clergy are not devoted to Russia as they are elsewhere, perhaps because they are recruited exclusively in their own province, and do not come from monasteries where the Russian influence predominates. The high dignitaries of the Church receive, indeed, rich presents from the Czar, but maintain a footing of reserve. The tyranny of Russia over Poland has produced upon the minds of the Servians a feeling that the protection of their autocrat cousin is more to be dreaded than the superannuated despotism of the Porte. They

even deposed their Prince Milosch in 1842, because he was too much in the Russian interest, and put his son Michael in his place. This revolution was effected with the approbation of Riza Pacha, then Vizier. Russia would gladly have interfered; but the other great powers of Europe had then the leisure and the will to attend to her schemes of aggrandizement, and she did not dare to do so. It should be added, that the Servians have established schools, printing-presses, hospitals, post-offices, and a penitentiary; and that the roads are as safe as in the most civilized countries. Belgrade boasts of newspapers and an academy. Indeed, no part of the wide-spread Slavonic family has entered with more enthusiasm than the Servians into the idea of creating a new national literary unity, and, at the same time, treasuring up all fragments of old national ballads and traditions. Gaj has done much to popularize this idea among the Austrian Illyrians; and he has been ably seconded by the Slovak poet Kollar, by Palacki, the historian of Bohemia, and by Schafarick, the ethnographer and archæologist.

The accounts of the bearing of the Servians in the present crisis are somewhat contradictory. It is said that the Prince of Servia offers the Sultan 15,000 men to garrison Belgrade, and 30,000 to defend the frontier; but that the Sultan's insisting upon the landsturm's being called out has created disaffection.

Bosnia, with its dependencies, forms the north-west corner of the Turkish empire, and its principal rampart against Austria. It is a wild and mountainous country. The inhabitants, who always carry arms, and are proverbially ferocious, make incessant incursions upon the Austrian territories. Two-thirds of them have embraced Islamism; but they remain monogamists, keep up sundry traditional Christian usages, are jealous of the Turks, and continue to speak their native Slavonic dialect. The power of the Pacha, who lives at Bosna-Serai, was very limited until of late, the Bosnians having been practically governed by thirty-six hereditary and native chiefs. This feudal system has been crushed, but not extinguished, by Omer Pacha; but the cruelly-oppressed minority of the people who remained Christians have not been gainers by the change. Last year the depredations of Bosnian Mussulmen upon Austrian subjects, and their outrages upon their own Christian countrymen, were so intolerable as to provoke the mission of Count Leiningen, and the extraordinary powers of

protection and intervention which the Porte has been obliged to concede. Bosnia Proper contains 800,000 inhabitants, Herzegovina 301,000, Turkish Croatia about 400,000. The historical associations of those provinces are, in a great measure, Austrian. After many vicissitudes, they were ceded to Turkey in 1739. Even in 1789 and 1790 they were partially reconquered, but given up again. The Bosnian is remarkable for his attachment to his native soil, which he can never be induced to leave; so that the retreat of the Turkish power would not here, at least, be followed by emigration, and the Moslem population, remaining isolated and dispirited, would offer a favorable field for Protestant missions.

Immediately to the south, between Bosnia and the Adriatic, in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of Montenegro, a small Slavonic people have maintained their own independence, and kept open an asylum for insurgents against Turkey from time immemorial. Each village chooses its own chief; but the whole form a kind of republic, governed by a Vladika, or Prince-Bishop. The Montenegrins formerly used to look to Venice as their natural ally and protectress: their veneration was afterwards transferred to Russia. The Vladika used to be chosen among the monks of the Convent of Cetigna; but this dignity has become hereditary in the family of Peter I., who had in his day braved Napoleon, and died at a great age in 1840. Peter II. established many useful reforms, and made himself comparatively independent of Russia, though the reigning Prince Daniel did not the less go to St. Petersburg to receive investiture from the Russian Holy Synod. They number a little more than 100,000 souls; their dialect is closely related to the Servian; and their late successful defence against an army of 40,000 regular soldiers shows they have not degenerated from the savage valor of their ancestors.

Albania is peopled by 1,600,000 Arnauts, as they are called by the Turks,—Schypetars, as they call themselves; descendants of the old Illyrians, mixed with Greeks and various races. They are a fierce, energetic people, and, when they emigrate, industrious. Their levies are the best soldiers in the Turkish army. Remaining Christians until the death of their hero, Scanderbeg, in 1467, a considerable number of them embraced Mohammedanism, and have acquired a sad reputation for pride, cruelty, and perfidy. The Christian Arnauts are generally of the Greek Church; but in Upper Albania, the district

between the Black Drino and the sea is Roman Catholic; and its inhabitants, in some respects superior to their neighbors, are ever ready to defend their religion and liberties. This district contains the little town of Croya, which was Scanderbeg's residence. The feudal anarchy which long reigned in Albania, and of which the Rayahs especially were victims, was put a stop to by the destruction of the Begs in 1830, and sundry administrative reforms were introduced. Even the Islamite Albanian is uneasy under the Turkish yoke. There were disturbances in 1835, and the insurgents wanted to be united with the new kingdom of Greece; but diplomatists would not hear of it. At present the Albanians of the South continue to have a decided leaning towards Greece.

There are about three millions and a half of inhabitants in the remaining provinces of European Turkey, — Thessaly, Macedonia, and Romelia, — including 600,000 for the city of Constantinople. We use the old names, because Turkish political circumscriptions are altogether conventional, and will eventually disappear. Of these, about a million and a half are Mussulmen; perhaps nearly as many, Greeks in descent and language, as well as in religion. There are whole districts occupied by stray Slavonians and Roumans, a great many Jews, Armenians, &c. On the whole, we may reckon for Turkey in Europe, 11,000,000 of Greeks, 3,650,000 Mussulmen, 300,000 Roman Catholics, 250,000 Jews, 150,000 Gypsy heathen, chiefly in the Principalities of the Danube, and 100,000 Armenians.

In an ethnological point of view, the Christian inhabitants of Turkey in Europe may be divided into three classes: — that in which the old Græco-Roman element predominates, south of the Balkan and the Argentaro; the mixed Roman and Dacian race, north of the Danube; and, between those two, a Slavonic belt, extending from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, but divided, by peculiarities of language and national character, into the Illyrio-Servians on the west and the Bulgarians on the east. As to the Moslems, according to Berghaus, (*Länder und Völkerkunde*), only one-fifth, or 700,000, are genuine Osmanli Turks. There are 230,000 Tartars: the remainder consist of converts from among the subject races; for whole districts in despair sometimes went over to Islamism at once, and multitudes of individuals reduced to slavery made the decisive confession, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God," in order to have

their chains taken off. The real Turk is a far nobler character than his proselytes, — grave, hospitable, courageous, and, when not carried away by his prejudices, intelligent.

In a geographical point of view, Turkey in Europe may be divided into the basin of the Danube, the Adriatic, and the Ægean, with the Sea of Marmora. The first, extending from Turkish Croatia to Wallachia inclusively, contains nearly ten millions, of whom about one million are Mussulmen. Half the inhabitants have already obtained a partial independence; and the other half would soon follow, but for the fierceness of the Bosnian Mussulmen, and the apathy of the Bulgarian Christians. The basin of the Adriatic contains two millions, the strength of the Christians and Mohammedans being equally balanced, and both parties disaffected; the basin of the Ægean, as already mentioned, three millions and a half, with a slight preponderance of Christians.

The statistics of Turkey in Asia may be given more summarily, but, alas! are far more uncertain. It is supposed there are about a million and a half of Osmanlis, chiefly in Anatolia and Caramania, where they are even found engaged in agricultural pursuits. Four millions of Mohammedans of various subject races, including descendants of Greeks, and probably of indigenous populations, who have changed religion and language and costume, several times over, during the invasions, conquests, and devastations of twenty-six centuries. Two millions of Arabs. One million of savage Kurds. One hundred thousand more peaceable wandering Turcomans. Three hundred thousand members of different heathenish and Mohammedan sects, of which the Druses are the most remarkable and the most powerful. Three hundred thousand Jews. Two millions of Greeks, who retain their religion and language: they are chiefly scattered round the coasts. One million seven hundred thousand Armenians. Two hundred thousand Jacobites, remains of the old Monophysite heretics in Mesopotamia and Syria. Two hundred thousand Nestorians, half of them concentrated in the mountains of Kurdistan: they represent the opposite speculative extreme from the Jacobites, while living in the same districts and under the same oppression. Four hundred thousand Roman Catholics, chiefly the Maronites of Mount Lebanon. The Arabic is one of the most prevalent living languages in this Babel. The Kurds speak Persian. On adding up the numbers, we find 8,600,000 Mohammedans, 4,500,000 Christians, and 600,000 neutrals;

so that the Christians form but a third of the population of this half of the empire, and are even more divided amongst each other than in the European provinces.

It is more easy to discover the chief agencies that are at work, for good or evil, among these motley populations of nominal, but degenerate, Christians, than to ascertain the numerical strength of the various rival sects, or to compare it with that of their taskmasters. In the first place, there is the materially impoverishing and morally degrading influence of Turkish despotism. We have not before us a people to be divided into governors and governed, but into oppressors and oppressed. If it be a common proverb in the East, that the grass does not grow where the Osmanli sets his foot, it is equally true that no virtues can flourish under such a sway. The Turk himself exhibits the manly frankness, the integrity, the dignified bearing, that are generally characteristic of dominant races; while the Rayah has become cringing and faithless, as is the wont of subject races. This is especially the case where the former are most numerous, have been settled longest, and have found the Christians already in a state of demoralization. The apathy of the Mohammedans, and the native enterprise of the Greeks and Armenians, have thrown most of the commerce of the empire into the hands of the latter, together with the Jews and some Albanians; but, except in particular instances, the Mohammedans are better educated—taking the word “educated” in its vulgar, restricted sense—than the Christians; and far more Turks, in proportion to their numbers, can read and write.

Undoubtedly, the oldest, direst, and most inveterate obstacle to the social and moral progress of Eastern Christians is the material, unevangelical character of their Christianity. But for this, Islamism would never have existed; for, when the Arabs of the seventh century, wearied with idolatry, were in search of a religion, it is evident to the intelligent student of history that they would have embraced Christianity, instead of inventing a monotheism of their own, if the abject superstitions of the Eastern Church had not disgusted them. It was this which made the degenerate successors of Constantine succumb before the Ottoman arms; and it is the same deep-lying, persistent principle of weakness, which hinders the emancipated Greek from taking that place among freemen to which his capacities would entitle him, and to which the immortal remembrance of his forefathers should teach him to aspire. From

the seventh to the fifteenth century, dismayed emperors and generals, patriarchs and bishops, recognized in the conquests of the crescent, and in the disasters of the empire, the judgments of God upon a corrupt court and people: but they could not, or did not, recognize the close and direct causal connection between their religious degeneracy and their reverses. The providential direction of human history does not exhibit itself in a series of judgments inflicted arbitrarily and miraculously, without any intrinsic connection between them and the moral state which has called them down. On the contrary, with nations as with individuals, the moral cause which has made retributive inflictions necessary, becomes also, most frequently, their natural cause. When Christianity is transformed into mere arid speculations or mechanical practices, withdrawing from the heart to the head or to the finger-ends; when its worship of the living and holy God, in the spirit of restored filial relationship to him, is replaced by a mere instinctive dread, multiplying mediators until it has practically become a downright polytheism; when the real and effectual intercession of its only Priest is forgotten in the worthless mummeries of an ignorant, interested, and sensual priesthood; such a Christianity as this can never resist the immorality of all sorts, and the selfish materialism that spreads like a canker, in societies the refinements and luxuries of whose civilization are beyond their moral attainments. It has lost the conception of the dignity and responsibilities of the human calling: it cannot create the incorruptible statesman, the self-denying patriot, the devoted warrior: it can neither sustain the old worm-eaten fabric nor create a new one, but must pay the penalty of the separation between its traditions and the real moral life of man.

The whole of Christendom, from the third to the sixth century inclusive, exhibits the same progressive deterioration, and from the same causes. The slowness of the Church to appropriate, or her failing to retain, the mystery of grace,—God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself,—threw her back upon Jewish and legal views: the consequent absence of spiritual life hindered the realization of the Christian principle of the priesthood, and favored the establishment of a graduated and imposing hierarchy. The incorporation of whole nations, sometimes by violence, and sometimes by the mere attraction of a higher civilization, filled the Church with multitudes, to whose pagan ideas and practices she assimilated herself, for want of moral power to raise them to her primitive level, until



external Christianity became a baptized idolatry. Thus the enemies that had been conquered in the open field stole into the camp from behind, and established themselves there, disguised as friends. Nature-worship and hero-worship, sacrifice and lustration, mechanical justification, sacerdotal tyranny and imposture,—all revived in the corrupted form of a faith in sacramental graces and in the intercession of saints. From the beginning of the seventh century onwards, the hierarchy of the Western Church, allowed by political circumstances to follow its instinctive aspirations, began to recognize in the Bishop of Rome the head of a great religious monarchy, the keystone of the sacerdotal arch, the organ and the representative of their unity and their power. If the Eastern Church was not equally consistent in following out the great apostasy, we must not suppose that it was from any moral superiority. The presence of the Greek emperors, and the powers they continued to exercise in the eastern half of the empire, were the only causes which prevented the Patriarch of Constantinople from becoming a rival Pope; just as national pride, jealousy of the west, local traditions, and difference of language, were the chief causes which hindered the Greek clergy from rallying round the banner of spiritual independence erected at Rome. But both clergy and people were sunk below the standard of New-Testament faith and practice, as deeply as the Latin Church itself, if not deeper still; and the religious society was altogether identified with the political. From the days of Gregory the Great to Martin Luther, more eminent men appeared in the Western Church than in the Eastern, more symptoms of religious interest and real appropriation of the life of Christ by individuals, and a higher development of Christian civilization.

The Church of Rome has consummated her apostasy, and sealed her doom, by rejecting the call for reformation, and by persecuting and slaying those that would have saved her; and the Greek Church seems, at first sight, comparatively guiltless in this respect. She has had no such day of visitation as her sister; there is no such cry of righteous blood arising from the ground against her; nor has she so formally, deliberately, and irrevocably rejected the truth. But there is another aspect of the matter; the Reformation took place within the pale of the Latin Church, just because there was most religious life there. It was the development of elements that already existed, struggling and protesting, within that Church;

for there were Reformers before the Reform. So that the very fact that rendered the blindness and perversity of Rome possible,—the fact that the great religious conflict took place and still continues in the territory of the Western Church,—proves that the centre of the religious life of humanity was there. It was for the same reason that the Prophet could not perish out of Jerusalem of old: the centre of the Theocracy had a fatal prerogative of crime, just because it *was* Jerusalem.

In some respects, as has been already stated, the Greek Church has not, so formally and officially as the Church of Rome, propounded error, because she has not been driven to it by the antagonism of truth. In such cases the germ of the error is then in an undeveloped state, a practice rather than a theory; in other cases, circumstances force it into utterance. Then, the doctrine of transubstantiation was not formally acknowledged and defined in the Greek confessions of faith until 1672; yet it had prevailed in principle from the days of Chrysostom. There is no such express Pelagianism as in the articles of the Council of Trent; yet the doctrines of man's ruined and lost condition, of the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and of justification by faith, are as little felt or understood, and as practically set aside, as they can be in the Vatican or at Maynooth. They have no statues or images of the saints; but they carry picture-worship farther than the most superstitious Roman Catholics: St. Nicholas in limestone would be a scandal; but St. Nicholas in oil is a hearer and an answerer of prayer. Pretended miracles are a matter of daily occurrence, says Hartley; and it is so easy to be canonized, that beggars ask for alms with the pious ejaculation: "May your father be sainted!" Marriage is only forbidden to monks and prelates, not to the common parish priests, which is an immense advantage over Romanism; so that auricular confession is not productive of so great enormities as in the latter system; but it is not the less a substitution of man's absolution for God's, a means of deceiving souls and of lowering the moral standard of the whole population; for sin against God and man can be conjured away by whispering it into the priest's ear, and undergoing some little inconvenience called "penance." The Greek Church came into contact with the spirit of the Reformation early in the seventeenth century, in the person of the celebrated Patriarch, Cyril Lucas, and, in 1638, he fell a victim to his pious efforts. Only twenty-five years ago, it was the boast of the Greek

clergy that they had never interdicted the diffusion of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue; but they do so now, because a few of their people have begun to read them. The liturgies are in the old Greek and the old Slavonic; and ideas of magical virtue are attached to the repetition of the mere sound, though not understood by the people. No high intellectual or moral qualifications are required for admission to the priesthood; but the slightest physical imperfection would be an insuperable difficulty, and the candidate for holy orders who has the misfortune to lose a *tooth* must give up his pretensions to the sacred office! Perjury is common; and people who swear falsely on the name of Christ without scruple, will not do so on the name of some more respected saint. There are two fast-days in the week, numerous special fasts, and four Lents, so that more than half the days of the year are fast-days; and this religion of arbitrary external performances is set so high above the external laws of right and wrong, that many a poor superstitious wretch will shed a fellow-creature's blood without remorse, but be horror-struck at the thought of violating a fast. Finally, the great feature of the Eastern as well as the Western apostasy, is the excessive adoration of the blessed Virgin. The yearnings of the heart after a human mediator all-powerful in heaven are turned away from Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus, and asked His disciples' sympathies in the Garden of Gethsemane. The little child's first prayer is this: "On thee I repose all my hope. Mother of God, save me!" The adult is taught to say, "Amidst all the sorrows of life, to whom can I flee for refuge but to thee, O holy Virgin?" And again: "May we love thee with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, and never swerve from thy commandments!" And, when the last scene is over, and the body is committed to the grave, the officiating priest cries aloud, "By thee, O holy Virgin, we are raised from earth to heaven, having thrown off the corruption of death." We are speaking of the Greek religion here, chiefly with reference to its influence upon the temporal condition of those who profess it; but enough has been said to show that, even in this respect, nothing can be expected from it. There is no principle of rational regeneration hid within it; there can be no amalgamation between it and the increasing intelligence of the nation. Knowledge can only make the Greek an infidel, and it is rapidly doing so already among the best-instructed classes.

The absence of some of the evils with which we find fault in Romanism, instead of being a symptom of superiority, is merely the consequence of the Greek Church's representing a phase of Christian history anterior to that represented by Rome. There have been three great periods in the history of the Church, which may be called, respectively, the imperial, the feudal, and the modern. The transitions between those periods were each of them marked by a great schism; and the Greek Church has remained a fossilized specimen of the imperial phase, as is the Roman of the feudal.

The minor sections of the Eastern Church, to which belong more than two millions of the Christians of Turkey in Asia, separated from the main body at an early period, on the ground of differences in speculative Christology. The most important of them is the Armenian Church, which, together with the Copts and the Abyssinians, represents the old Monophysite heresy. Differing from the Greeks as to the distinction of the human and divine natures of the Redeemer, the Armenians agree with them in defining the procession of the Holy Ghost to be from the Father only, in opposition to the Western formula, "from the Father and the Son." The last General Council in which the bishops of this community took a part, was that of Ephesus, A. D. 431; they do not recognize the authority of that of Chalcedon, A. D. 451; but the schism was not consummated for a century later, and their religious separation from the Greeks was facilitated by a political separation, their country having been wrested by the Persians from the Emperor of Constantinople. They now form only a third of the population in their native highlands,—a theatre of perpetual wars from the earliest period to the present hour; but they are scattered, almost like Jews, throughout the neighboring and even distant countries, and have obtained, like them, a large share of the commerce of the East. Their liturgy is in the old Armenian tongue. Their religious chief, called the *Catholikos*, enjoys the exclusive and very lucrative privilege of making and vending holy oil. His seat is at Echmiazin, which was under the sceptre of Persia until 1828, but now belongs to Russia. The monks and prelates may not marry; the common priests are allowed to do so, but monogamists, after the fashion of the Vicar of Wakefield, must remain widowers, if their wives should die before them,—a restriction which also exists among the Greeks, and, indeed, among all the communities of the

East, and is said to render their reverences the best and most careful husbands that can be imagined. The nine orders of the Armenian clergy are intended to represent the same number of degrees which, it appears, exist in the heavenly hierarchy; but this does not hinder them from being immoral, drunken, avaricious, and excessively despotic. They are almost universally incapable of preaching, but perform ceremonies, and are unrivalled in the duties of cursing and excommunicating. The women are kept in oriental seclusion and ignorance. About two-thirds of the days in the year are fast-days for the clergy, and about half for the laity. Their piety consists in the worship of images and relics, pilgrimages, &c., &c. They are very careful of the distinction between clean and unclean animals; and among their objections to Rome are included,—that she uses several wafers in the communion, instead of fragments of "one bread," and that the Latin priests do not wear beards.

The Nestorians are the feeble remains of a once numerous and wide-spread community, which was persecuted by the Greeks, and tolerated for political reasons by the Persians, and which preached the Christian faith in India and in China. To maintain inviolate the distinction between the divine and human natures of the Redeemer, they practically establish a distinction of Persons, depriving the Incarnation of its deep meaning and reality. The present centre of Nestorianism is among the descendants of the primitive Chaldean population in the mountains of Kurdistan. The Syrian Christians of Malabar are another small fragment. There are also scattered groups in Asiatic Turkey, Persia, and Tartary. Their liturgy is in old Syriac. Their chief Patriarch, always called Mar Elias, lives at Elkosh, near Mosul; a sort of rival Patriarch, Mar Simon, is established at Urumiah, in Persia. The patriarchal and episcopal dignities are hereditary in certain families. The Nestorians do not admit any traditions to share the authority of the Scriptures as a rule of faith; hold but three sacraments—baptism, the Eucharist, and ordination; allow their priests to marry; have neither pictures nor images, and use a cross only instead of a crucifix. On the whole they are simple, in both the good and bad senses of the word, and possess a somewhat less degraded form of Christianity than their neighbors, upon whom they exercise little influence, for good or evil.

The Jacobites are Monophysites, but are distinguished from other churches of that tendency, by carrying farther than any of them

the identification of the human and the divine in the Redeemer's person. Moreover, they have always existed as scattered groups, united by the religious tie only; while the others were national Churches which protested against the Council of Chalcedon. The liturgy in use is old Syriac. These religionists are more mystical, and in their penances more austere, than any other Christians of the East. Dispersed throughout Mesopotamia, Syria, and the regions south of Caucasus, they were organized by Jacob Baradaeus, who labored among them from A.D. 541 to 578, and whom their legends confound with the Apostle James.

Those sects have, in common with each other, and with the Greek Church, a hierarchy less monarchical than that of Rome, and a practical religious materialism, or faith in the magical efficacy of sacraments, more mystical, or less doctrinally developed than in the West. They have, in common with one another, and with both Greeks and Latins, the use of liturgies in languages no longer understood by the people; and a general absence of conscious relation to the Saviour, that is to say, of vital spiritual religion. They would, perhaps, be even less hopeful than the present Greek community, were they not, from their position of utter political helplessness, more open to the labors of Protestant missionaries.

Next to Turkish despotism, and to their own effete religion, the great danger and difficulty of the Christian populations of the East is to be found in the interested protection and the ambitious purposes of Russia. The strong attraction exercised upon the Russians by the richer and brighter south, is coeval with the very origin of their national existence. Four times during the space of one hundred and ninety years, from the middle of the ninth century to the middle of the eleventh, their fleets descended the Borysthenes to attempt to plunder the treasures of Constantinople. They conquered the Bulgarians by land, too, and marched to Adrianople in the year 970, as they were afterwards to do in 1820. Such was the impression left by these barbarians upon the imperial city, that when, after the last of those naval expeditions, the well-known prediction that the Russians should in the last days become masters of Constantinople, was found one morning inscribed upon an old equestrian statue of Bellerophon, it was believed to be the work of a supernatural agent, and spread terror among all ranks. Strange vicissitudes of history! The Russian armies

bid fair to accomplish, as deliverers and co-religionists, the prophecy that concerned their ancestors as pagans and adversaries. Step by step the modern Russian Colossus has been gaining on the receding crescent. The Ukraine was the first prize; then the Crimea in 1774; then Bessarabia, with the boundary of the Pruth, in 1812. The treaty of Adrianople left her upon the Danube, mistress of its mouths, at the same time that Persia was obliged to cede an equally important military frontier south of Caucasus. The Protectorate of Moldavia and Wallachia gives Russia a more real sovereignty over those provinces than has been left to the Porte; and the concessions so imperiously demanded in the late mission of Prince Menschikoff would have made the Czar virtual lord and master of the Christian population in European Turkey. There can be no doubt of the ultimate object pursued with such perseverance and vigilance through battle and intrigue. Catherine II. caused to be written upon a finger-post at Kherson, "ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE;" and, as a commentary upon this significant inscription, she had a medal struck, on which was represented a flash of lightning striking the mosque of St. Sophia. At Tilsit, Alexander and Napoleon secretly discussed a project of dismemberment of the Ottoman empire; and they were only hindered from agreeing by the Czar's insisting upon having both shores of the Bosphorus. The Grand-Duke Constantine was so named to express the hope that he might, during his life, achieve the great object of hereditary ambition. The expulsion of the Turks is felt to be the national calling, as much as that of the Moors was the calling of Castile and Arragon. Assuredly, had Russia real liberty to offer to those so long oppressed and down-trodden races, with most of whom she is allied by blood, and with all by religion, no abstract considerations about the balance of power in Europe should hinder the friends of humanity from wishing well to her purposes; but we know the grasp of the Autocrat would only consign those fair provinces to a new form of servitude. If he had them in his power, it were over with liberty in every shape, commercial, political, religious; and that for long generations: it were but a change from a bad master with a weak arm, to a somewhat better master with an iron arm. So that the very affinities which would justify Russian intervention, if it were for good, make it all the more dangerous and deplorable now that it is for evil. Let us suppose the provinces of European Turkey transferred to Austrian rule; they would only add

to the motley character of its populations, differing as they do already in origin, in language, and in religion. They would rather precipitate its dismemberment than augment its power. Transfer them to Russia, on the contrary, and there would seem reason to fear their becoming so assimilated to its huge Græco-Slavonic mass as vastly to increase its power, and to seal their own long separation from Western Europe. Let us, again, suppose the purposes of Russia thwarted by the firmness of France and England, and those provinces erected into one or more independent states, under the common protection of the great powers; still no official independence, no parchments and red tape, could prevent subvency to Russian policy, and imitation of Russian intolerance, if the sympathies of the new people were really Muscovite. Happily, there are antagonist principles at work, the nature of which we shall try to describe, and their strength, as far as it can be ascertained.

After the destruction of the Greek empire, the Sultans confirmed the Patriarch of Constantinople in many of his privileges and immunities, giving him rank with a Pacha of three tails, and allowing the office to be filled by the election of the Holy Synod. This conclave of the Oriental Church consists, it should be said, of the Archbishops of Romelia; its members must never be more than twelve, nor less than six. Turkish liberality, however, did not scruple removing the Patriarch and other dignitaries at pleasure, and using him and them as its own officers, by whom to maintain a sort of control over the religious organism of the Rayahs. Such a state of things necessarily weakened the connection between the parent but enslaved Church of Greece, and her independent daughter in the Sarmatian forests; and, in 1589, the Czar Feodor Ivanovitch obtained from the Patriarch of Constantinople the recognition of the separate jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Moscow, thus securing the independence of the Russian Church, without the perils and inconveniences of schism. In 1702, Peter the Great took the more decisive step of proclaiming himself head of the national Church. The union of supreme religious and civil authority in one person was not only, as the most simple and natural sort of theocracy, suited to the imperfect culture of the Russian people; it was also, in a great measure, prepared by the traditions of the Greek Church itself; for Patriarchs had been learning the lesson of subordination, while Popes had been practising that of supremacy. However, that same



tendency to confound the religious and national characters which made the Czar's usurpation possible within his own territories, has rendered it of less importance with respect to other populations of the same confession. The Greek has not that urgent anxiety for the union of all his co-religionists under one chief, which set the Pope at the head of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The three millions of Austrian Greeks look up to the Patriarch of Carlowitz as their only religious head on earth. The great majority of the Russians acknowledge the Czar in the same character. We say, "majority;" for five millions of *Starowers*, or "old believers," dissent stoutly from the doctrine of imperial supremacy, and call Peter the Great "Anti-christ." The archbishopric of Athens has lately been raised to supreme independent jurisdiction over emancipated Greece, with a Holy Synod of its own; and the thirteen millions of the Greek Church still under Turkish rule, bow to the spiritual sceptre of the "oecumenical Patriarch," without accusing their brethren of schism, but also without feeling as impressed or attracted as might have been expected by the pretensions of an imperial Patriarch. It is only in Russia itself, and among the lower orders, that the person of the Czar is viewed with such religious veneration as the champion of the cause of God and of the orthodox Church. Hence he has been driven to struggle for religious influence among the Greeks of Turkey, not so much in his theocratic character, as by intrigues of detail, from matters of the internal administration of some petty convent, to the nomination of the Patriarch, or the use of his patronage. Those intrigues provoked the *Hatti-sheir* of 1830, which reserved to the Sultan the right of confirming or revoking all nominations to episcopal sees made by the Patriarch or the Holy Synod. At the same time, to make amends for this stretch of authority, it was promised that no acting bishop should be deposed by the Turkish Ministers arbitrarily, or without prior advice of the Holy Synod. The practical purpose of Prince Menschikoff's famous mission would seem to be the transferring from the Sultan to the Czar the authority the latter had begun to exercise over the ecclesiastical organization of his Christian subjects. At least, this is the interpretation which we are inclined to put upon that innocent diplomatic phrase, "the guaranteeing the immunities of the Greek Church." It is true Count Nesselrode manages to give his master's demands a most unpretending air; he would almost have us

believe the key of the church of Bethlehem to be the only palpable matter in dispute; no prerogatives, he affirms, have been asked but such as Russia already possessed by treaty or prescription. Then why ask for prerogatives possessed already? why put all Europe in commotion for a new paper security of what had been already promised or practised? The note required in Prince Menschikoff's *ultimatum* either contains something new, or it is superfluous. But it is idle to pretend that demands so peremptorily put forth, and sustained by such an imposing force, were intended to convey nothing new to the minds of the Russian people, and of the Christian populations of Turkey, or to offer no new basis for future diplomatic operations. It is said that the more intelligent of the Turco Greek clergy and laity see through the selfish purpose of this insidious protection, and have protested against it.

The acquisition of the trans-Caucasian provinces in 1828, making Russia mistress of Echmiadin, the seat of the Armenian *Catholikos*, afforded the ever-watchful court of St. Petersburg a hopeful opportunity of religious-political speculation. In the first place, the Armenians who inhabited territories yet remaining under the Persian Government were encouraged to emigrate by thousands, and put themselves under the protection of Russia. In the next place, the Czar ordered that the *Catholikos* should no longer be chosen by the priests and notables of the immediate district only, but that all Armenian priests and notables, in whatever country they resided, should be allowed to take a share in the election. As there are, at most, but four hundred thousand Armenians in the Russian territories, and there are eighteen hundred thousand in the Ottoman empire, this was a delicate way of paying court to the largest Turco-Christian sect after the Greeks, and of bringing them into connection with the Russian Government. Several candidates are named for this dignity, among whom the Emperor condescends to make a final choice. The *Catholikos* has a right to send a deputation to the coronation of the Czar, and to be himself attended by an Armenian guard of honor whenever it may be his pleasure to visit St. Petersburg. To meet this new engine of Muscovite policy, the Porte has proclaimed the Armenian Metropolitan of Constantinople independent of the *Catholikos*, allows him to be elected by the clergy of the capital, and tries, it is said with success, to detach the adherents of this sect from their old centre at Echmiadin.

After religion, it is by the affinities of blood and language that Russia might be expected to exercise an immense influence upon the Christian inhabitants of Turkey; but then, the populations nearest her, and already suffering from her protection, are not Slavonic, but Rouman, and to an old jealousy of races they join a profound antipathy to her policy and institutions. Moreover, even the Slavonians are any thing but enthusiastic in the cause of Russia. The tale of the woes and wrongs of Poland has been borne to their wilds, and has taught them, that the being of a kindred race is not enough to make men happy under a relentless despotism. The idea of one mighty empire, composed of all the Slavonic tribes, and playing such a part in the world's history as Rome did once, or the Germanic races have done since,—such an idea has seduced the imagination of a few men of letters, called Panslavists; but, out of Russia, they are almost all to be found among the Austrian, not the Turkish, Slavonians; and of the latter, the Servians—whose revived national feeling and cultivation of national literature might dispose them to Panslavism—are just of that hardy self-governing stamp which is essentially opposed to Czarism. We may even add that while the policy of Russia, as to weakening and humbling the Porte, has been unvarying, her policy towards the subjects of the Porte has been vacillating, according as the desire to win their sympathies, or the fear of setting the bad example of successful revolt, has predominated. Russia gloats over every acquisition made by the sword; but a province won by the coöperation of its own inhabitants she cannot view with the same unmixed satisfaction. There is a dangerous principle involved in the latter case; for slaves who have contributed to their change of masters may, some time or other, be tempted to think that they have a right to their own persons. When, in 1821, Alexander Hyspanti summoned oppressed and widowed Greece to shake the ashes from her brow and the fetters from her limbs, it was natural that Austria should tremble for her own provinces, since she keeps them in precarious subjection, by playing them off one against the other; but Russia had not the excuse of the same necessity of self-preservation, and yet she allowed her despotic instincts to stifle the voice of generosity, and natural sympathy, and sound policy, and broke with her own previous conduct. Poor Hyspanti set up his standard in the Principalities of the Danube, confiding in the countenance and support of

the Emperor Alexander; but, disowned by the Czar and deserted by most of his followers, his little army was cut to pieces. He fled to the Austrian territory: they did not give him up to the Turks to be impaled, as they had done the patriot poet Rhigas, but they threw him into prison, where he died of grief. Two years afterwards, Alexander acquiesced in the shameful determination of the Congress of Verona not to receive the Greek Envoy. He was at that time altogether under the illiberal influence of Metternich. It was not until the fierce resolution of the Greeks made it evident that there was no mean term between their extermination and their emancipation, that Russia at last, in concert with England and France, interfered on their behalf; and then, as if to show she was incapable of tendering aid without some selfish purpose, she profited by the humiliation of the Porte to make war on her own account.

The last, which we shall mention, of the disastrous influences at work in the East, is the proselytism of the Church of Rome, worthy rival of that of Russia, and unchecked by scruples of any sort. The schism of the Eastern and Western Churches was practically effected that Christmas-day, A.D. 800, when Pope Leo III. set the crown on the head of Charlemagne. There was then no theological controversy between the two great sections of Christendom; and the Council of Constantinople, in 869, is recognized by the Roman Church. However, the quarrels of ambitious Popes and Patriarchs aggravated the growing national aversion, and theological reasons were invented to sanction it. The consummation of the schism may be dated from the 16th of July, A. D. 1054, when the Pope's Legates deposited upon the altar of the Church of St. Sophia a formal excommunication, filled with the most direful anathemas against the Patriarch and all his followers and abettors in heresy. During the four centuries that followed, there were many struggles between the rival hierarchies for the possession of the countries that seemed undecided between them. Bulgaria, for instance, in an hour of discontent, sent an embassy to lay itself at the feet of Pope Innocent III.; and the famous Calo-John received from the Vatican a royal title, a Latin Archbishop, a holy banner, and the license of coining money: but the insolence of the Latin conquerors of Constantinople, in 1204, soon dissolved an alliance which had no root in the dispositions of

the Bulgarian people. There were also frequent negotiations between the Emperors of the East and the Roman Pontiffs, partial attempts at reconciliation, more or less hollow truces. More than one of the Palæologi made secret, or even public, acts of submission, in hope of obtaining success against foreign or domestic enemies, and for a time barbarously persecuted those of their subjects who were more bigoted or less scrupulous than themselves. The last, and apparently the least insincere, of those attempts, was the so-called union of the Greek and Latin Churches, concluded at Florence, A.D. 1438. The Emperor John Palæologus II., with the Patriarch and a chosen train of bishops and dignitaries, attended the Council held by Eugenius IV., and, after nine months of labor and discussion, settled upon a form of consent which could be subscribed by both parties, and in which, with some modifications of form, to save the dignity and spare the self-love of the Greeks, the disputed question of the procession of the Holy Ghost was so determined as to express substantially the doctrine of the Latin Church. The act of union was solemnly read in the Greek and Latin tongues, and accompanied with the celebration of high mass in the cathedral of Florence; the Creed was chanted; a Romish cardinal and the Archbishop of Nice, representatives of their respective communions, embraced each other in the name and in the presence of their brethren. But all this fair show was only wrung from the Greek ecclesiastics by the violence of their prince. They had no sooner landed on the Byzantine shore, than they hastened to deprecate the murmurs of the people by bewailing their apostasy; and John Palæologus was almost alone in remaining faithful to the union, during the few years that he prolonged his reign and his hopes of safety from the Latin arms. Isidore, Metropolitan of Kiow, the representative of Russia at the Council at Florence, seems to have seriously attempted to realize the union in his own country; but he was condemned by a national council, and shut up in a monastery, after escaping with difficulty from the hands of a fierce and fanatic people.

The Reformation changed the attitude of the Latin Church. It was now the turn of the Pope to flatter the Eastern Christians, and thus try to find compensation for the losses sustained in Central and Northern Europe. The Church of Rome became all grace and pliancy, and seems for the first

time to have entertained the idea of winning back the schismatics individually, in cases where the masses remained immovable. She also allowed such Greeks as chose to attach themselves by masses to her communion, to retain the marriage of their priests, the communion in both kinds, and the use of the Liturgy in Greek. The helplessness of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, as far as political power was concerned, was of immense advantage to a rival who could, in many cases, promise protection, immunities, and civil privileges to his adherents, and who used every art to increase their number. Thus whole populations, especially on the frontier, and those shut in among districts already belonging to the Latin rite, began to look away from St. Sophia to the Vatican. The comparatively missionary spirit of the Church of Rome, moreover, and her advocacy of religious or ecclesiastical principles for their own sake, distinct from national or political interests, contrasted favorably with the absence of all missionary feeling and effort on the part of her rival. Among the Greek churches, as among Protestant churches until lately, the religious character is, so to speak, overlaid by the national, a yearly excommunication of all heretics being the only notice the Patriarch of Constantinople takes of such persons as have the misfortune not to belong to the only safe and orthodox Church. From those various causes, the number of "United Greeks" became so great as to suggest the possibility of the independent or schismatic Greek Church, as Romanists call it, becoming one day absorbed. The development of the power and the national spirit of Russia has put a stop to this movement. Many of the United Greeks of Little Russia, whose submission to Rome dated from A.D. 1596, returned to the bosom of the national Church in the reign of Catherine II.; and not less than two millions of Rusniacs and Lithuanians, comprising almost the whole body of United Greeks that remained within the Russian territory, sought reconciliation with their "orthodox" master at the Synod of Polozk, in February, 1839. Austria is now the chief home of the United Greeks, who amount to about three millions and a half, especially Rusniacs and Transylvanians. There are about eighty thousand in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and they are scattered in small numbers over the Levant. But they make no further progress; and though the Pope lately wrote a letter with his own paternal hand to thank

the Emperor of Austria for interfering in behalf of the Christians in Turkey, it is likely he woos in vain.

The Romish conquest next in importance is that of the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, a population of between two and three hundred thousand souls. They are remains of the Monothelite heretics, once powerful in Syria, and condemned at a Council of Constantinople, A.D. 680. They were brought into intercourse with the West by the Crusades; and the union was consummated in 1445. The clergy choose the Patriarch, who receives investiture from the pontifical Legate residing at the convent of Astoura; and since 1584 there has been a Maronite college at Rome. These people retain the use of the old Syriac liturgy, and the communion in both kinds: their priests are allowed to marry once, and then a virgin. They are the best-educated Christians of the Levant, often serving as secretaries to the Turks and Druses. They are proverbially cunning and knavish, are very zealous adherents of the Papacy, and enjoy the peculiar protection of France.

There are also other small bodies of Eastern Christians, retaining their own forms, and yet reconciled with Rome. The united Armenians in the city of Constantinople are twenty thousand strong; and there are about three times as many more, scattered through Turkey, Russia, and Austria. There are Armenian purses to help forward the work of proselytism at Constantinople and Vienna, and in the convent established in the island of St. Lazarus at Venice. There are also a few thousand of united Jacobites and Nestorians. But we are much mistaken, or Rome sets little value on this semi-conformity, except as a transition to complete conformity. Her energies seem, at the present time, essentially directed to the latter object. The Roman Catholics, properly so called, are, as we have seen, most numerous in Albania. Those of Greece were only 22,300 souls in 1841; yet they were favored with an archbishop, 3 bishops, 7 convents, 43 churches, 83 chapels, and 2 seminaries; a formidable ecclesiastical staff indeed, for so small a community. The busiest emissaries of the Papacy in the Levant are the congregation called *Lazarists*. They have establishments at Alexandria, Beyruth, Astoura, Damascus, Santorin, Naxia, Smyrna; but the most important station is Constantinople. They have in the capital a college with eighty students, a large girls' school containing generally 160 boarders and 60 orphans educated gratuitously, pri-

mary schools for 1,300 children, an asylum for foundling infants, a hospital, an institute of charity which distributes money and food among the poor, and a printing-press especially devoted to books for children. The persons engaged in these different missionary occupations at *this one station* were, in 1850, 14 Lazarists, 17 Brothers of the Christian Schools, and 44 Sisters of Charity. Assuredly Rome is not idle.

Let us now turn to the brighter side of the subject, though, alas! the elements of present or future good, existing among the Christian populations of Turkey, seem scant and feeble in comparison with the evil. In the first place, there is the revival of national feeling and generous aspirations. We believe in a secret affinity between every legitimate and noble enthusiasm, and that faith which is the highest life of man, at least so far as this,—that a people capable of the lofty heroism shown by the modern Greeks is not so far from the kingdom of heaven as one engrossed in the pursuits of mere well-being, without any thing else to raise it above a sensual and selfish mediocrity. Patriotism in this degree is a lower sort of religion,—religion run wild, mistaking its object, and transformed into the worship of one's country. Doubtless, it is more capable of wresting a country from its oppressors, than of founding permanent institutions and a progressing civilization; and the troubled, unprosperous state of Greece is proof enough that an important element of national life is wanting. Yet, with such feelings as these, a people is capable of beginning its career anew. Greece has not yet embraced the real principle of individual, social, and national regeneration; but it is no longer the worn-out Greece of the Palæologi, and it is the type of the national feelings resuscitated all through Turkey in Europe.

In the next place, the ever-increasing intercourse of nations is calculated to spread among those awakening races the knowledge of what is being done elsewhere, the first axioms of political and religious liberty, and some ideas of the form Christianity assumes in Protestant countries. Perhaps there is not at present in operation any agency more prejudicial to despotism, all over Europe, than the simple bringing of people together, and the allowing them to compare notes, by modern facilities of transport. Our own commercial intercourse with Turkey is considerable and increasing; but, unfortunately, the people who have most to communicate to



others, are just the people who have the least power of transmitting their acquisitions. The Englishman is reserved and taciturn; there is something peculiar and insular in his way of doing and conceiving things; he cannot sufficiently put himself in the place of foreigners to win their sympathies, and, even when he has excited admiration, he does not readily elicit imitation. Those very characteristics of our civilization which have given it a mighty power of resistance to foreign influences, render it less capable of aggression. In this respect the French enjoy an immense advantage over us. Such is the power of insinuation and attraction possessed by that eminently sociable people, that it would seem as if ideas must pass into France, and be elaborated there, in order to their being communicated to the rest of Europe. The idea is popularized there, humanized, so to speak, stripped of its peculiar national envelope, and made fit for universal currency. This is one of the reasons why President Jefferson used to say that every educated man in the world had two countries,—his own and France; and Bunsen gives his opinion, in the preface to the German edition of his Hippolytus, that, but for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, France would have occupied the first rank among modern nations. In the Levant, as well as everywhere else, French ideas are more easily assimilated than English ones; that is to say, the human side of modern civilization, without the divine salt that can alone hinder its corrupting. Our literature is absolutely unknown, while that of France circulates freely. Thus, in the Principalities of the Danube, the Boyard and the Rouman of independent fortune read Voltaire, and criticise the last immoral *feuilleton*, as commonly as they drink champagne; and the great object of their ambition is, to spend a winter with their family in Paris, which they do by hundreds. However, notwithstanding our lack of sociableness, and of the talent of making ourselves popular, English influence is doing something; our power and national character are respected; every season adds a new link to a chain of commercial and material interests, connecting us with those populations; and the British steamers of the Levant and the Black Sea scatter abroad in the air other elements than the smoke of their chimneys.

A last item, and one which ought to be the most important, is the direct agency of evangelical missions. There was a moment of great hope for liberated Greece, when the late Mr. Hartley wrote his "Missionary

Researches." Protestant teachers were received with confidence, and Bibles circulated by thousands. That hope was disappointed; and the mission became a wreck, so soon as the Greek priests found out what Protestants and what the Bible really meant. Unfortunately, the people heartily concur in the opposition of the priests. That confusion of the religious and the national characters to which we have already alluded as a feature of all the Eastern Churches, leads the high-spirited Greek to resent every attempt at foreign proselytism as an outrage upon his nationality; so that the Constitution of 1843, which gave the people more control over the Government, was the signal for increased hostility and violence towards Protestant missionaries. The American missionaries have persevered for years, though their persons were ill-treated. Twice the veteran Dr. King had to withdraw from Athens; but he is now at his post again, and cheered by prospects of success. The Greeks still under Turkish rule are more accessible; but little has been done amongst them.

The minor Christian sects present a more encouraging prospect. The labors of the Americans among the Nestorians have already been productive of much good, and promise more. Their chief centre of activity is among the Nestorians of the plain at Urmiah, within the Persian frontier. The great religious movement among the Armenians, however—the formation and rapid spread of an evangelical Armenian Church—is the most cheering symptom in the moral state of the East.

The first Protestant Armenian community was organized at Constantinople in 1846. They underwent the most atrocious persecutions from the priesthood of the Church they had abandoned, until the instances of the British Ambassadors procured them the protection of the Turkish Government, and withdrew them from under the sort of political authority which the Turks allow the Armenian priests to exercise over their co-religionists. Converts to Protestantism are now treated with marked favor and respect by the Turks; and the Firman signed by Reschid Pacha on the 15th of November, 1847, not only guarantees complete toleration and security to the Protestant Armenians, but to all Rayahs whatever who become Protestants. There were at that time but a thousand converts who had formally declared themselves; but the influence of even that little number, who had braved all manner of obloquy and suffering, was very great indeed. The Ame-

rican missions in Syria and among the Jacobites of Mesopotamia are also promising. By the last Report of the American Board of Foreign Missions, it appears that there are 46 missionaries laboring among the degenerate Christian churches in Asiatic and European Turkey; and, reckoning the female aids and native missionaries, there are in all 177 persons employed by the Board. Funds for 12 more were voted last spring, and will be applied as soon as men willing and capable for the work are forthcoming. Seven regularly-constituted churches had been formed at Constantinople, Erzeroum, Trebisonde, Nicomedia, Broussa, Aintab, and Adalazar. There were little groups of pious Armenians in all the principal towns of Asia Minor; and wherever the missionary penetrated, he found friends waiting to receive him, and already furnished with tracts and Bibles. As has been previously stated, the Armenians are scattered, like the Jews, over the East, and therefore eminently fitted to be a people of missionaries. No population of the same numerical strength, if animated by the spirit of the gospel, could be more useful in its propagation; and the unexpected breath from heaven that has blown upon those dry bones, seems an earnest of divine assistance on a greater scale than a few years ago we should have dared to hope. There are fewest Armenians among the Christian populations north of the Bosphorus, whom we should be most anxious to evangelize, and who will apparently be earliest emancipated; but whenever that day comes in which Turkish power shall be so far humbled, or Mohammedan fanaticism so far spent, as to allow the Moslem to change his religion without martyrdom, the position occupied by the Armenians may then prove of immense importance. Even as matters stand, were a dismemberment of Turkey to take place at present, there are Protestants enow in the Empire to justify the Protestant powers in insisting upon complete religious liberty, in the new order of things, just as the existence of a few Roman Catholics in Greece was motive sufficient to have religious liberty and equality stipulated for them, in the Protocol of London, February 24th, 1830.

It is deeply interesting to see the sons of England returning from a new world to carry the life that now is, and that which is to come, back to the very cradle of humanity,—to those sources of the Euphrates and the Tigris from whence issued the earliest pilgrim fathers, ancestors of all races of men. But the work is not supported by England at all,

nor by America adequately. Moreover, nothing has been done for the basin of the Danube, with its nine millions of nominal Christians. Who amongst us so much as thinks of Bulgaria? Yet, from the eighth to the sixteenth century, that country, and the valleys of the Hæmus especially, was the asylum of the Paulicians,—a sect which in some respects anticipated the Reformation, and had to do with the origin of the French Albigenses, so cruelly exterminated in the thirteenth century. The degree of Christian truth held by the Paulicians was spoiled by their half-savage manners, and by the Manichean doctrines, which, perhaps, more than any external persecution, contributed to their decay and extinction in the East. Still, that name "Bulgarian," which, from the Balkan to the Pyrenees, was used to stigmatize the rebel against dominant sacerdotal systems, ought to arouse the sympathies of every evangelical Protestant. There seems, indeed, to prevail among us and our transatlantic brethren a strange ignorance or apathy, wherever the Slavonic race is concerned. Let it just be remembered, that Europe is ethnologically divided into three great groups of peoples, nearly equal in number. There are eighty-eight millions of Celto-Romans, among whom Catholicism predominates; eighty-two millions of Germanic race, or civilization, among whom Protestantism predominates; seventy-nine millions of Slavonians, among whom the Greek religion predominates. Now, will it not seem strange to a future age, that the world has reached the year 1853 without British or American Christians doing any thing whatever to enlighten this third of the population of Europe, distinguished by a marked national religiousness, and destined to act a far more important part in the world's future history than it has hitherto done? Truly, the fifty-three millions of Russian Slavonians, and the seventeen millions of Austrian, are out of our reach; but there are two millions between Prussian Poland, part of Silesia, Prussian and Saxon Lusatia; and there are nearly seven millions under Turkish rule. Moreover, there exist at the present time facilities for evangelizing the latter, which may soon cease; for the Turk respects Protestantism, and will protect the Protestant missionary; while, if those provinces should fall to the lot of Russia, there may be an end for a long season to all thoughts of gaining a footing within them for evangelical religion; and even independence, in their present state of development, would present very unfavorable conditions, as the example

of Greece shows. It is a mistake to suppose there are no Slavonic Protestants; we may count some thousands in Carinthia, 130,000 Lusatians, about 140,000 Bohemians, or Moravians, 440,000 Poles, and 800,000 Austrian Slovacks,—in all, a million and a half,—sunk, indeed, in rationalism and indifference; yet men might, perhaps, be found among them, able and willing to preach the gospel to their fellows in Turkey. Difference of language, at least, would not be the great obstacle; for, such is the affinity between the Slavonic dialects, that, according to Count Krasinski, the fishermen of Archangel can understand those of the Adriatic. But, so far from searching out men qualified to carry the good tidings to these neglected multitudes, we have not even given help or countenance to those who have presented themselves unsought. We have left Czerski and his fellow-laborers in Prussian Poland to struggle with all sorts of privations; while their humble congregations are impoverished by the exactions of the Prussian authorities, because they persist in maintaining a position of ecclesiastical independence. The kingdoms of the world belong to our Lord and His Christ, and the great empire of all the Russias among the number: then, when and whence shall it learn allegiance? Liberal Slavonians sometimes rest their hopes of the future emancipation of Russia upon thereaction to be effected by foreign and minor kindred tribes, when free institutions shall have been developed among them. Such a hope is suggestive. Shall the South once more accomplish the spiritual conquest of the North? Shall Russia learn Christianity more perfectly from those same regions from which she received it centuries ago? The answer to the question depends, apparently, upon the supineness or the activity of British Christians during that period, of very uncertain length, in which the integrity of the Ottoman empire leaves free access to its Slavonian subjects.

It is remarkable, that the interests of the

remains of some of the oldest races in the civilized world should be so intimately connected with the prospects of the Slavonians, whose time is yet to come, and who have only been known in history as barbarians until lately. Thus the past and the future are wedded. Many of the noblest remembrances of mankind, and some of its hopes, meet in those regions which served of old as the bridge between Asia and Europe, the highway of the earliest civilization, as well as of the conqueror and devastator, early and late. From the siege of Troy to the massacres of Scio, those regions have witnessed more cruelties and horrors than any other part of the world,—wars of extermination, stifling and oppressive peace, in which race after race has disappeared, and its place knoweth it no more. When shall the nations meet for mutual good, and not for conflict? When shall the happiest countries of the earth be those in which the most various tribes are brought into contact with each other? When shall Asia Minor help to carry back to the East a higher civilization than that which travelled to Europe over its highlands, and along its coasts, three thousand years ago? When shall Christendom meet the Moslem with better weapons than the sword of the Crusader, or the bayonet of the Russian grenadier? Civilization has hitherto been slowly changing its seat, travelling north-westward like the sun of a long summer's day; but, if the entire earth is to be covered with the knowledge of the Lord, the sacred fire must be kindled again upon yon ruined altar, upon yon blackened and deserted hearth. There was a time when the Hebrew prophet stood on the mount of Judah, looking intently to the distant West; and as he listened, he heard the noise of hymns from afar, voices from the pagan Europe, glorifying the name of Jehovah in the isles of the *Ægean*, and from the uttermost part of the continent beyond. (Isaiah xxiv. 14-16.) It is now ours to take up our stand in turn, look to the East, and listen.

From Frazer's Magazine.

## LIGHTS OF DUTCH LITERATURE.

ON the shores of the Zuyder Zee, a few miles to the east of Amsterdam, is situated the little town of Muiden, commanded by the old castle to which, in our former paper, we promised to introduce the reader, as the stronghold of Dutch literature in its palmy days.

A more unpromising-looking place is scarcely to be imagined. The town itself, containing some five thousand inhabitants, is mean and meagre in the extreme; the surrounding country flat, marshy, and unattractive; the ancient edifice to which we more particularly direct our attention, sombre, ruinous, and deserted. In fact, the "Dutch Parnassus," as it has been termed, is in appearance about the least picturesque and most unpoetical place possible, though, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was to Holland what the court of Weimar was to Germany, in those days when the brightest stars of the literary world were there assembled.

The Castle of Muiden was founded in the thirteenth century, and sadly inaugurated by the imprisonment and murder of Count Floris V.: in later times it became the seat of the *Drost*, or bailiff, and civil and military governor of the town and circumjacent districts, and witnessed the average number of sieges and assaults, in days of civil strife and endless broils; it was also, for a period, the residence of Charles the Bold, who bequeathed it to his daughter, Mary of Burgundy; and Leicester, when in the Netherlands, had formed a plan of seizing on the stronghold, but was defeated by the resolute conduct of the inhabitants of the little town.

In the year 1609, the dignity of *Drost* of Muiden was vested in the person of Peter Corneliusson Hooft, who took up his residence in the ancient towers of the castle, which he partially restored and greatly beautified, and to him and his illustrious literary friends we are about to present the reader.

Hooft was styled by his contemporaries (and posterity has confirmed the titles) "the Dutch Tacitus" and "the Dutch Petrarch;"

and a man gifted with such widely-differing talents as those of the Roman historian and the Italian sonneteer, claims a prominent place in our rude sketch of the literature which he so greatly promoted by his own works, and so munificently patronized in others.

Hooft was born at Amsterdam, in the year 1581. His father, burgomaster of that capital, was a wealthy and worthy man, uniting the capacities of the statesman with all the inflexible integrity of the true patriot. He was honored with the title of the Dutch Cato, (we are moving in the days of sonorous epithets,) and one of the race of those proud citizens who, to the sneering question of a foreign ambassador, "if they were nobles?" returned the haughty answer, "We are more, we are kings!"

Happy in such a father, young Hooft received a liberal education, in every way fitted to develop those rare gifts of which Nature had been so prodigal to her favorite. In his nineteenth year, after having already given proofs of his poetic genius, and having completed his studies at the Leyden University, where he was the pupil of that rare old pedant, Joseph Scaliger, he set out on his travels through Germany, France, and Italy.

Altogether he was about three years absent from home, and it is remarkable that the travels of a youth of his age should have sufficed to give a new impulse to, and introduce an entirely new element into, the literature of his native country.

He had set out on his journey deeply impressed with the idea, so prevalent in those days, that the language of Rome was the only one in which it was possible to excel in the higher branches of poetry, or in which to treat in a worthy manner those sublime themes which have, in all ages, inspired the philosopher and the historian.

On the banks of the Arno, admitted to the court of the Grand-Duke and the society of the Della Cruscans, he was undeceived; and, as he became acquainted with the higher productions of the Italian school, and saw



how Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and Petrarch had formed their native language and literature, and expressed in a modern tongue what hitherto had only been successfully attempted in a dead one in Holland, his youthful ardor was inflamed, and he determined on undertaking the same gigantic task for his own country.\* The first proof of his enthusiasm was an epistle in verse to the Chamber of Rhetoricians at Amsterdam, a crude attempt, displaying, together with much vigor of thought and conception, all the faults of the already degenerate Italian school then in vogue. The pernicious influence of Marini's *Concetti* is particularly evident in this epistle, and in some of Hooft's later works, but he always managed to steer pretty clear of the swollen style and hyperboles, so copiously made use of by Spanish writers, and which the Spanish tyranny had rendered fashionable among a certain class in the Netherlands.

On his return from his travels, in 1602, Hooft carefully abstained from all interference in affairs of state, and contented himself with cultivating the friendship of men of letters and artists, whose tastes were congenial with his own, although some of them widely differed from him in religious and political opinions. He was thus already the leader of a chosen band of literary friends, when, in the year 1609, he repaired to the old Castle of Muiden, where he passed the rest of his days in literary labor and elegant repose, only varied by the not very burdensome duties of his office.

Let us now enter his study, in one of the old towers of the castle, and try to trace the portraits of those remarkable characters who once frequented the now deserted halls.

The chamber is large and airy, the walls covered with richly-gilt leather hangings, the floor inlaid with checkered marble, and strewn with thick soft mats under the tables and before the fireplace. There are heavy brass chandeliers and candelabra hanging from the walls and ceiling; the doors and wainscoting

are massively carved in oak, with gilt ornaments; the windows Gothic, with small diamond panes of plate glass, set in lead. On one side they offer a view of the Zuyder Zee and the distant steeples of Amsterdam; on the other side, we overlook the large old-fashioned pleasure-grounds belonging to the castle.

The furniture is in the style of the seventeenth century: high stiff-backed chairs with leather cushions; one fine old arm-chair, with the Drost's arms carved on the back; there are besides spacious book-shelves, containing a most valuable library, pictures of the contemporary Italian and Flemish schools, statuettes and ornaments of all kinds, and a large Venetian mirror, opposite the marble mantel-piece.\* A more spacious room in the castle was furnished, with the exception of the bookcases, in a similar manner; its chief ornaments were a large round table in the centre, on which generally stood a massive silver salver, with a number of quaint Venetian drinking-glasses, bearing devices, very artistically cut with a diamond, the work of the ladies who frequented the castle, or the "high house," as it was called by the visitors; and a harpsichord and lute, the favorite instruments of the fair Tesselschade and the more euphoniously named, but less renowned, Francisca Duarte. We must not forget to mention that the mantel-piece was adorned with an inscription, taken from Lucan:

*Semper nocuū differre paratis;*

and a picture representing the death of Nessus decorated one of the walls.

But we must turn from the inanimate to the living illustrations of the place, to the "galaxy of distinguished visitors," as the newspapers would say, who, during Hooft's long residence at the castle, from 1609 till the period of his death, 1647, constantly filled his hospitable mansion.

In the first place we offer a portrait of the illustrious host himself, traced by the hand of a contemporary:

The Drost—for I must endeavor to draw his likeness in words, and give the reader, if possible, a fair sketch of his mind and body, at the same time—was tall and spare in person and feature, with pleasant brown eyes, that seemed to reflect the ingenuousness of his soul. His hair and

\* Even many years later, the prejudice against the use of the vernacular language was so strong, that Van Baarle, one of Hooft's friends, addressed the following pithy remonstrance to a couple of young poets, whose patron he was: "What tongue do we Netherlands speak? One composed of words taken from a foreign language! We ourselves are nothing but a wandering troop of Catti, driven by chance to the mouth of the Rhine. Why not thus rather adopt the sacred language of Rome! The mighty descendants of Romulus once encamped in these plains." We shall have occasion to say a few words more in the text on the subject of this fine old Trojan.

\* We have taken these and the following details from several writers of the last and present century, among the latter of whom we mention Scheltema and Molster, Koning, de Clercq, and Prof. Vischer, of the University of Utrecht.

beard were light in color, betwixt auburn and brown; his complexion fair; his voice and language manly and powerful. His memory was as admirable as his judgment and understanding; he was cheerful, sometimes fond of innocent jesting, but mostly inclined to gravity. His industry and activity were incredible, and no less so his love of his native language; for he was indefatigable in his endeavors to infuse into the Dutch language all the eloquence in which other nations excelled. He succeeded so well that his pen generally left those of his predecessors far behind it.

He had the gift, too, of expressing his own ideas in such elegant terms, and uttered his noble thoughts in such powerful language, that the most experienced reader is struck dumb with astonishment at his style, and every time he re-peruses his writings, will find something new and charming he has not before remarked, and which one must needs be eagle-eyed to discover at first sight. . . . One of his greatest delights was music; and the Castle of Muiden often resounded with the notes of the most delightful and harmonious voices, particularly when visited by the Lord of Zuilichem\* and the music-loving Tessel-schade. . . .

In religious matters he was very tolerant, and an enemy to all inconsiderate prejudices. He had a horror of any thing like oppression or severity with regard to conscience or faith, and exacted in the like affairs the greatest indulgence and moderation from others. A certain excellent divine, who formerly resided at Muiden, is said to have avowed that he learned tolerance in religion from the Drost. For when the minister sometimes inveighed too strongly against others from the pulpit, Hooft would invite him to his table, and give him there such eloquent lessons of modesty and charity, that the preacher by degrees began to hold other opinions, and to become more indulgent. The Drost likewise scrupled to put the decrees against the Catholics into execution with the great severity required by his office. But he kept them in order, whenever they seemed inclined to be troublesome; though, in so far as his oath and honor allowed him, he permitted their religious meetings in secret, without, however, receiving any gifts for thus conniving at their practices. In fact, he was a most worthy magistrate, feared by the evil and beloved by the good; very conscientious, and detesting all unfair gains; he even went so far that he refused to take his lawful share of all forfeited property, which he left to the widows or heirs of the malefactors, and particularly if it had belonged to a person who had committed suicide, as he judged nothing but insanity could drive a man to so rash an act.

In company he was affable and urbane, an enemy to the affectation of the courtier, and delighting in the old noble Dutch simplicity, even in his dress, which he refused to modify according to the fluctuations of foreign frivolity. In youth his device was *Veranderen kan't*, (It may change;) in

later days, his motto was *Omnibus idem*. The former referred to the varying chances of human affairs; the latter intimated, that though inclined to treat every one he met with equal impartiality and indulgence, he himself remained constant to his own opinions. As he never forgot this maxim, he lived almost without a single enemy, and escaped in a strange manner the envy which usually chooses the most illustrious characters as a mark for its poisoned shafts. As he was, too, averse from all calumny, and never disgraced his pen by any lampoon or pasquinade, and neither ruined nor attacked any one's reputation, he was allowed to enjoy his own well-deserved glory in peace, and the merits of his learning and the lustre of his virtues were equally acknowledged by all who knew him.

He was very careful of his health, very moderate and sober at table. Being short-sighted, he used glasses at an early period, but in old age he could do without them. Whilst studying, he seldom sat down, but mostly wrote and read standing. He was very attentive to the education of his children, and desirous of initiating them in the arts and sciences at an early age, always requiring a strict account of the manner in which they passed their time.\*

We must add to this portrait by the Drost's friend and admirer, that Hooft was twice married; he was left a widower in 1624, and a most inconsolable widower he seemed to be, to judge from his letters; but, alas!—or happily,—as the reader pleases,—scarcely three years after the death of his first wife, he wooed and won Leonora Helle-mans, the fair relict of a certain Bartaloth van der Heuvel, "whom reason and passion, wisely united, incited him to adore," as he himself says, or rather sings; and as he lived with her very happily, we suppose he was quite right in his assertion, though the infidelity of such a wise man to the manes of his former spouse be a sad corroboration of the oft-told tale of man's fickleness.

Of all the writers of his time, Hooft was perhaps the most varied, as well as the most productive. It would thus greatly exceed our limits if we were to endeavor to mention only the titles of all the works written by him before and during the long period of his sojourn at Muiden. We shall, therefore, simply point out the different branches in which Hooft excelled, particularly in reference to the influence his writings had on his contemporaries and successors.

The Drost began ambitiously, as many a young genius has done before and after him, and previous to his journey to Italy, had made his *début* as a dramatist, by a tragedy—

\* Better known as the poet Huijgens, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

\* G. Brandt. *Leven van Hooft*.

*Achilles and Polyxena*—that displays all the faults of the Rhetoricians, with some dawning of the better taste by which his later writings were distinguished. It is in fact rather romantic than tragic in style, and the characters are evidently copied rather from the types of romantic chivalry of the middle ages than from the antique. Not the least attention is paid to the classic unities; and in this respect, as well as in the general form, Hooft's earlier productions may be compared to the inferior pieces of the Shakespearean school. His *Achilles and Polyxena* contains, for instance, among other absurdities, a very pretty sonnet, addressed by the hero to his mistress, and an almost literal translation of the combat between Ajax and Ulysses, as described by Ovid, of amorous memory.

Like all imaginative men, Hooft was greatly subject to the influence of the moment and surrounding scenery; and his stay in Italy inspired him with his *Granida*, a pastoral drama in the Italian style, whilst his residence at Muiden gave birth to the national plays of *Gerard van Velzen* (the murderer of Floris V.) and of *Baeto, or The Origin of the Batavians*, whilst the *Aulularia* of Plautus tempted him to an effort at low comedy, perhaps the least worthy of all his writings. In all these dramatic productions we find him struggling, and with the greatest success, to remodel the language, and gradually improving, though never quite free from the defects of the bad taste so characteristic of his times. Such were the incessant and disgusting efforts at punning, extravagant similes, and a high-flown diction, swelling sometimes into bombast, and a most awful jumbling together and confusion of the dramatic, the didactic, and lyric forms of composition.

To the latter branch of poetry it is very evident that Hooft's genius inclined from the first, and even his earliest productions contain some specimens that are still unrivalled in harmony of diction and gracefulness of versification. We cannot refrain from giving one short extract from his *Granida*. If the little poem should not please the reader, we are willing to confess that our translation must have deprived it of the elegant simplicity and naïve graces which render it perfectly charming in the original. It is taken from the first scene of the *Granida*, which may be approximated to the reader's fancy by reminding him of Tasso's *Aminta* and Guarini's *Il Pastor Fido*.

*Het vinnigh straelen van de son, &c.\**

The burning rays of midday sun  
I fly beneath this bower,  
That many a love-tale might betray,  
If it but had the power.

Of true love? No! Of courting? Ay!  
Of courting sad and graceless:  
'Tis pity, of a hundred swains,  
To find scarce one not faithless!

The fickle youth aye shifts his glance;  
New charms attract the lover,—  
And when we cease to fly from him,  
He flies from us,—the rover!

But still my heart would urge me on  
To try and dare the danger;  
Ah no! too great the perils are;  
I'll trust no fickle ranger!

Man's love is ardent—for a day:  
A whirlwind soon blown over;  
But still, of all the fickle crowd,  
I best could trust my lover.

Beware, beware, ah, silly maid!  
His guile ye ne'er can measure;—  
But nothing venture, nothing have;—  
'Tis risking peace for pleasure!

And e'en if he a traitor prove,  
Why need it 'scape this bower,  
That many a love-sick tale might tell,  
If it but had the power!

But it was as a prose writer that Hooft was destined to confer the greatest benefits on his native country. In his riper years the ardor of the poet seems to have yielded to the graver studies of the historian; and Tacitus, whose works he read no less than fifty-two times in the original, and then translated into Dutch, was the model he chose for his own performances. We need scarcely remind the reader of the difficulty and the merits of this undertaking. Greater extremes than the pithy and concise diction of the Roman, and the swollen, bombastic style of the German and Dutch authors of those times, are scarcely to be imagined; and the imperfect state of the crude language, as well as the bad taste of the public, seemed to offer insurmountable barriers to Hooft's success.

Nevertheless, in the year 1618, he undertook a *Life of Henry IV.*, published in 1626, which at once procured his fame and

\* Another version of this little poem is to be found in the *Batavian Anthology*, by Messrs. Bowring and Van Dijk. London, 1824. The poetical extracts we shall give in later portions of these papers, we purpose taking from that little volume, as better translations than we could offer ourselves.

proclaimed his victory. It was received with equal astonishment and delight at home, and richly rewarded from abroad; for Louis XIII., on receiving a copy from Grotius, sent the author letters-patent of nobility and the cross of St. Michael; and Hooft, encouraged on all sides, undertook his *Nederlandsche Historiën*, of which he published the first twenty books in 1642, and passed the rest of his days in the continuation of a work which has since served as a model of purity of language and elegance of style. It is, in fact—setting aside the very great intrinsic value of his historical research—wonderful to see how well he has succeeded in depicting with all the brevity and force of a Tacitus, in a language which he may, as a prose writer, be said to have created, those stirring events and blood-stained times which attracted the eyes of all Europe to the Netherlands. Scarcely a page of his history can be turned over that would not afford an agreeable extract; but we believe we cannot do better than offer the Argument of his immortal book in his own words, as a striking specimen of his style and manner:

I am about to undertake a work rich in adventure and incident; terrible in battles, naval combats, sieges; full of bitter animosity; swollen with rebellion; painful in its description of cruelties, even in peace. Success against, and truces with, foreign powers. Domestic factions, and wars arising from them. The flames suddenly extinguished; peace again, but not lasting. The inhabitants shrinking beneath the scourge, and driven to arms. Cities devastated, churches violated; large tracts of country, morals, and religion, ruined. Mankind, plaguing each other, call down the plagues of heaven: earthquakes, (*vic.*) infectious diseases, famine, severe winters, threatening floods; villages, cattle, and people submerged. The heads of the government expelled. Princes deprived of dominions and subjects. Every part of Europe crowded with exiles. Bitter animosities at court. Laws, privileges, and manifestoes trodden under foot. Two of the most illustrious men in Christendom,\* a number of brave nobles, perishing on the scaffold. The Prince of Orange, in the heart of Holland, surrounded by courtiers and guards, foully murdered. Even the reigning house (depending on but two lives) divided, and the king's only son,† the sole heir to the empire, put to death by his father's orders. Many people falling by the hand of the executioner for the sake of their religion. The spilling of innocent blood deemed an exploit. Every one's life and property threatened, and seldom saved. Those who could not be convicted of heresy or rebellion, accused of connivance, or of being accessories. Birth and riches considered crimes; nothing more dangerous to the possessor

than virtue; particularly moderation and discreetness. The promotion of rogues and ruffians as disgusting as their evil doings; some of them seizing on bishoprics, and other ecclesiastical dignities; and others on temporal offices and honors, doing whatever came uppermost in their minds, and grasping the helm of the state with a bold hand. Citizen fighting against citizen, and brother against brother, and he who had no foe betrayed by his friends.

But these times were not so wholly destitute of virtues that they did not offer some edifying examples. The life and wealth of one brother safely intrusted to the other. An honorable faith kept between persons of different creeds. Secret savings willingly produced for the sake of fatherland and liberty. Great zeal for pious and virtuous actions. House and home abandoned from attachment to the chosen creed. Death, nay, even the severest tortures, borne with constancy. The greatest generosity amidst the raging of battle. Superhuman courage roused by despair. Mercy surrendering profit and sparing an enemy, with no prospect of a like return. Wisdom in counsel, carefulness and prudence. The most difficult and delicate matters brought to a happy end by means of passions duly restrained and of untiring perseverance; and the vessel of the state steered safely into harbor amid the fiercest storms. So that, in the course of many centuries, no matter is to be found either more instructive with regard to the current of human affairs, or more astounding or better adapted for the edification of princes and peoples.

With this short extract, we must, to our regret, take leave of Hooft for the present, for our space is limited; and besides, gentle reader, there is a lady in the case, and it would scarcely be courteous to leave her longer in the background. One word more on the subject of Hooft ere we turn to his fair friend.

In the peaceful pursuits of literature he spent thirty-eight years of his life—and then died, generally and justly lamented by the whole Dutch nation. He was one of the favored few whose means and tastes concur to afford them as much happiness as a man can well enjoy on the way to "dusty death;" perhaps his greatest misfortune—start not, reader—was his name, (literally *Head*), which offered such a glorious opportunity for playing on the word; and, alas, we must confess, it was sadly abused by his friends and contemporaries in their eulogiums of the great writer; for besides being styled, as we have already stated, a Tacitus and a Petrarch, flattery has called him "the *Head* of all poets and historians,—the sunlike *Head*, outshining all the stars, the Dutch Homer, the Father of the Dutch Muses, the Phoenix of his contemporaries, and the unparalleled Drost!"\* Peace

\* Hoorn and Egmont.

† Don Carlos.

\* Dapper, *Beschr. v. Amat.*, p. 541, quoted by Koning.



to his ashes! may the shades of the hero pardon our treating him thus summarily here!

And now, our minds duly prepared by a previous introduction to the illustrious and many-titled host, let us approach his fair and not less honored guest. Let us humbly bend the knee in the presence of his "fair mortality,"\*—of "the mirror of all intelligent minds,"—"the queen of all surpassing wits,"—"the glory of the country,"—the graceful Maria Tesselschaede Visscher.†

We must premise a word with regard to her name; (we almost fancy we hear the reader exclaim, We shall never have done with names and titles!)—for in our former paper we promised to explain why the lady was thus unharmoniously styled. Her worthy father, of whom we have already spoken, was, besides a clever epigrammatist, as it may perhaps be remembered, a wealthy merchant; but in the year 1594, the date of his daughter's birth, he experienced severe losses from storms and inundations at Texel, and in a fit of ill-humor, or from some unaccountable caprice, determined on perpetuating the memory of the circumstance in his daughter's name. Thus the poor child was arbitrarily called Tesselschaede, (*Texel's damage*!) her poor father, perhaps, little imagining such a cognomen was to go down to posterity, reminding us, at one and the same time, of his own bad taste and his daughter's fame.

As the fair one, however, rejoiced too in the name of Maria, we shall henceforth call her so, after the example of some of her contemporaries, who doubtless had sense enough to understand how much more it was adapted to her character than the barbarous appellation immortalized by Hooft.

Maria‡ was endowed with all the graces of mind and person which can combine to render a woman charming—no, that they always are!—perfectly irresistible, then: and old Roemer Visscher having done his best to disgrace his daughter by her name, did his utmost, it must be confessed, to redeem his error, by the careful education given her. What do you say, reader, to the following list of accomplishments in which a Dutch young lady excelled in the beginning of the seventeenth century? Singing, playing, dancing, drawing, embroidery, modelling, writing on glass with a diamond, painting, poetry, and an intimate knowledge of the French

and Italian languages! Add to this, that she was equally amiable and clever, and entirely free from any thing like pedantry. No wonder then that she became the life and soul of the meetings at Hooft's Castle, and that she reigned there paramount, exercising a graceful sovereignty over the first men of the age. At the age of twenty-nine, Maria married a certain Krombalgh, who seems to have played the modest part of *le mari de ma femme*, as we hear nothing of him, except that he lived happily with his spouse at Alkmaar, where he died in 1634, leaving his fair Maria one daughter with whom to mourn his loss: her eldest girl had preceded her husband in the grave.

During her husband's life Maria had given up the more elegant pursuits of the arts and letters for the more homely occupations of her household; but after the loss of her husband and child, her mind, not unnaturally, reverted to the charms of former days, and, a constant visitor at Hooft's Castle, she undertook a metrical translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem*. We are happy to say the manuscript, which was never completed or published, was lost after her death, as we are thus saved from annoying our readers with a criticism on the subject—particularly, too, as it could scarcely have equalled the version now in course of publication by the Rev. J. J. L. Ten Kate, perhaps one of the most elegant translations ever penned.

On her visits at the castle, she met Francisca Duarte, the French nightingale, as Hooft terms her, and the assembled guests were charmed with the music performed by the two ladies, often accompanied by a celebrated Amsterdam organist. And no wonder they were charmed; for the verses composed by Hooft, Huijgens, and others, were sung by the ladies, and the grateful poets, in their turn, celebrated the songstresses, their beauty and accomplishments. In fact, in Hooft's castle there reigned all the gallantry, but none of the immorality of the French court; for never has scandal breathed a syllable in any way prejudicial to the reputation of any one of the company, though perhaps the courtly Huijgens, for a married man, was rather ardent in the expression of his admiration. But he was a poet: *veniam damus*! Virtue, however, has never been an enemy to love, and the fair widow soon gained a heart which she, however, steadily refused to accept, though offered her in the most elegant Latin and Dutch verses imaginable.

The unfortunate victim to the fair widow's

\* In Dutch, *Zachte Zedelen*, an anagram of her name, Tesselschaede, perpetrated by Hooft.

† Hooft's Correspondence.

‡ Van Kampen, i. 187. *Witsen Geijsbeek*, vi. 8, seq.

cruelty was no less a person than the celebrated Caspar Van Baarle, a man by ten years her senior, Professor of Philosophy and Rhetoric at Amsterdam, a sincere adherent to the opinions of Arminius, but not proof against the charms of the beautiful and accomplished Catholic, whom Huijgens himself and other Protestant friends had vainly endeavored to convert.

We have already mentioned Van Baarle's contempt of his mother-tongue; and though Hooft's company partly cured him of his ridiculous prejudice, and he even condescended to compose some very praiseworthy Dutch poems, he still retained his partiality for the Latin language; and amidst his *Poemata* we find a considerable number classed under the title of *Tessalica*—all dictated by his hopeless passion for the lady of his love.

Van Baarle remained faithful, and the lady relentless, till his death, a few years previous to her own: but his ill-fated love caused neither misery nor great misfortunes, and he was happy in finding a constant and intimate friend in her who had refused to become for the second time a loving wife. The sincerity of Van Baarle's passion is proved by one circumstance that a romance writer would be justified in consigning to oblivion, but which we, as prosy chroniclers, must needs mention. It is but natural that love should survive a refusal—but only think of its surviving the loss of an eye by the beloved one! Try to imagine a one-eyed mistress, and, if you succeed, endeavor to write a complimentary poem on the subject; and when you have accomplished the task, you may say you have equalled the learned and heroic Van Baarle; till then revere him, as we do; but, unless a great lover of Latin verse, do not read his poems, though some of them were even thought worthy of a translation into the vernacular by the renowned Bilderdijk, perhaps better known to our readers as Southey's friend than as the most illustrious poet the Dutch nation boasts of.

Maria's misfortune likewise elicited from her friend Huijgens a consolatory epistle, in verse,—“*To Parthenine, an elderly virgin, (bejaerde Maecht,) on the loss of an eye,*” \*—a really elegant, witty, and moral poem, on the subject of mankind's “seeing blindness.”

\* Huijgens, *Korenblamen*, b. vii. Van Kampen states Parthenine to have been another lady, Lucretia van Trello, and the epithet “elderly virgin” does not seem applicable to the widowed Maria. Nevertheless, it is generally assumed that the poem was addressed to her.

Maria's influence with her distinguished friends was very remarkable. At Hooft's Castle, Huijgens, Vondel, Reaal, her admirer Van Baarle, and others, were accustomed to meet in the evenings, and recite their more lengthy compositions, in presence of the ladies of the Drost and the gallant Huijgens, and their two fair friends. Trials of skill, too, were often made between the poets; and Maria and Francisca, as judges, honored the victorious bard with a laurel wreath, or some similar distinction, amidst the loud applause of the assembled guests.

Maria herself was no mean poetess; some of her lyrical effusions that have been preserved are equally elegant and refined. Her *Wild and Tame Songstress* is the best known of her poems, and we can scarcely reconcile the good taste her own productions display with the task she in her later years imposed upon herself, of translating Marini's *Adonis*, perhaps in deference to Hooft's partiality for the Italian pedant.\*

The following is the first part of the above-mentioned poem; it was addressed to her friend and companion, Francisca Duarte:

*Prijst vrij de Nachtegaal.*

Prize thou the nightingale,  
Who soothes thee with his tale,  
And wakes the woods around;  
A singing feather he—a winged and wandering  
sound;

Whose tender carolling  
Sets all ears listening  
Unto that living lyre  
Whence flows the airy notes his ecstasies in-  
spire;

Whose shrill capricious song  
Breathes like a flute along,  
With many a careless tone,  
Music of thousand tongues, framed by one tongue  
alone.

O charming creature rare,  
Can aught with thee compare?  
Thou art all song; thy breast  
Thrills for one month o' the year, is silent all  
the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call,—  
Most wondrous this of all,  
That such a tiny throat  
Should wake so wide a sound, and form so loud  
a note.

We do not quote this poem as any thing very meritorious or beautiful, but it is strik-

\* Van Kampen, i. 139.

ing, if compared with the productions of earlier Dutch writers, as affording an instance of the powerful influence of the Italian and French schools of poetry, which Hooft and his contemporaries peculiarly favored, and whose style of writing they were the first to imitate. Maria's elder sister, Anna, the friend of Cats, with whom she resided some time at Dordrecht, was another votary of

the muse, equally accomplished and no less amiable than the fair widow; she also wrote a good deal of poetry, but in a more homely strain, and altogether was not so much celebrated or admired as her sister. We will not affirm that such was deservedly the case: it is just possible that she was not quite so handsome, and an unquestionable fact that she was by ten years her senior.

**MORE SUBMARINE MOVEMENTS.** The great invention of the day, the submarine navigation of Dr. Payerne, is about to be put in practice at Cherbourg, the company purchasing the invention having volunteered to cleanse that harbor free of expense to the government. The secret consists in the discovery of a means whereby artificial air may be produced in sufficient quantity to enable a crew of fourteen men to breathe freely beneath the water for the space of four hours. A curious experiment has been already made at Marseilles, where Dr. Payerne, in company with three sailors, went to the bottom in presence of hundreds of spectators, and rose at a considerable distance, and climbed the port-holes of a man-of-war without being perceived by the crew. Many experiments are about to be tried of the efficacy of this novel means of attack. A submarine fleet of small boats, each to contain a crew of twenty

men, is already talked of as being about to be organized for the Black Sea. It seems that no intimation whatever is given by the slightest ruffle on the surface of the approach of one of these vessels. The apparatus invented by Dr. Payerne enables the wearer, moreover, to move about with perfect ease at the bottom of the sea, and great anticipations are formed of the immense benefit to be derived in submarine history from the adoption of this new method of becoming acquainted with the hitherto unknown mystery of the ocean. However, it is not a bad reflection on the spirit of the age in which we live, to remark that the first application of this tremendous power, which should take rank with the electric telegraph, as a proof of the wondrous perseverance and ingenuity of man, has been made use of for the supply of oysters from Granville for the *halles* of Paris.—*Paris letter, March 23.*

**DR. BARTH'S ARRIVAL AT TIMBUKTU.**—Despatches and private letters have just been received from Dr. Barth, announcing his safe arrival at that celebrated city, Timbuktu. On the 7th of September, 1853, Dr. Barth entered Timbuktu in a grand style, escorted by the brother of the Sheikh-el-Bakay, the ruling chief of that city, and by a splendid suite on horseback, on camels, and on foot, welcomed and saluted by the festive multitudes of the inhabitants. The latter had been made to believe that the stranger was a messenger from the Great Sultan of Stambul! the real character of Dr. Barth being only known to the Sheikh himself, whose protection and good-will the intrepid traveller had been fortunate enough to obtain, and who considered it advisable he should assume

that character, on account of the very fanatical disposition of the people. During his subsequent stay up to the 5th of October, the Sheikh-el-Bakay and his brother had remained the faithful friends of the pretended "ambassador from Stambul;" but even under this character Dr. Barth considered himself not entirely free from danger, owing to the complicated character of the political powers which exercise sovereign sway over Timbuktu—the inhabitants being composed of various nationalities. One faction was not at all favorably disposed towards Dr. Barth, but wished his death; so that it was necessary for him to observe great caution in his movements and intercourse with the people. Fortunate, indeed, it was that the traveller had secured the sincere and une-

quivocal friendship of the Sheikh, under whose immediate protection he lived at Timbuktu, and who had promised to have him safely escorted on his return to Sakatu. Thus far the news will be gratifying to the friends of Dr. Barth. His state of health was not in the same degree satisfactory. The city of Timbuktu, which to reach has been the life's ambition of so many celebrated travellers, is placed by Dr. Barth 18 deg. 3 min. 30 sec. to 18 deg. 4 min. 5 sec. N. latitude, and 1 deg. 45 min. W. longitude from Greenwich. Its form is that of a triangle; it is closely built, of houses mostly of clay and stone, many with handsome and tasteful fronts, the arrangement of the interior being like that of Agadez, visited by

Dr. Barth in 1850. The population is estimated at 20,000 souls. Dr. Barth found the market of Timbuktu, which is celebrated as the centre of the North African caravan trade, to be of less extent than that of Kano, but the merchandise of a superior quality and greater value. He has obtained a complete *imana* from the Sheikh for any English traders that may wish to visit Timbuktu "within a month" from the 29th September last, to return to Sakatu. He was not yet aware of the succor, under Dr. Vogel, despatched from this country in February, '53, nor of the steamboat expedition now on the eve of departure for visiting the regions discovered by him in 1851.—*London paper*, April 1.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE sudden death of Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, the celebrated author of "Ion," has created a deep sensation in the literary world. He died of apoplexy, while in the act of charging the Grand Jury, and giving utterance to noble sentiments.

His high position from his judicial office, his celebrity as a man of letters, and the extreme regard entertained for him by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, have each contributed alike to the general and deep-felt sympathy with which this sad catastrophe has been viewed. He was born at Reading, on the 26th of January, 1795. He was educated at the Dissenters' Grammar School at Mill Hill, and was afterwards placed under the tuition of Dr. Valpy, at Reading, where he gave proof of his poetic genius, and imbibed that classic taste by which he was characterized throughout his career. In 1821 he was called to the bar, and immediately joined the Oxford Circuit. He married in 1822. In 1833 he was made a Serjeant, and in 1835 he was returned to Parliament for his native town of Reading. During the course of this year his tragedy of "Ion" was committed to the press, but was then printed for private circulation only. In 1849 he was raised to the bench, and appointed one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He received the distinction of a Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford a few years ago, at one of their commemorations. His death took place at Stafford on Monday, the 20th of last month. His published works consist of "Ion," already mentioned, which was followed by "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe." Another play, "The Castilian," was also privately printed by him; and it is said that Mr. Moxon has one more in the press. In prose he was the author of "Vacation Rambles" and a "Life of Charles Lamb;" as also of an essay in one of the Encyclopedias on the Greek Drama. He moreover wrote, at an early period, a biographical memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe. Two of his speeches were also published by him. One of these, on the law of copyright, was deliv-

ered in the House of Commons. The other was his argument in defence of Mr. Moxon on the prosecution instituted against him for the publication of Shelley's Poems.

The last English newspapers announce the death of the distinguished Scotch Professor, John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. He was born at Paisley in 1788, and died near Edinburgh, April 2d, aged 66 years. Wilson was the contemporary and friend of Walter Scott, though considerably his junior. From his youth he was distinguished for his talents and scholarship. He entered Glasgow University at 13 years of age, and at 18 entered Magdalen College, Oxford. He there obtained the prize for the best English poem of sixty lines. On leaving Oxford, he purchased an estate on the banks of the Windermere, near Wordsworth, where he lived in the enjoyment of literary society and in the practice of literary composition, until reverses of fortune rendered it advisable for him to enter the profession of law at Edinburgh. In this profession, however, he seems not to have been very successful; and in 1818 he sought and obtained the professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in place of Dr. Thomas Brown, deceased; and about the same time became connected with *Blackwood's Magazine*, just then commenced in opposition to the overwhelming whiggery of the *Edinburgh Review*. His associates in the *Magazine* were Hogg, Lockhart, Gillies, and other distinguished wits and literary men; by whom the *Blackwood* was soon rendered a formidable rival of that terrible scourge of Toryism, the *Edinburgh Review*. With *Blackwood*, Prof. Wilson continued his connection until about the year 1850, when he was smitten with palsy, which shattered his splendid intellect more even than it did his athletic and stately body. From that time till his decease he resided in the country, a little distance from Edinburgh.

He was a versatile and most fascinating writer;



hardly less distinguished for his eloquent prose than for his beautiful poetry; and equally at home in descriptions of real life and in drawing beautiful pictures of the imagination. Among his most celebrated productions may be mentioned "The Isle of Palms" and the "City of the Plague," poems; the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," "Recreations of Christopher North," a series of contributions furnished to Blackwood; "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and the novels entitled the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay" and "The Foresters."

Wilson is described as almost equally in love with athletic and field-sports—spending nearly half of his time in the open air—as with literature. He was six feet two inches in height, of erect and stately carriage, broad-shouldered and full-chested, with a brow round and broad, shaded with a profusion of yellow hair. His eyes were brilliant, and, with his nose, chin, and mouth, expressive by turns of firmness, exquisite feeling, humor, and fiery rage.

In the beautiful engraving of "Sir Walter Scott and his Literary Friends," there is a portrait of Prof. Wilson and several of his intimate friends and literary associates. The engraving is one of the most attractive and elegant works of the kind that we have ever seen.

A great object of interest just now is the recent discovery of cylinders at Babylon: they clear up several difficulties with regard to the reign of Belshazzar, and reconcile the sacred and profane chronology in some points where they appeared to be hopelessly at variance.

The literary world has sustained a loss by the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, who, though his personal contributions to the department of literature were of no great moment, was yet ever willing to afford it his countenance and support.

The admirers of John Bunyan—and we apprehend that these are co-extensive with all who can read English—will be glad to hear that a complete edition of his works has been recently published in three volumes by George Offor. Mr. Offor is one of those diligent and conscientious antiquaries who allow not a word to escape them. Every hint as to history or biography is pursued and investigated; and, if we know any thing about one of the most remarkable writers who graced the seventeenth century, it is to Mr. Offor that we owe the information.

Among the new publications of value we notice:

Shrines of the Holy Land contested by the Russian and the Turk: A concise Description of their Localities, their Past History, and their Present State; De Custine's Russia, abridged by the omission of irrelevant matter; Travels through Siberia, by S. S. Hill, Esq.; The Author's Defence of the Eclipse of Faith: being a Rejoinder to Professor Newman's Reply; Chalybaeus's Historical Survey of Modern Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel, translated from the German by Alfred Tulk; The Great Highway, by S. W. Fullon, Esq., Author of the Marvels of Science; The Third Part of the One Primeval Language; The Monuments of Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia, by the Rev. Charles Foster; The Last Days of the Emperor Alexander and the First Days of the Emperor Nicholas, by Robert Lee, M.D.; Russia and the Russians: comprising an Account of the Czar Nicholas and the House of Romanoff, with a Sketch of the Progress and En-

croachments of Russia from the time of the Empress Catherine, by J. W. Cole, H.P. 21st Fusiliers; Flora Lindsay, or, Passages in an Eventful Life, by Mrs. Moodie, author of *Roughing It in the Bush*, &c.

The *Athenæum* thus "does" our Dr. Choules' recent performance, "The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star:"

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since a certain Rev. Mr. Dillon wrote, in a book of silly memory, the wonderful adventures of London's great Lord Mayor, on the occasion of that worthy paying a stately state visit to Oxford. But as one tune will recall another, when keys and chords and modulation have any thing in common, so we have been reminded of that past piece of English bombast and nonsense by the solemn strain of the book before us, in which—as in long-winded anthem—Dr. Choules rejoices over the steam-voyage of Mr. Vanderbilt, and shows forth the pleasantness of Mr. Vanderbilt's party, of which the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Choules made two. That one of the merchant-princes of America should, after many years of labor, take his holiday, build his own ship, and make up his own party for the purpose of enjoying at his ease the sports and the pastimes of the Old World, is a natural occurrence, and a becoming use of wealth; but when "P. P., Clerk of the Parish," tunes up his jubilant stave on the occasion, bidding all people "clap hands" and admire, and disposes of the same for lucre, the transaction sinks whimsically to the level of one of those watering-place balls given across the Atlantic, after which, not only the costumes of the *belles* present are described in "the local press," but their looks are reviewed, their conquests are summed up, and their chances of matrimony calculated. Dr. Choules is perpetually smiling, complimenting, and curteying civilities from the A to the Z of his "Cruise." His host was all goodness—the party was all perfection—the North Star was all luxury—and the world European was all rapture to hail so bright a visitant. Speeches here—dinners there—notices of quiet individuals who would have preferred (at least, if English-born) to glide from haven to harbor in anonymous privacy—guide-book notices of the sights which the North Star did see, and sentimental regrets for the sights which it did not see:—of such materials is the song of praise emitted by Dr. Choules made up.

The *Athenæum* has also its compliment for Mr. Curtis's "Potiphar Papers," originally published in *Putnam's Monthly*:

"Finery" is a coarse thing all the world over; whether it break out in one of our manufacturing or commercial towns, where Mrs. Merchant A. despises Mrs. Broker B. because the Merchant is "worthier" than the Broker, or whether it shows its languid face in some mean or impoverished circle of Italian nobility, to which (as Goldoni has shown us in his incomparable "Femmine Puntigliose") a *parvenue* lady must buy her admittance by presents adroitly administered. Ghastly beyond description, again, and depressing in spite of their absurdity, are the airs which stagnate in the mid-dewy ante-chambers of some of the smaller foreign courts. Yet, knowing all this, we have never met "finery" in so unwelcome a form as in American literature, where it is pictured as a common disease of the New World, to be burnt out by the caustic of ridicule, and cut to the quick by the knife of satire. These "Potiphar Papers," which mean to

be droll, are, to our eyes, only dreary. Miss Edgeworth's *Lady Olenbrony* was not more rashly intent on "getting on;" *Miss Biddy Fudge* was not more ignorantly enthusiastic in Paris; Mr. Dickens' *Miss Volumnia* not more admiringly anxious for matrimony—better late than never—than the folk who are here exhibited. Mr. Potiphar is only Mrs. Potiphar's husband, whom she has married to despoil, and who is compelled to acquiesce in folly and extravagance with as bovine and helpless a stupidity as though he was the *Monsieur Prudhomme* of M. Henri Monnier's clever caricatures. The antidote to all this bane is administered in the sharp worldly and unworldly wisdom which comes—comment-wis—out of the mouth of the Ambassador from Sennaar. He lectures the party, not as the *Huron* of the French tale might have done, by the innocent force of contrast, but with all the aly and conscious experience of one of Mr. Thackeray's or Sir E. Lytton's "men about town." In brief, then, a heaviness and an unreality may be charged on these Papers, which prevent our taking much pleasure in them as leaves of butterfly literature.

The new story entitled "Atherton," from the pen of the author of "Our Village," has been published. It is illustrated with a portrait of the author and other plates.

Mr. Ruskin has in the press his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," with illustrations.

*Punch* was concocted in the dark back-parlor of a public-house behind Drury Lane Theatre. The paper was started; it struggled on for about a year, and was then sold for 100*l.* to Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the printers. In their hands it rose to eminence. All the wit in England hastened to their standard. It has had the honor of being expelled from several kingdoms on the continent of Europe. "One night, at Lady Blessington's," said Mr. Bourcicault, "Lord Brougham told me that he would rather stand a six weeks' roasting in the House of Peers than a single scarifying joke in the *Punch*."

A new work of Michelet's is announced, "The Women of the Revolution." The illustrious historian is still at Nice; his health is improved.

The French Government has decided that a periodical containing reports and papers of scientific and literary societies, accounts of missions, &c., shall henceforth be published, under the title of "Bulletin des Sociétés Savantes."

Among the most recent publications of interest in Paris we may cite the first volumes of the works of Arago, with a charming introductory memoir by his early and constant friend and brother in science, Alexander von Humboldt. The political and economical papers of Armand Carrel have also been collected and arranged, judiciously annotated by M. Charles Romey, and preceded by a biographical notice from the pen of M. Littré. These papers throw a new light on the high qualities of that chivalrous and devoted republican journalist, of whom Chateaubriand said: "That flannel waistcoat of Armand Carrel, pierced by a bullet, has a very different value in my eyes to the threadbare coat of a peer of France."

Sir Roderick Murchison, and Mr. Greenough, the father of Geology in England, have presented their valuable collections of minerals and fossils to University College, with a view of assisting in the com-

pletion of a Geological Museum there, of which the nucleus already exists.

The Senate of the University of Glasgow recently conferred the honorary title of LL.D. on the Rev. Alexander Stewart, minister of the parish of Douglas, Lanarkshire, distinguished by his attainments in classical literature; and on the Rev. Henry Burgess, curate of St. Mary's, Blackburn, at present editor of the *Journal of Sacred Literature*.

M. Emile de Girardin has commenced an action for libel against M. Eugène de Mirecourt, who has lately written a memoir of him. M. de Mirecourt is the author of biographical sketches of George Sand, Victor Hugo, the Abbé Lamennais, M. Méry, and many other living celebrities.

From a letter addressed to Mr. Petermann by Madame Ida Pfeiffer, and dated Lima, January 26th, 1854, it appears that this indefatigable tourist had somewhat deviated in the route she proposed to take from California. Instead of reaching the United States by way of Mexico and the West Indies, she was under that date in the capitol of Peru. This place she describes as possessing few attractions for travellers, and the country around uninviting for excursions.

The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* writes: "About once a month or so, a new work by Lamartine is talked of; at this moment it is said that he is writing a volume of Turkish tales, which he intends shall form a sort of companion volume to the 'Arabian Nights.'"

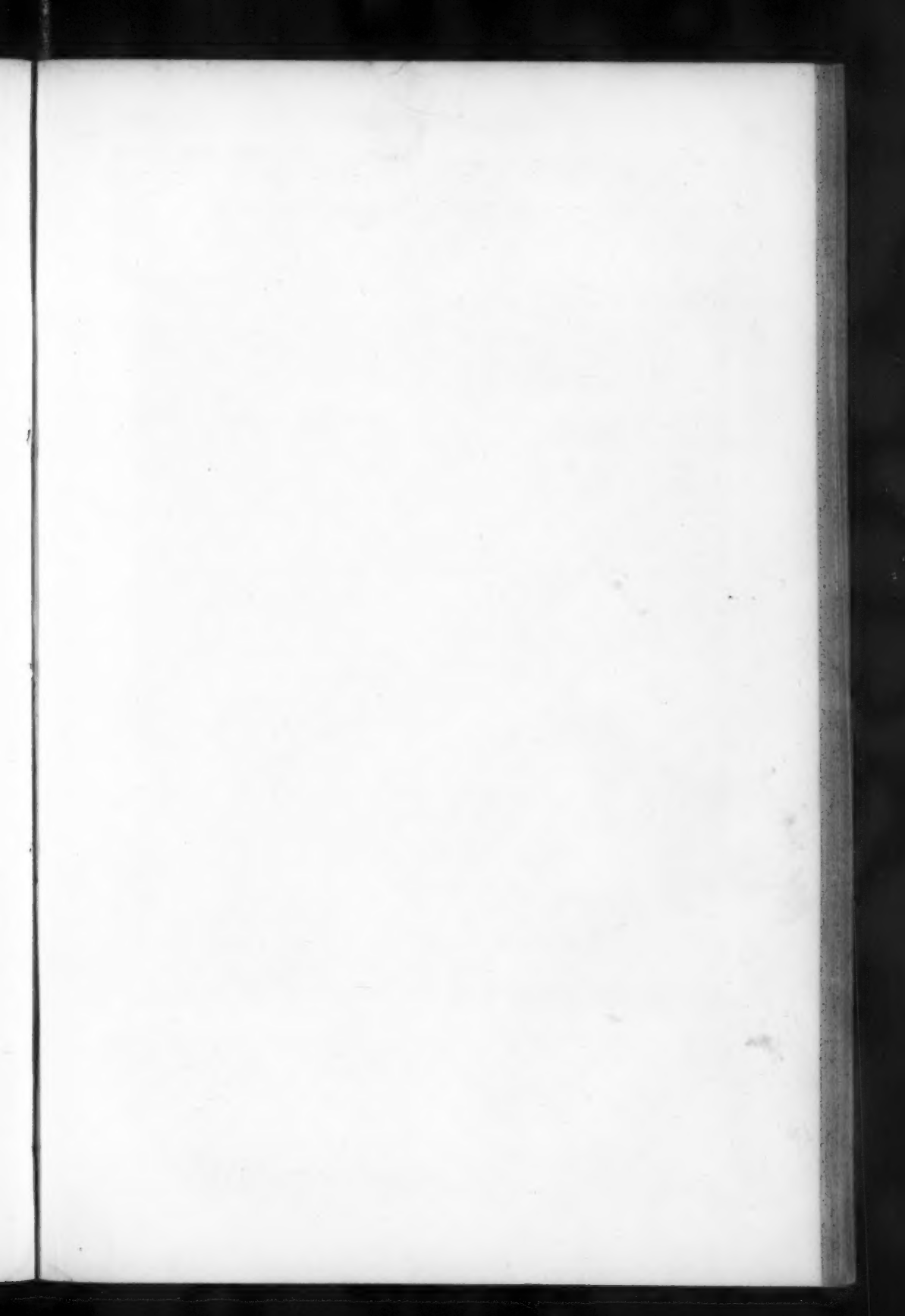
The *Edinburgh Review* is just 50 years old; the *Quarterly*, 44; the *New Monthly Magazine*, 33; *Blackwood*, 38; and *Fraser*, 24.—

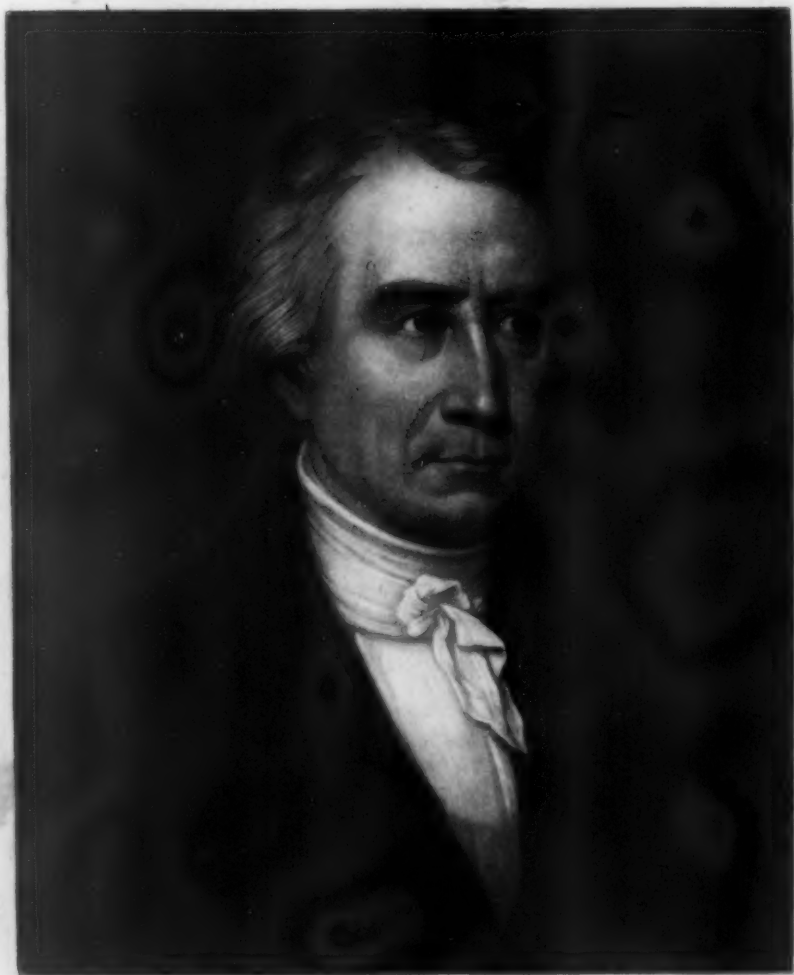
Hugh Miller was presented with a valuable piece of plate the other day by "a few friends, subscribers to the fund for establishing the *Edinburgh Witness* newspaper," as a token of the estimation in which they hold his services in the management of that journal.

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor's cousin, who is to command one of the divisions of the French army in Turkey, has invited Méry, the Marseilles poet, and Gudin, the marine painter, to accompany him; and the French Government, on its part, has afforded facilities to a number of authors and artists to proceed to the scene of warfare, and to see all that takes place there. Other gentlemen of the pen and the palette are wending their way northwards.

The waters of the Lake of Zurich have become so low that they have exposed to view the remains of some Celtic architecture, the existence of which was never suspected. The exploration of these remains would be most interesting, but it may be feared that it will not be found possible.

The approach of war has not prevented the authorities of the imperial public library of Saint Petersburg from adopting a very useful measure, that of selling off the double and triple copies of foreign works which it happens to possess. It was suggested some time ago in Paris, that it would be very advantageous for the different public libraries of Europe to adopt the plan of exchanging their surplus copies of books, but the suggestion has not yet been acted on, probably because it would be useful.





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